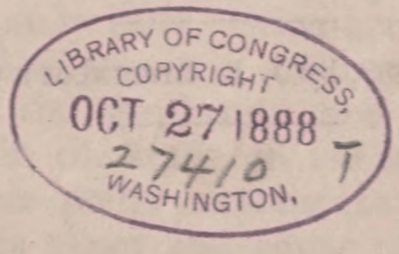
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EARTHLINGS.

BY

GRACE KING,

AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR MOTTE."



"Depend on it, the change and the surprise
Are part of the plan: 'tis we wish steadiness.
Nature prefers a motion by unrest,
Advancement through this force that jostles that."

BROWNING: *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.*

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EARTHLINGS.

CHAPTER I.

THE evening train was due. Encircled by a refreshing bit of woodland, a fantastic gaudy little station-house awaited the arrival of it, with its platform full of people in summer gala toilet.

Curiosity animated the gentlemen, but it was beginning to be tempered by lassitude in the traits of the ladies, whose yawns were beginning to efface their pretty expressions of piquant expectancy. They thrust their heads closer and closer under the spokes of their parasols, trying to hide their complexions from the sun, and turned their eyes mechanically from one end of the road to the other, as if, under the circumstances, direction were a matter of impartiality or indifference; but the sun shining lustily, burnishing the telegraph-wires, silvering the steel rails, striking diamonds out of the gravel between the sleepers, brought no locomotive from either extremity before their dazzled eyes.

It was a private station; no break in the wires overhead threaded it on to the news circlet, and the locomotive's punctuality seemed a caprice of its own, not a responsibility to be calculated upon.

A vivacious youth, whose assurance was condoned by his beauty, his pertness by his wit, tried with false alarms to enliven the waiting. He divided the attention of the party with a majestic-looking lady in black lace and jet, who, standing on the extreme edge of the platform, threw her large figure in bold silhouette against the open space, while she tried to infuse her guests with some of her enthusiasm. "My niece Aglaé" this, "my niece Aglaé" that. The words fell heavy from her thick, full lips, an apparently endless chain of repetitions.

"Aglaé! Aglaé! Aglaé! Morning, noon, and night, always Aglaé! That the reality prove not so tiresome as the anticipation!" murmured a young woman in the safe ear of her husband, who was furtively trying to light a cigarette behind her parasol in an erratic, teasing breeze.

"There's a widow's cruse of oil at the root of every woman's tongue, I believe, which prevents the delightful possibility of its ever rusting or running down. Hang it! Out again!"

"And a dam across every man's to keep it from running at all!"

"I didn't dam, Lina,—though I feel like it.—Well, if she were the Virgin Mary herself, she'd better be coming along quickly, or she won't have a virtue left under such a running stream of praise. Just look at the parasols hiving over there!"

The weather was charming, the hour attractive, the trees were letting down their shadows across the track, the forest vistas were tempting; but that indefatigable tongue, clapping out the litany of Aglaé's beauties and virtues, loaded the minutes with such weariness that they dragged along, giving opportunity for the spirit of revolt, dormant in every feminine heart, to rouse itself against the superlative praise of the absent lady. The effervescence of excitement subsiding had taken in its ebb much of their welcome.

"So intelligent! so *distinguée!*" came from the edge of the platform.

The whispering under the parasols was:

"She should be painted with an aureole around her."

"No, around her pocket-book."

"How long has she been away?"

"About ten years, I believe."

"Ten years; well, that isn't long for perfection to grow."

"There wasn't a sign of it when she went away."

"What does she come back for?"

"How can you ask? To see her affectionate aunt, of course."

"Brings her fortune with her, I hope?"—from the cluster of men.

"How much is it?"

"Anything from a hundred thousand to a hundred million. We tack on ciphers to suit the inquirer."

"A hundred thousand! Whew! I wonder how *Sugar-Sheds* would strike her?"

"As they struck you, I reckon,—flat."

"Wonder she did not get married over there. Nobility must be losing their business capacity."

"She was before my time. Did she have much 'go' in society?"

"Not much."

"Too poor to command, and too proud to truckle, eh?"

"Pretty much that way."

"No one here old enough to remember her, of course," glancing at the ladies.

"Oh, no; they were all born since."

"Feltus knew her intimately, I believe."

"What! old George!"—from a young beau. "She must be old."

"Oh, yes; quite old enough to be your mother, though one would not suspect it, you are so precocious."

"Well, I'll bet she will not stay here long."

"No, unless Europe comes to Louisiana."

"How long is it behind time?"

"Twenty-five minutes."

"Only twenty-five! This train is usually ahead of time if it is an hour behind the schedule."

"I suppose we'll be kept here, if necessary, until midnight."

There was a pause in the oratory of the hostess.

"Great heavens! what is the matter? My aunt has stopped talking!" exclaimed the young boy, rushing through the groups. "Ah! the locomotive! The train!"

The event of the month, week, day, was indeed about to take place. Excitement immediately foamed again, cigarettes were thrown away, parasols put down, veils lifted up, truant smiles and welcomes recalled, and the bright reception dress-parade organized in a trice, with original freshness, on the platform.

"My niece, Miss Middleton, Miss Aglaé Middleton!"

The train of cars had completely disappeared when the young lady was released from her aunt's embrace, then only momentarily for necessary presentation. Again and again she was drawn to the bosom which had been broadened and softened as if by foreordination to be the repository of Middleton virtue and beauty, celebrated by a Middleton tongue. The kisses that fell on her cheeks, her travelling-hat, her forehead, her nose, they would have furnished a year's allowance, under ordinary circumstances, between loving relations.

The aunt held the traveller's hand tightly in her own as they walked up the avenue to the house, reaffirming her welcome, her pleasure, pointing out the familiar beauties of the place, making generous verbal donation of it all to her: "Your oak-tree, your old rustic seat, your thorn-bush, your grass-plot."

Aglaé's fingers grew torpid under the fervid constant pressure before they were released at her chamber door; not her little old chamber under the eaves, but the sumptuous guest-chamber, with new lace draperies over blue satin, the show-case of the finest and best in the house. And the release was only consequent to a promise that Aglaé would repose herself, would on no account hurry herself, either for dinner or for guests, both asking no better than to await her pleasure; and the promise was sealed by yet another embrace, ecstatic and prolonged.

The guests followed in procession, indulging in the inevitable comment and exchange of opinion, directed by the women to her appearance, by the men to her possessions, and they all fell to discussing the case of a poor young girl left to indifferent relations and rescued by the inheritance of a great fortune,—the case, in fact, of Aglaé Middleton.

"How do you find her?"

"A fine figure."

"A little too thin for me."

"Her face is beautiful!"

"Do you think so?"

"It is the expression of it!"

"I would give my soul to go to Europe."

"And I too, my dear."

"That is the great advantage of money."

"I suppose that's the last fashion in draping."

"I feel like Madame Noah."

"Did you notice her shoes? That is the last, but the very last."

"I can hardly imagine her the same girl who went away."

"There's no cosmetic like happiness."

"Money, for women, I tell you, it's the fountain of youth."

"You recollect her, Lina?"

"Of course. Well. We are the same age."

"And you are married, with two children."

"Two? Three."

"Was she so dreadfully poor?"

"I should say starving, by the way her aunt used to treat her."

"What a change!"

"In the aunt,—yes."

"It was her uncle who left her the fortune?"

"Her uncle Evezin."

They all knew the facts perfectly well, but loved to recur to them in hopes of surprising some new variation.

"He lived in Paris all his life?"

"Yes; his father had a horror of Creoles,—made the son swear never to put his foot in Louisiana."

"A regular Mohammedan. The stories they used to tell about him, my dear! My *maman* was in Paris at the time."

"Oh, tell us some of them, Alice!" one or two voices asked, eagerly.

"He never had seen her, then?"

"I do not believe she knew of his existence."

"The law did it all."

"He died suddenly, without a will."

"That goes without saying. We know who would have got the money otherwise."

It was such a compact little society that a reference of this sort was sufficient; the indiscretion of a name was simply a barbarism.

"Of course she, Aglaé, knew nothing of that?"

"I suppose not."

"If she had stayed here, be assured it would have reached her ears."

"Yes; there is always some '*mauvaise langue*' to volunteer information that stings."

"What a chance! She had never been out of Louisiana in her life; she was a Cinderella, here, in this very house, after the death of her mother."

"The mother had a hard time."

"He, the father, was a Virginian."

"He never cared for her."

"Oh, Middleton was not much."

"Had he anything?"

"A Virginian's possessions, blood and brag."

"I thought you were going to say family and vice."

"'*Virginibus puerisque!*' my uncle the chief justice always quoted, with his grand air and manner, every time a Virginian was introduced to him. He said the translation was *Virginy bust, poor* and *risky.*"

"Always has to introduce her uncle the chief justice," grumbled Lina.

"Luckily she isn't married!"

"She would not have got much out of her money if she had had a husband."

"I wonder if she will get married now?"

"Undoubtedly; she is a catch."

"There she is now!"

"What an exquisite toilet!"

"My dear, she is lovely."

"Oh, yes, she has an air,—a decided air."

"Already,—look,—George Feltus: he is losing no time."

"Oh, he'll devote himself to her."

"But he used to know her long ago, when she was a child."

"He needs her fortune now as much as she did when she got it. I suppose he is tired of waiting for old Dr. Jehan to die."

"Lina!" whispered her husband; "where in the world do *you* expect to go when you die, with that tongue of yours?"

"To your club, Jack."

"They say that Feltus barely makes a living."

"You don't expect young lawyers to make a living nowadays, do you?"

"Not until they get to be judges."

"Lina! be careful; she heard you." Jack nodded towards the wife of a judge not very far off.

"So much the better; but her husband does not fool her: she knows why he decided that case against us. But what is *commère* Béraud sermonizing about over there?"

When the old lady began to talk no one could stay away from her. She had not gone to the station with them, but she was sitting in her arm-chair on the lawn when they returned, her best black lace cap on her head, her best black satin slippers and white silk stockings, in evidence, on the footstool.

"That depends, my dear, on how you travel," she was saying, speaking in French, for she never went into long stories in English. "Certainly travel cannot improve feature, but it makes expression. Expression is the product of impression," with an air of importance at the wisdom this implied, "and impression can only be made in the soil prepared for it. When some people come from Europe you see in their faces Fontainebleau, Versailles, Cluny, St. Peter's,—others," shrugging her shoulders, "the Bon Marché, Worth! That is the matter with *parvenues,* those without education. Europe is to them a big shop,—nothing more. They come from Europe with all the finery imaginable for their bodies,—bonnets, frocks, shoes, gloves, jewelry, not only the new fashions themselves, but the very prophecies of new fashions; and

their minds—naked to indecency. It is too ridiculous. It always reminds me of Estelle Galoupi. Poor Estelle! Did I never tell you about Estelle? She was in the class ahead of me at school. A rich Belgian, a title, fell in love with her. She was as beautiful as an Aurora. He married her before she could graduate. She was very beautiful, but lazy,—so lazy! 'As lazy as Estelle Galoupi' became a saying with us. She never would study; they just had to pass her from one class to the other. Well, after her marriage she stayed away one year, and then came back to see her parents. I shall never forget the day she came to school to see us; she was dressed so fine, and there we were just as she had left us, in our calico frocks, and hair plaited in pig-tails; we were reciting our 'Histoire Générale.' She had hardly time to kiss us all. 'What—history! Ah, my dears, let me tell you, let me give you one piece of advice: study history—history, history, history, all the time. Do not be a lazy fool as I was. In Europe it is nothing but history, I assure you,—history here, history there, history everywhere. You come to a painting,—What is that? History. A statue? History. A monument? History. The cities, the towns, the streets, the houses, the names of the families,—all history. And I, who never took off the fool's cap for my history-lesson, I could not take part in the conversations, I did not understand the allusions. Ah, madame,' turning to old Picquet, 'why did you not beat me to make me learn history? When they laughed, I had to laugh too, without knowing. Why, the theatre, even the comic opera, had history in it! and I, if I were to be guillotined, I could not have told who was the first king of France. I went into society once, I went to one court ball. That was enough. When I came home I sat down in my fine dress and cried. 'But, Estelle,' said my husband, 'what under heaven is the matter?' I did not answer. 'Has any one done anything to you?' I did not answer. 'I found you so beautiful, your dress was perfect, even the queen complimented you, all my friends wanted to be presented to you.' He begged, he implored. I could not answer for weeping. Then, 'No, my friend,' I said, 'it is the last time, the very last time I go into society here. You go alone, and do not, for shame's sake, show your friends what a fool you have married. I am good to stay at home and darn stockings. Go, dance, talk, amuse yourself like an educated gentleman who knows something, who knows history. My poor father and mother! the people here will think they were pork-sellers in the market.'—What!" the old lady interrupted herself, noticing for the first time the servant waiting to announce dinner, "I am talking here and keeping you all from dinner! Oh! oh! But why did not some of you stop me? A garrulous old grandmother like me! And one, two beaux to escort me to dinner! No, no, Mr. Louis, no, Mr. John, I am sure I am depriving some young lady. In conscience, one is enough! Of course I drop my handkerchief, and my fan. A thousand, thousand thanks! Diplomats! Ah, I see, unconscionable flatterers! Madame is taking her niece in herself: that is the reason there are two beaux for me! Ah! as Talleyrand said——" But she had to save her breath now, for they had come to the steps, and, prodigy as she was, the climb was a tax on her seventy-five years.

CHAPTER II.

GUEST-CHAMBERS, for all their pomp and ceremony, their blue satin and white lace formalities, their bronze and Sèvres statuettes, their rigid punctilious toilet-tables, their reserved armoires which throw only the stiffest glass-door reflections, their intrusive suggestions of unaccustomed luxuries, do not—this guest-chamber at least did not—compare with the little gable-bedchamber for sleep. The narrow dimity-covered bed in the chamber up-stairs was the place for unbroken slumber and untroubled dreams. There the stars shone all night through the open window, and the moon could send fluttering shadows of vine-leaves across the very pillow, and daylight had to sift through the mossy veil of an old oak which stretched across the east a branching arm, furnishing a centenarian platform for singing birds, a race-track for squirrels, and a universe for busy humming insects.

Aglaé stole from the close apartment, which seemed to breed all the fever-driven fancies of an overexcited world from its extravagances, as a pond breeds mosquitoes from its stagnation. She groped her way through the darkened hall, and sought by memory a servants' staircase, a childhood's exit into light and air.

The garden, like the house, was obsequiously waiting a signal to wake; the flowers motionless in their dew, the violets holding in their perfume, that a breath might not disturb the sleeping ladies and gentlemen whom the resplendent rising sun itself could not attract. But through a hedge of trees where the birds sang irrepressibly, a path led abruptly from the supineness of slumber to the energy of activity. Here in the domestic world day had broken wide open, light, sounds, motion, and color, dropped down, ripe, as it were, out of the dusky shell of night. Fowls were in full tilt of business or pleasure, cackling, crowing, clucking, chirping, gabbling, gobbling, with all the enthusiasm of novelty, indulging in the wildest freaks of matutinal exuberance.

"Have they really forgotten yesterday?" thought Aglaé. "Have they no instinct of to-morrow?"

The sun, up as early as she, was drying out pathways and peeping into dark corners, surprising and chasing away lingering remnants of darkness. Out in the pasture the sheep still clustered around the trunk of a tree, the top misty with moss. Beyond, in a fallow field, birds in sudden courses from fence-rail to fence-rail were skimming over the tall grass bending heavy with dew.

The calves were bounding outside the milking-pen, bleating angrily and hungrily at the sight of the foul usurpation of their rights going on within. A day's cleaning of tins aired on the railing around the well, and there, in the window of the pagoda-shaped dairy, stood a pail of milk waiting to be strained,—exactly as it used to, the surreptitious refreshment of her childhood.

She filled a mug and stood sipping from it, looking out of the window, as she had done so often in her dreams abroad. Here it was at last! Here was the combination called home!

It was a pleasant nook of the world to return to. The great white

clouds overhead going up into the blue,—they had taught her what snow-covered mountains looked like; and the Alps reminded her of the clouds over the fields at home.

The morning was giving her the repose and the refreshment denied by the night. Her countenance reflected peace, her eyes shone with content. In perfect self-unconsciousness, the rarest blessing of the civilized, she touched the instinctive enjoyment of the brute.

"Can I not be supplied from the same delicious fountain? My body longs for food now, as my soul longed for fresh air an hour ago. I have satisfied the one; must the other go starving through the long hours until breakfast?"

The voice rudely dispelled her mood; a shade of disappointment, if not annoyance, passed over her face, but she caught with the deftness of a society graduate the cue of voice and manner by the time her aunt's favorite, George Feltus, came to a stand under the window.

"Forbid it, kind Nature! You shall have a draught from the identical fountain. I wonder if it is still old Muley or Brindle." It was a perfunctory gayety, artificial and jarring to her and the scene.

"I drink to your health, fair Rebecca."

"Thank you, kind Eleazar."

"No, no,—Isaac; no more ambassadorial uncles."

"I intended making a pilgrimage to the past this morning, but have not time for so long a journey backwards as the Old Testament, early though it be."

"You have succored me in my distress, and now in my gratitude I shall 'sick-dog' your footsteps wherever they go, were it to the first line of Genesis itself."

"You are not afraid of my sentiment? It might become oppressive, or contagious," as a remembrance of his anti-sentimental nature came to her.

"I never objected to sentiment, if the morning were only early enough," he protested. "It is like fruit, to be gathered with the dew on it,—a sacrament, to be taken fasting. After breakfast, sentiment is like the honey on hot buttered cakes they give you in Western hotels. As for sentiment by candle-light——" He looked up: she was not listening; she was looking at the sunlight, catching on to the tops of the forest trees on the other side of the fallow field.

"And moonlight?" she asked, her ears mechanically following his words.

"Oh, moonlight!" It was just as well; he was safer in his inspection of her, so. "Sentiment by moonlight—— But here comes another pail of milk."

"Still on the head of old Milly?"

"You have not seen her yet?"

"Not yet."

"Is the pilgrimage to be deferred until the reception and demonstration are over?"

"No, no," hastily leaving the dairy. "Let us go now."

"In which direction?"

"Does the mail still come in before breakfast?"

"Yes,—the day before. It comes in after dinner. Is it postwards we wend our way? That looks like an excursion into the future."

"No. I only asked. I wanted to go to the creek, this way."

She walked away from the now bright sun; he followed her. The foot-path led beyond the enclosure into a reservation of forest-lands. The shade still rested under the trees: it was like going back into the darkness and stillness of night. Their steps were lost in the springy, mouldering leaves, the earth-thatching of centuries. They had stopped talking. She seemed to have forgotten him.

"Walking on the clouds, 'marchant sur les nues.'" Feltus tried to think of the name of the court beauty so chronicled by Froissart—or Saint-Simon was it? It was like a fairy-tale illustration by Doré, an enchanted forest, an enchanted lady breaking the stillness and darkness; —an enchanted swain. A white-clad lady, with a face in the gloom like a magnolia-leaf, turning here and there with quick grace; following a squirrel's flight, looking up to the interlacing branches above, caught by the sight of a yellow-spotted lily glowing in the bottom of a moist ravine. The forest growing strange and weird with his thought, stocked with primeval majesty and beauty; the well-known trees evolving strange shapes and sizes, humanizing their knots into faces, their stretch of girth into giants' torsos, their limbs, hairy with moss, into ogreish arms;—like Heine's forest, into which the young knight goes and fights with the disguised foe, Death.

And if there were an enchanted swain, was it not he, George Feltus, walking behind this girl known from childhood, as if she were a mediæval Madonna, trolling out sylvan fantasies like an Arcadian shepherd in a segment of the piny woods where he had gone bird-nesting a-barefoot?

A bur caught her dress. Together they extracted it; a fragile texture transparent with lace, a faint perfume in it. He noticed that she wore a *porte-bonheur* on her arm, with a turquoise in it: it made the skin look white, or the skin made it look blue. The petty, common service broke the spell of silence. Soon they were launched in a rapid conversation,—questions of the day, society topics, books, opinions expressed, explained, combated; the friction produced a genial warmth neither had felt before, and effaced the dampening recollection of the fictitious effort at the dairy. He was brought within reach of her observation and criticism. In truth, her recollection of him had suggested no improvement as desirable, and now at first glance she had none to demand even with her higher standard. His face was a little bronzed and hardened of feature; there was a more accentuated virility in it. His Americanism had been softened, creolized. He wore his clothes negligently, and the clothes were not prominent for style or cut. As she remembered him, he looked up to ideals which he assumed, rather perceptibly, to be higher than the ideals of others. There was nothing of this now in his manner. He was more simple. He was a type of the New Orleans American, of whom it is difficult for a stranger to fix the nationality, so subtly in language, dress, manner, has the strong coloring of other nations faded off into him.

They had come to the end of their walk,—a little summer-house,

fastened between four trees, on a high bank that overlooked the creek which gave the place its name. The streamlet gurgled and rippled for a dozen, and cut in under the bank in a way that would make one almost believe that the long-threatened fall of the trees and the house in its waters was imminent.

There were the same planks in the flooring, with the same knot-holes, where she used to watch the sham fury of the little current underneath. There was the same uncomfortable incline which showed that in eight years that rotting prop had not been renewed; the same careening benches. Was a forgotten sun-bonnet still there in a corner? an ill-used volume of Waverley lying around? There was all of Europe and a fortune between her and the last reading of "Ivanhoe." Little flocks of birds were taking their morning bath on the sloping sandy point above her; metallic glazed bugs were making darting diagrams over the glassy-surfaced eddies. The elm-trees from opposite sides locked branches overhead. The pebbly shallows, the moss-covered logs, the deep dark fish-pools, all the variegated mosaic of the creek-bottom, came through the clear running water so distinctly, making depth an unsafe guess-work. Aglaé threw off her hat and clasped her hands behind her head with a gesture of pleasure.

"You still enjoy this?" asked Feltus, curiously, divining a thought or anticipating a sentiment.

"Enjoy it! I love it! love it! I knew I loved it, away; I felt it all the time. But—I was afraid to come back to it, afraid it was only a recollection or a dream."

The words ended in a whisper. Her eyes contained them, uttered them, in their glad glances of recognition all around.

"It is horrible to be away from home, and to mistrust your recollection of it,—to dread meeting your people."

"Your people;" she pronounced it as if she were talking of a clan.

"They said everything would be different, now, to me; that I could never enjoy it as I used to. It hampered my pleasure over there. They told me that I was unfitting myself for content, preparing a life of dissatisfaction for myself; that I was 'unhoming' myself, they called it."

"They? Who are they?"

"Oh, all the Americans I met. They laughed at my enthusiasm; they made me believe all the time that I was getting farther and farther from my country, my people; that I was getting refined, educated beyond them." Her lips were scornful. "That in future I would only be at home over there. At home, away from home!"

What furnishment for a home had life ever given her, that she should long for it with intensity? A rented house, a dissipated father, a delicate mother, a worldly aunt.

"Seeing pictures, looking at statues, hearing music, was to unfit me for this; me!" She laughed frankly. "If you could see them over there in Europe, the Americans,—trying to speak with English intonation, to eat with French gusto, to talk art like Italians and music like Germans, to be comfortable in a hotel,—in perfect beatitude all the time over their polish and culture. And so detached, so perceptibly detached from home, family, association; making acquaintances serve for friends,

and fancy-work for real work. You see,"—looking him straight in the face,—"you all know me here, my family, my father, my mother, my fortune. Over there it was a continual masquerade: the rich Miss Middleton. My little fortune fluctuated in a most uncomplimentary way to me, I assure you. The more difficult the men were to please, the more uninteresting I was found, the greater became my inheritance of money; and the richer I was quoted, the handsomer, the wittier, the more charming I became. It was amusing." Her tone, however, conveyed more bitterness than amusement. She turned away from him to lean on the railing. "I almost thought I would not be able to see America, it would be so insignificant. As for Louisiana, it was an absurdity to think of Louisiana."

They were both silent again. How many discontented, unhappy hours she had passed, leaning just so, on this rickety railing!—flying through the woods, in despair she thought then, in temper she saw now, away from some unbearable affront, slight, or contradiction, the Orestian torture of the poor, to brood here over a black present and a blacker future. All the while, a future was being prepared and beautified for her such as she had never dreamed of in the little room under the eaves.

"Poverty makes such cowards of us," she thought now, in looking back calmly on the misery of that time. "It destroys even the confidence of youth. We let our lives shrink with our purses. We cannot adapt ourselves to the change from dollar to penny existences. It is not the body that suffers, it is the mind. We hunger not for the food and clothing of the rich, but for their amenities, the consideration, the friendships, the compliments, the caresses, the welcoming attitudes of hosts: the proud among us die famished." She felt a pang of her old heart-hunger.

Now, as then, the fluttering leaves would catch her eye and carry her with them in their hesitating downfall. Some dropped to the ants and beetles on the bank, some lodged in a mouldering drift, some floated along to the miniature whirlpool, which swirled them around and around and threw them into the angry little rapids which beat and dashed and bruised them on its pebbles: when they were surged and heaved into deep water over the sand-ridge, they had a long tortuous journey down stream to the bridge, and beyond that the unexplored circumundulations of a roving lawless creek. Some leaves dropped happily, and floated gayly along, tilting with the current and gleaming in the sun. How did they manage it? If they could only convey the secret of their clever escape from shoal and pool to their companions! And the leaves on the branches saw it all! Did they not tremble and shiver with fright at the unknown predestined career? For, though they could see what was before them, they were ignorant of their lot until the last moment. Were they told to "trust God" and fall unquestioningly to disaster or success? Perhaps some of the poor bruised ones had by treachery been wafted wrongly; why should that bright green one not have been the sufferer, and this mangled one floated off inviolate? She had always identified herself with the unfortunate ones.

It was the difference in destiny that puzzled her then, a revolt

against fancied discrimination. "I wanted to fight with God about the administration of His own world!" She smiled at the recollection of the vital importance of these questions once to her: Why should some be selected for escape, some for punishment? Why should one leaf of a tree-full be snapped off now, and myriads retained until autumn?

Had she been bribed or reasoned into acquiescence, that the question puzzled her no longer?

"We women are never sure of our judgment. We develop or lose reasons at the pinch of necessity or privation. We are *articulates.*"

Feltus looked at her covertly with increasing interest. She was a study to him.

"What a sequel there had been in her development, physical and mental! In accomplishment she had gone beyond promise or calculation: the Evezin money had evolved the highest possibilities out of her. It was the essence, the fragrance of travel that hung around her. She had brought back unconsciously in air and manner a subtle gilding of her individuality. It revealed points he would never have known before. Her face had grown beautiful, not with the vulgar, well-kept, prominent beauty of the rich, but with the refined, simple, elusive charm of the cultivated. The assimilative souls of women! In adversity they imbibe nourishment where men would starve. In prosperity they refine themselves where men fatten. Yes, old Madame Béraud was right: 'Some people bring back St. Peter's, some Worth.'" He was drifting in easy, pleasant generalities. The subject of them turned abruptly to leave.

"What! So soon!" he exclaimed, taken by surprise; she had appeared anchored in revery. "It is early yet."

"Yes, but——"

He arose to accompany her.

"No, do not let me take you in. In fact, I prefer going alone." She was already down the bank with the end of her words. Gathering her dress up in one hand, she soon walked out of sight, characteristically leaving her hat forgotten behind her.

The young man remained, his arm thrown over the back of the bench, his eyes fixed where Aglaé's had been before, on the changing, dimpling, wrinkling surface of the clear water. He was disappointed: he expected, in truth he had prepared himself for, a long conversation.

"Her eyes had her unsaid prayers in them; her lips with the milk-foam on them——"

He was thinking of her as she stood in the dairy window; but the pretty picture disappeared to make room for the obtrusive substitute of himself; with consideration of his life, instead of reflection on hers. Perhaps the comparison was inevitable; it was painfully sharp between them. Perhaps he was already getting sensitive about life-results. He measured what he had missed all these years by what he fancied she had obtained. His youthful ideals, the most unwelcome visitants to a man, came back to remind him what he once might have obtained, he who had aimlessly drifted into a provincial mediocrity. It was one of those intervals when a crack or a crevice in the world-cement hardened around him offered a momentary view of his inside self, and he had a

masculine cowardice before introspection. The first time such a moment came to him was in camp, with a prospect of battle and death before his sixteen years. What a delight there was the next day in not being killed! The corroding moments had been coming oftener ever since, but the pleasant postscript had been gradually dropped. He had wanted to be better than his compeers. He was satisfied now with not being worse. Life had not only not led him up to the realization of his hopes and ambitions, but was leading him past them. They were still there, legitimate hopes, legitimate ambitions, but for others who came after him, younger ones, to make their own. His life was to be conducted without them. He felt as he had felt when a boy before the battle, only it was not a cold corrupting death that frightened him now and made him frantically love the unknown, untasted sweets of life. It was that slow, cold, gray advance of a different foe, a frantic fear of the yet unknown, untasted disappointments of life.

It was a long way through the circle of such thoughts back to the starting-point,—Aglaé, and a letter he took from his pocket. He read it for the third time that morning. It was dated from New York and addressed to Dr. Benedict Jehan; written in an irregular, impulsive handwriting:

"My kind Friend and Guardian,—As you see, I have lost no time in obeying your summons. I cannot describe to you the delight that possessed me when I fully realized that I was indeed coming home again. It seems incredible that, with all this latent impatience and longing in me, I could have stayed away eight years,—might have contentedly remained away eight years longer. The preparations once begun, each moment was an age until I was finally embarked from Havre. Madame Moreau found suitable protection and chaperonage for me. She intends passing the summer with her daughter in Brittany.

"I understand your desire to resign the direction of my affairs. I should have anticipated it. I should have been the one to offer to release you from a burden which none but exalted ideas of friendship could have induced you to assume,—a burden for which in a life-time I could never sufficiently prove my gratitude. I find no more language in which to express my sense of obligation to you, my deep, sincere affection for you. In my letters, as in my heart, there are only reiterations, which sound stale, but they are always fresh to me,—fresh as the water is to the fountain that jets it through the air, although the source is ever the same.

"On the ocean, I could not but contrast my going over with my coming back. An orphan, poor (for I had not become accustomed to my new wealth), sensitive, proud, reckless, and wretched, slowly outgrowing the illusions of youth and hope, surely, in her surroundings, arriving at despair and hypochondriacism; shoved aside into helpless uselessness by the conventions of the society in which I lived; chained to poverty, with a prison-fare of education; imagining myself forgotten of God, criticised by men, insulted by women; suspicious, high-tempered, with ambitions and energies fretting away the reserved heart in which they were held, sealed. And now—but you will see, I can tell better

than write you, the vast profits to body and soul of the last eight years.

"There is nothing like the ocean, I imagine, for preaching God. What had He not done for me? what had I done for Him?

"It may have been the storm,—the sharp, short threats uttered on one day and almost fulfilled the next; but the question which came as a Sabbath platitude stayed and tormented me. I became restless and uneasy, almost unhappy, and pined for land.

"On the last evening of the voyage there was a general reunion on deck of all the passengers. It was so calm and quiet the greatest invalids could venture from their cabins. Such an unpacking of curious people as there took place! Such surprising discoveries in the way of old scraps of acquaintanceship, by people who knew anybody. I of course was out of this, as usual. Since I left home, I am the alien and stranger in every crowd. There was an effusion of cordiality that contaminated the most reserved, a generous disdain of consequences in a generous indulgence of politeness.

"I happened to be seated near two old gentlemen. I had often noticed them before, talking together, always with the same vivacity of gesture, the same responsiveness of expression. They used the familiar French of New Orleans. I found out they were druggists there. They were polite enough to include me in some general remarks, until they found out that I was a fellow-citizen, and all homeward bound; then we almost grew intimate. Naturally, we talked about New Orleans and its inhabitants. Their long experience there seemed to embrace every person or event of any consequence for half a century. They soon left me behind in their duet of reminiscences. I became intensely interested in them and their narratives. You would have enjoyed them yourself. I ransacked my memory for names familiar in childhood, for fear their material would give out. No danger! On they went; I believe they could have continued a week without stopping. At last, I was forgotten by them completely, as the darkness hid me from view. I wondered how they could carry such long memories around with them, or what pleasure they could have in relating them; laughing sometimes until the tears ran down their fat faces. Could they not see, not feel the sadness of the history, all told? Looking at the stars and listening, I came by degrees to the conclusion that a general condemnation had been pronounced against my native State. A '*qu'est devenu*' or a '*vous souvenez-vous*' brought invariably the answer, as fatal as the judgment of Minos. Tragic death, want, disease, misfortunes of every kind, had been meted out for no apparent cause other than 'the will of God,' as the one piously said, the other, sceptically, 'fatality.' If any escaped, it was to fall into crime and disgrace. If there were any exceptions, my old resurrectionists had never heard of them, or found them too uninteresting to remember.

"And yet an exception was there, sitting by them. I had been saved; more than saved,—endowed. My good fortune had bloomed for me right out of that swamp of tears and misery. In a flash it came over me. Had God sent those old men to talk in my hearing? Had He sent those first doubts to assail me? He makes me feel what

He has done for me, He makes me feel what I owe Him. He unloads the experience of these men for me! It is strange that I became rich, when others became poor, I who had always been poor; and rich from an uncle who had let my mother suffer penury, and not only penury, but, you know,—the dependence that always held shame for her.

"I do not know what I should have done that night if vast schemes of benefaction had not come to me, to soothe me,—visions of good, visions of God's will.

"Sir, you must help me; you see what I mean to do, what God means me to do. My aunt will not approve; but am I to be pampered in wealth for which others are starving?

"Thank God that He gave me money but withheld sordidness. A small income will suffice for my wants, more than suffice for my happiness.

"Always your devoted and grateful

"AGLAÉ.

"I forgot to say that I remain here a day or two with my party. I shall be with my aunt until you are ready to see me in the city."

An irregular handwriting had added, in pencil, "My dear boy, attend to all this for me. You are on the spot. I did not mean her to return until autumn. Folly for her to think of risking herself in the city during the summer. Explain my infirmities to her. I cannot answer this. Intended turning it all over to you anyway. The rest,—nonsense. B. J."

He had pulled another letter out of his pocket at the same time,—thin, cheap paper and envelope. It was written in French:

"MY DEAR MR. FELTUS,—How we miss you! Every evening when you do not come, it gets worse and worse. Papa is well, but he seems to have taken an extra vow of silence.

"Madame Dominique sends you her respects: so do Roland and Perro.

"Do not forget your promise to bring me a branch of green from the great woods. I try to think how the trees look growing in the great woods, but I cannot. It is hot, hot, here.

"Your little friend, who thinks of you a great deal,

"MISETTE.

"P.S.—You will excuse the French: I am forgetting my English since you are away."

CHAPTER III.

MISETTE was out on her little roof-balcony; leaning back to look up at the sky, singing. Slate and tiles formed the ground-work of her landscape, chimneys and lightning-rods the upright features. All around her roofs,—peaked, ridged, arched, gabled, patched over to keep

out rain, punched out with ventilators, doors, windows, by the upward-creeping humanity inside, grubbing for light and air; drained by gutters that received soot and dust as well as rain, and conveyed it all to the cupola-covered cisterns, with little galleries like Misette's moored to garret windows, like boats to a wharf, floating on the air almost as they floated on the water. There were one or two flat roofs which bore pompous little terraces, left over from the old time when all these houses belonged to the rich and fashionable; far more commodious lounging-places than hers, which was just long enough for her to stretch at the full of her short length and look up into the heavens, singing in her little low filmy voice anything that came into her head:

"Now who will be my bird?
And who will be my flower?
Oh, the singing that was heard!
Oh, the perfume! like a shower."

It was her own little song she sang, her favorite one because it was the first one she had ever made. It had come to her years ago, when she was a little girl; not that she was much more in appearance now. It commenced,—

"When we are to be born,
God calls the souls together.
Oh, the glory of the morn!
Oh, the gladness of the weather!"

And she had composed the air too; that is, the air had come first, and brought the words along. That was the way with all her songs; when she began to sing she hardly knew what was coming.

"And who will be my star?
And who will be my tree?
Oh, the lights from near and far!
Oh, the rushing like a sea!"

If she thought about them they would not come to her at all, as she had explained so often to Mr. Feltus, who wanted her to write them down for him.

The street cut through the houses a deep chasm; the earth-sounds passed by her, rising into the air, fainter, finer, purified, dissolving like incense rising in the church.

"How low and sweet it must be when it gets to heaven!" she thought. "I can hardly tell the crying from the laughing of the children. I can hardly hear the cursing and swearing at the coffee-house, and the foolishness of the drunken men, and the quarrelling of the women. Perhaps it all sounds like praying and singing up there. It is good the earth is so far off. Perro's voice, too,—surely they will take him for a woman!—an old woman!"

By turning her head to one side, she could see the old cathedral clock with the defaced dial, which looked as if Time had maliciously flicked it with his scythe in passing. Behind the cathedral, pointing like fine needles, tracing the river-course up in the air, were the spars and masts of ships. The gray embattlements of the opera-house were

on the other side of her. There were gaps for flower-gardens in the houses round about her, and on some evenings it was as if the flowers were ascending bodily, so thick was the air with their fragrance. The great spaces were the public squares, green with the tops of trees, that must have nested children instead of birds, from the amount of chirruping of their shrill voices.

But when the sun was setting as it set in summer, when the masts out on the river looked as if the ships were aflame beneath them, she could look neither to the right nor the left, but straight up at the heavens; and the songs would die on her lips for awe at the miracle, the glorification, the transubstantiation of a whole empyrean at once.

The west rolling out wave after wave of color; overflowing, submerging, possessing, height beyond height; the east, glowing and gleaming at sight of it, like the faces of yearning angels outside the gate of Paradise; the great cloud mountains moving for joy, as the real mountains did in the Old Testament, breaking, dissolving, and coming together again, mixing and mingling their shapes until the color reached them too. Oh, then the heavens were arrayed as if for the translation of a prophet, the ascension of a Saviour; disks of gold flashing out like the cast-down aureoles of welcoming saints and martyrs! After that the rippling away,—the amethyst ocean over pearly shallows by rosy cliffs and silver strands. Then the unveiling of snowy minarets, domes, arches, the aerial architecture of some celestial city; perhaps the mirage of heaven itself!

It was very beautiful!

Before the sky was ready, with darkness, the first star came, a faint, timid, twinkling silver speck; hesitating like an awkward guest arrived before the time; balancing in and out of brightness, like brilliants under the rose veil of a ballet-dancer.

Soon they came in couples, scores, hundreds, myriads; if the night were fine, not an inch of darkness left without its star; the grand constellations taking their places, the planets stationing themselves, the little stars huddling together in the Milky Way.

Madame Dominique's parrot Perro was gibbering good-night in five different languages to the passers-by. Roland, the mocking-bird of the one-legged soldier, was emptying his throat of a last medley, welcoming the return of his master with his peddling-pack of matches. It was a gay, pleasant hour, and a gay, pleasant world.

The box of reseda on the window-sill ventured its faint apologetic perfume: it made a bouquet with the "Grand Duc" jasmine and the rose-geranium stiff in its wooden stays. The carnation, which had drooped from the sun all day, began to straighten up; the Provence rose-bush, under the stimulant of coffee-grounds to the roots, had brought one bloom to perfection; there it was, a triumphant refutation of the oft-bandied reproach of sterility.

It was Madame Dominique, the landlady, who had given all these flowers to Misette, commencing with the rose-geranium, the year she had advised Monsieur Omer, Misette's father, to have Misette's dresses lengthened. She brought the pot up-stairs herself. Of course Monsieur Omer at first had refused it, offered to pay for

it, was haughty, reserved, dignified, and ungracious to the last. The good-natured, fat landlady directed her short, quick steps across the floor to the window, her absurd figure rounding in front, straight behind, a gibbous moon in a *blouse-volante*. Paying no attention whatever to refusal, offer, haughtiness, dignity, or reserve, she placed the pot on the sill. "There, Monsieur Omer! When you get to be an old woman like me, you will know that that," nodding to Misette, "must have her flowers just as she has her bread and coffee."

It was Madame Dominique also who had given the piece of carpet to spread on the gallery for Misette to lie on when she found that no coaxing would induce her to sit in a chair to look at the stars.

"Young girls' ideas! They have their own little ideas. It is not I who would attempt to pull them up, for example! they might have roots in the soul! I have known young girls die from that!" When it came to young girls, Madame Dominique was full of tyrannical theories.

Misette had her own little ideas about the stars. She only knew them as she saw them this way of an evening, never in an astronomy. If her ideas were not new, strong, nor original, they were her own, and she loved them, as all young girls love the volatile fancies that fly over their fresh souls, like butterflies flying over the fresh fields of flowers in spring. They fascinated her, she secretly encouraged them, there seemed to be no end of them. Nay, under one large thought (as under one large flower) whole broods would come out, at a touch, pretty, wonderful, fragile.

If the glorious constellations and resplendent planets were ships to her, with spreading sails and noble masts, sailing on to the gates of heaven to land a precious cargo ticketed from earth, manned by star-crowned angels, the white decks filled with white, tired, shrouded bodies, it was only the myth of an isolated girl, living in a garret-room, with a mighty river and ships always in sight. If the Milky Way were to her the broad high-road for poor foot-travellers, for old men and women, clean, pale, and brave in their grave-best-clothes; for market men and women; for young girls, milliners' girls, dress-makers' girls, in their stiff starched muslins and long hair hanging from under white wreaths; for the little babies, rigid in tucks and embroidery (they had to be carried by angels); for the little children, so wild and dirty one day in the streets, so clean and quiet the next in their coffins; she was only fixing the expenditures of a heavenly journey, as her own earthly journey, and that of those about her, had been fixed, by poverty. When she asked, "Did not the good God send mothers to fetch their children, and children to fetch their parents? That should be the way! To have the coffin opened by a mother with angel wings,"—it was the question of the motherless one.

"Perhaps some of them did not want to leave the earth; then the dew could be their tears, the stars their eyes, looking down, looking down for those they had left. Or maybe the stars were their souls, leading them on, as they had led the erring bodies all through life." The details at times were very perplexing. Mr. Feltus was the only one who could ever suggest a satisfactory arrangement of them;

Mr. Feltus was famous for that. And Mr. Feltus liked her songs, too. Next to singing them to herself, she enjoyed singing them to Mr. Feltus.

Ships had always filled a great part in her contracted life. Every Sunday morning it was their weekly pleasure-trip, her father's and hers, to walk down the few blocks that separated them from the river and promenade the levee, looking at the ships. She had first learned her letters spelling out their names, and all the geography she knew was picked up following them from port to port; and her father knew much history, romance, and mythology connected with ships. As for the countries they went to, he talked about them as Madame Dominique talked about the stalls in the French Market. It was curious to think of so many countries outside of and beyond New Orleans!

The grand German line of steamers she only knew in passing; for they anchored far up-town. But the British steamers, and the Spanish with their gaudy flag and Biscayan sailors, and the French,—she knew them well, could recite their names and their tonnage as well as any maritime reporter, and could have corrected any agent in a mistake about the time of their arrival and departure. These, however, were not the vessels she carried in her heart. Her predilections were all for the "tramps," those who were owned by no "line," who did not come or go by schedule, but roved at their own free will, whose crews were not uniformed or drilled, but a picked-up rag-bag collection of clothes and bodies which none but a "tramp" ship would enroll.

There was no one to meet these wandering vagabonds of vessels, no fanfare of reception at the wharf when they arrived; they slipped into their moorings in a shamefaced way, with their old-fashioned hulks, their patched sides and unkempt rigging, and tied up deprecatingly to wait for any venture in the way of freight,—to South America or to Norway, it made no difference whither, insured or uninsured; that was a land-risk for merchants; they were simply beasts of burden, camels of the ocean.

The poor Madeleine de France,—what an old adventuress she looked like! she who must have been so coquettish and pretty in her fresh new paint; there were only dabs of it still left here and there in unexposed places. Her weather-beaten sides were wrinkled in their scrawny age; in truth, the Madeleine de France resembled nothing so much now as the old, yellow, thin, wrinkled white woman who did scrubbing for Madame Dominique. She was so poor, this white woman, she even scrubbed for negroes and took in their washing; she was an old tramp too, and the day had been, as all in that quarter knew, when the paint had been pretty and fresh on her cheeks, and her rigging the finest money could buy in New Orleans. That was when that wretched bald head was covered by golden curls; now an ugly bandanna hid the naked places between the gray hair.

The Friga was different; she was old, but respectable; the Friga, who came all the way from Copenhagen. She had a figure-head,—a woman with bare breasts, and head bending forward under the bow; her eyes looking down into the water, her hair blown behind. Misette at night thought of the wooden woman, the waves dashing over her, the fins of fish scraping against her, whales and sea-serpents swimming

around her, her eyes staring through the storm, the lightning, the thunder, the green abysm of the waves, the white foam dashing sea-weed and shell-fish and crawling soft gelatinous life over her. It might be one day the Friga would go into the storm and never come out, and the wooden woman would sink to the bottom of the ocean, through the depths her eyes had been fathoming so long. If she could only be saved and brought to land, and stood up like the sign-woman at the macaroni-shop, the "Italia"! She had been sand-papered and painted, and there was not a shop on the levee that could compete in custom with hers. Of all the "tramps," Misette knew the Madeleine de France and the Friga best of all. There was not a year she could remember that they did not come to New Orleans two or three times.

The stars, indeed, could be nothing finer than ships, and the Milky Way lost nothing by being compared to the Mississippi.

It was always gay around the "Mosquito Fleet:" the Sicilian and Italian fruiters, the luggers that traded up and down the coast, the oyster-boats, the fishing-boats, the sloops that went to the islands, the variegated clothes and the variegated faces, the bananas and oranges, the smell of fish, the bunches of coral and sea-weed,—it was a floating French Market. The river could be seen better here than anywhere, with the skiffs crossing it, and the little sail-boats,—one big red or one big white sail, that was all; but they flew along!

"To go! to go!—in a ship, in a schooner, in a skiff, even!—what a destiny that would be!"

"Misette, my child, come in. You stay out there too long at night."

"Yes, papa."

It was Madame Dominique, without doubt, who had waylaid him on his way up-stairs with one of her continual recommendations:

"Too much night-air for the little one, monsieur! She is not like us: she absorbs at her age."

"Ah, heavens! I have begged you so often! Why cannot you take care of yourself?"

His hands were trembling with excitement, like a woman's, as he helped her through the window.

"I will have the gallery destroyed! I will have it taken away! A constant temptation! A constant danger!" going into one of his tempestuous little gusts of passion.

He was not much taller than she. They were completely unlike. She belonged to the family of the dead wife of Omer. There was nothing in resemblance to suggest his parentage of her. She was one of the children that sometimes come to fathers from a long distance back in genealogy, a reversion to a type alien and forgotten. She was almost a blonde, with light-brown hair and light-brown eyes, with a skin that showed shadings and tracery underneath. Her face was round, and her chin pointed; her hair grew far down on her neck, and stood out around her temples in little curls.

His narrow, thin, sallow face was lengthened abnormally by the deep furrows between the wrinkles drawn from chin to forehead as if by some machine of torture. His black hair had become gray,—not the easy whitening of one sudden grief, but through some long mar-

tyrdom of years. The dry black eyes had receded under the deep saffron lids sparsely fringed with black. The eyebrows described two accentuated arches over the glazed desiccated skin of his high forehead. His unshaven chin scraped Misette's face as she returned his embrace.

"But, little papa, I was waiting for you. You see, I am all ready. It is you who should have been earlier." Misette was always calm when he was nervous.

When they had lighted the lamp, together, her copy-books were found waiting with open leaves for him.

"My little Misette! My good little girl!" He stroked her hair, repentant for his crossness.

It was Madame Dominique who, with her advice and warnings, was continually demolishing his self-confidence. She was always in dread of some catastrophe; always pointing out some eventuality to him of which he had been mercifully kept in ignorance; and there had been so little mercy shown to his ignorance through life, and he had so little self-confidence left!

"Shall we begin, papa?"

She pushed his chair towards him, and took hers, handing him a copy-book, for their regular evening farce of a lesson.

"No, you correct the exercise this evening: give me the grammar. Where are we? Well, repeat the rule of the past participle."

The constituency which Misette represented in his wife's ancestry could not have been remarkable for avidity of book-knowledge; participial regulations must have been a congenital defect.

"But, papa, what difference does it make in your language whether it is spelt right or not?" She would bring examples to prove that from the sound one could not tell a grammarian saint from a sinner.

It was not only his basis of education with her, but his sole education, the constituency his intellect represented in the Omer ancestry, making it all the difference in the world which way a word was spelt or a man dressed.

"Repeat the rule of the past participle conjugated with *have*."

"*Le participe passé* . . . You see I know the rule!" triumphantly.

"And the application? Let me see your copy-book. Ah, my daughter, will you never learn that the feminine noun requires a feminine participle, if the noun precedes the participle?"

"Ah, the sentiment was so beautiful, papa! how could I recollect? And a feminine noun, and a feminine participle, and masculine nouns, and masculine participles!—as if words had sex!"

It was Mr. Feltus's habit to come in and interrupt them about this time.

"Now, the past participle conjugated with *to be*."

"*Le participe passé conjugué* . . ." In a thousand years she would never get this right with the exceptions. There was a footstep coming up-stairs; could it be Mr. Feltus? He was not expected from the country until to-morrow evening.

"Well, go on, Misette."

"*Le participe*——" It must be Mr. Feltus, because no one else came up those stairs at night. How strange her papa had not heard

it! She could hear Mr. Feltus's step from the time he entered the front door. "*Conjugué avec*——" Nearer and nearer. If her papa were not there she would jump up and see. Her papa was so correct, so particular as to "*tenue.*" "*Conjugué avec être*——" Ah, his hand was on the door! now papa heard him. But no! that was not Mr. Feltus's step, that was not Mr. Feltus's knock!

It was some person, a man whom she had never seen, whom her papa did not know. She had to go and shut herself up in her little room until the interview was over. It was well Mr. Feltus had not come: he could not have been received.

CHAPTER IV.

MADAME DOMINIQUE'S first responsibility in life was to fill her house with lodgers; the second, to fill her head with information about them. A denizen of that sphere in life where references are not exchanged, she had only her own astuteness for armor against the carnivorous monsters who creep in among lodgers to prey upon the unprotected woman. A first short payment in advance gave her the time, and her system the means to tell the time advantageously. An old lodger, to her, was a well-thumbed book, and she had been in the business so long that a new one presented only that slight variation on an old story which in books wears out the healthiest literary appetite.

The amount of information she could obtain in a short time about a person was a testimonial to the shrewdness of her system, for which in her prayers she thanked and in her alms paid St. Joseph, a most reliable adjutant of women in their secular affairs. She never asked gratuitous information, but always bought it with an equivalent, and if she paid for it with counterfeit coin it was not from dishonest motives, but because in the opinion of the saint it was better for her to keep her own capital intact, and not waste valuable knowledge for gossip currency.

She naturally, considering the system, passed for credulous among her friends, and no one had more, or more efficient ones. When she went to the French Market in the morning, with her basket on her arm, her greetings were as continuous as those the rising sun elicits for the flag of Great Britain. As year by year her *blouse-volante* became more distended, the pleats shallower, and the market-basket more out of proportion to the development, one might believe that she fattened on good will and grew with consideration. Her friends certainly never let her lack expressions of either. But they bewailed her faculty of getting every story wrong and mixing people up unrecognizably. As for her ridiculous ideas, which at the same time were obstinate ideas, her persistence angered them often into superfluous action,—when, for instance, she would never give up a position unless moved bodily therefrom, never retract an assertion unless confronted with witnesses and faced down with authorities,—well, she was a good woman, and a most reliable source of sympathy and charity in misfortune, and each one had an interest, to say the least, in protecting her. How she would have been duped without them, how

much her business success was owing to them, she never knew, for they were considerate enough never to let her overhear them; but it was a current theme of conversation not only with all the hucksters, but with their children. The day after Mr. Omer took possession of his rooms she maintained all the way to the market, and through it from the Indian squaws to the flower-sellers, that the lodger in her garret was a French nobleman in disguise, or some great political refugee.

"He came to see my rooms," shrugging her shoulders, which drew her gown up to her ankles. "Ah! said I to myself, where shall I take him? In the yard with the Bruns and Dugas? *Ma foi*, no! he is a gentleman. He had a little child with him, a little angel for sweetness and beauty. The first floor. 'Higher up, madame.' The second floor. 'Higher up, madame.' The third floor. 'Higher up, madame.' *Sapristi!* he must have had no purse at all. I began to sweat, not from the fatigue of mounting the steps, but fear for my pay. 'What is St. Joseph sending me now?' I cried to myself. But"—arresting herself—"that is what he is. I am not deceived. Old Dominique is not a fool! She knows a nobleman when she sees him. She can tell an aristocrat from the *canaille*. Omer, Saint-Omer,—that is what his name is. *Hé!* let me buy the *Bee* and see what great man is missing in Europe!"

Madame Séraphine, the octoroon, and the proprietress of the legitimate "chambres garnies," refuge of all such characters, was very much excited over this communication in full market by Madame Dominique: it was an insinuation against herself. She busied herself two whole days out of pique, and took her opportunity—a public one—of informing Madame Dominique that her nobleman in disguise, her political refugee, her great European, was a Monsieur Omer, a Creole, some insignificant, if not worse, member of the old Creole family of that name; and he worked, the whole world knew that he worked, in a printing-office on Chartres Street, as Madame Dominique herself might see by looking out of her fourth-story window; for the back room of the office came through to their street, and there he sat at a desk in his shirt-sleeves. And that was the reason he took Madame Dominique's room, when he could get others just as good, if not better: he wanted to be where he could oversee from his office. "Nobleman! Much she knows of noblemen!"

Then he was a distinguished writer,—oh, but a writer known in France, a true man of letters. One could easily divine that by looking at him. There was no lack of contradiction to this, and proof, too, that he was no better than a clerk to sit at a desk and receive his salary at the end of the week, and make his grand salute to the head of the establishment for it, just like the porter, for that matter.

Of all the people in the world, Madame Dominique took Artémise the colored hair-dresser into her confidence, and under bond of secrecy whispered her suspicions of some mysterious intrigue. "Who is the mother of that child, eh? I have watched him! We know what men are! and opera-singers, and ballet-dancers. We women ought to have four eyes in our heads, and then I believe we would be deceived! As for looks, I pay no attention to looks. The greater saints they look,

the greater sinners they are! There was something about him, and the child,—something, in fact!" She took a pinch of snuff, and shrugged her shoulders.

Such are the exigencies of their profession, and such has been the breeding of habit, that hair-dressers have been known to fabricate scandal for the entertainment of their *clientèle* if they could not procure it otherwise. Judge, then, of Artémise's delight at such a bonanza. She employed her time and tongue well. In two days she had the whole story from beginning to end,—the name of Mr. Omer's father and mother, date of his birth, marriage, name of wife, birth of child, place of former residence, what the poor woman had died of, who gave her the last sacrament, who was at the funeral, where she was buried, with innumerable details, and personal addenda.

On this, Madame Dominique confided to the veal-butcher, Michel, the next day, her theory as a fact that Monsieur Omer had once been enormously wealthy, but had lost his money, one hundred thousand at least, in Confederate bonds; offering to pawn her eyes as security for the truth of it.

"And it is a shame, Michel, that those rich Confederates up-town do not do something for him; a patriot! a martyr! up in a garret! When I tell you the cheapest room in my house! It would have been better to have died on the field of battle! I warrant he was something high up in the Confederacy," delicately turning over the sweetbreads, and admiring them pantomimically.

One hundred thousand dollars in Confederate bonds! That was enough to set the whole meat-market talking! Butler, Beauregard, Stonewall, Jeff Davis, the war broke out again among the States. "One hundred thousand dollars for one's country! That was a patriotism that shamed death."

There is no such thing as calm discussion in a market. A "good-morning" as soft as calves' brains is as apt as not to end in a "good-by" from the cleaver.

The old "*rabais*" at the end was the only one who took no part in the discussions; he never did; but while the others were vociferating he began to rummage among the newspapers under his counter. For years he had been picking them up from the pavement, reading, smoothing, folding, and laying them away in his caboose; but what he locked up there was first locked up in his memory. There was nothing he could not answer if he wanted, this little old man whose face and head shone pink under his thin white hair and beard. He found the paper, creased the place, and thrust it into the hands of one of the tribunes presiding over the settlement of the battle of Shiloh.

Madame Dominique had more than she bargained for the following day; such a laughter as greeted her when Michel clapped her on her fat shoulder and shoved the paper under her eyes! One hundred thousand dollars in Confederate bonds! Five thousand dollars in the commission business, and bankruptcy on that!

So far, so good.

"Ambrosie, come in here!" The landlady one day stopped the negro woman, the furnisher of meals, on her way up-stairs, drew her

into her chamber and shut the door, and then told her a tale of the meanness, sordidness, and selfishness of the garret-lodger:

"Cannot afford to take a room lower down; pays me as if his picayunes were heart's blood. And see what he does with his money! One, two, three, four, five,"—counting the tins; "a five-story dinner! And how much does that poor little child get, do you think?"

Ambrosie could not wait for the sentence to end. It was by her good cooking, not her good temper, that she made her money:

"Here, here, here," pulling the tins apart. "See, see, see, and satisfy yourself. Five-story dinner! Do you expect them to eat coals and ashes, that you count in the furnace? Here, empty!—empty! Here, soup, a piece of *bouilli*; here, some rice and red beans. What more do you expect for fifteen cents? Cutlets and green peas? These shrimps?—they are for '*lagniappe.*' He eat it all! He! He is not even here when I bring it, as you know. She eats first, and what is left, he eats. It is by his orders I stay to make her eat. So much the better if it looks like a five-story dinner. For me, I have pride. Walk through the streets with two tins, as if I served beggars, ha!" When she got out into the corridor again, she said, quite loud enough for Madame Dominique to hear, "Those people!—they have no comprehension of ladies and gentlemen."

That was nine years ago. Other lodgers came, claimants for hers and her friends' attentions. She told her results to Mr. Feltus, the only person in the world whom St. Joseph encouraged perfect confidence in. He was in the house by right,—the agent of the owner, old Dr. Jehan. The doctor had brought him to her himself the year the war closed; he always had occupied the best room, and she had nursed him through the yellow fever. Some persons told her that Mr. Feltus was to be the doctor's heir; he was just the same as his son, going to see him every day. But that wife over in France, she might have something to say.

When it came to Dr. Jehan, and Dr. Jehan's wife, there were stories enough about them to furnish a novel; for in New Orleans it is as impossible to keep a secret as to preserve an incognito. The people and the conditions of life seem determined against it.

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE FELTUS rang Dr. Jehan's bell; he was just from the train, and carried a branch of oak leaves in his hand. The uncomfortable little brass knob lay like a plum in a brazen porringer which carried for garnishment around the rim the doctor's whole name, "Benedict H. Jehan, M.D."—the letters so evenly disposed that they read round and round the circle, without beginning or end. The high state of polish had not been maintained without disadvantage; the brass had dropped out in places, diphthonging one letter onto the other, and destroying their alphabetical identification; very much impairing the efficiency of the door-plate as an informant,—if New Orleans had ever been benighted enough to need information about the residence of Dr. Benedict Jehan.

With the regularity of habit, Feltus's thoughts responded as quickly as the bell to the jerk.

How he had once looked forward to the time when he would be tall enough merely to touch that shining knob with one finger,—then to pull it by himself! And the first day he tried it, braced for purchase on that inadequate granite ledge,—he could still feel the soreness of the lump at the back of his head after his surprising summersault backwards. The humorous remarks of the gentleman who had picked him up, the mockery of the street-children,—it was one of the mortifications which had lasted with pristine poignancy. Ovide diverted it this time by opening the door.

"How is the doctor?" Feltus asked, anxiously.

The old negro, the seventy-five-year-old "boy" who had driven the doctor's buggy from time immemorial, shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows, and pursed up his mouth: he was an exact, ludicrous imitation of his master.

"So so, Mr. George."

"The paralysis has not extended?"

"No, sir; *that* is better: he can move his hand a little."

The office door to the right was closed; the entire lower floor had a deserted, evacuated look.

"Up-stairs, of course?"

"In the back-room, sir."

The old fellow made a hesitating movement to precede him.

"Madame is here,"—trying ineffectually to make it sound unimportant.

"What!" exclaimed Feltus, standing still.

"Madame,—Madame Jehan."

"Why!—— When did she arrive?"

"About a week ago, sir."

Feltus stood still, holding the balustrade. He sank his voice to a whisper. "How did it happen, Ovide?"

"God knows, Mr. George."

"Is she in?"

"No, sir: she is at church. She goes to church three times a day."

"Has any one called? Does she see any one?"

"No, sir,—no one but the priests and Sisters."

"Well!" he exclaimed again, preparing for another question; but Ovide was already up-stairs, holding the door open for him.

The invalid was in an easy-chair before the open window, looking out into the garden below, his face set and serious until the young man came within reach of his torpid hearing.

"Ah! there you are, George! I did not hear you come in."

He never greeted except with his voice. There was a long silence. Feltus came in front of him, leaned against the side of the window, and looked out also,—inquiries about health being strictly prohibited.

"I was looking out of the window at the sunset there. A pretty nice sort of a world, where sunsets like that are furnished free." He attempted to make a motion with his hand, and failed. He broke out irascibly, "Pshaw! what miserable, pitiful, piddling attempts at dying!

Coming into the world is humiliating, disgusting enough, but at least one comes in a baby and does not realize the situation. But to go out with all one's faculties, all one's dignities,—like a—— Great God! how can a man hold his head up when he thinks of midwives and undertakers!"

He leaned his head back against his chair. In the strong cross-light he was ghastly pale; but the deep wrinkles across the forehead, the tufting eyebrows, the colossal bald head, looked like some exaggerated make-up for the stage, a masquerade of the bold, strong lineaments. The prominent blue eyes were still incisive and inflammable in their flabby, dark orbits; the broad mouth was slightly settled, but the full lips, softened by relish for life, were still pink and fleshy, and quick at the corners for the twitch that went with a certain gleam of the eye to give the humorous cue to his conversation. His shirt was unbuttoned and thrown open, the neck and chest bared to the slight evening breeze.

"I wanted to show you," changing his voice and tone, "that fig-tree yonder. Did you ever see such a beauty, as she stands there with all her bouquet of fruit? You can see the ripeness from here oozing through the purple skin to be gilded on top by the sun into sugar. To-morrow they will crack with their sweetness, and show their rosy flesh to the core,—the incarnation of a poet's dream,"—his lips closed as softly over the words as if they were the fruit itself,—"of a lover's hope!" He was forgetting his illness when he could talk this way. "Pure *céleste*, she is. Old Vigneaud gave me the cutting; he said he would back it against anything in the city for flavor and yield; he gave it to me just before he went filibustering with Lopez, to be shot in Cuba."

"You don't seem to have many roses."

"No; I've had no luck with my roses this year. The fool things wore themselves out with blooming early in the spring,—ruined their constitutions. They always do it. Nothing but malformations afterwards." He nodded towards a bunch at his elbow. "Not a perfect one there," handling them with exquisite delicacy of touch with his refined fingers,—fingers that in their time had been adored and kissed by suffering ladies.

"You can no more restrain a rose than a woman, and one has just about as much appreciation of common sense as the other. The most provoking, coquettish, extravagant, devilishly fascinating flower in the world! Rich, pampered heiresses, spending their fortunes of color and perfume as carelessly as queens."

The fig-tree had the post of honor in the centre of the garden. Broad, red-bricked walks led from it between the soft, rich beds of the luxurious roses. The partition-walls at the end and sides were hidden under vines.

"The artichokes seem to be coming on finely," ventured Feltus, pointing to a hedge against the wall. His remarks on the doctor's garden were always something of a hazardous venture.

"Yes, sensible creatures! No hurry about them. No fear of their overdoing it! Just leave them alone, and don't bother them, and they

will quietly plod along and fatten up their hearts for you; let them have their own way, and they will do it out of respect to you; but fool around them and attempt to force them, and they will give you thistles every time for the ass that you are. I've never seen it fail. I've a respect for artichokes! Good God, George! to think of a kingdom of heaven without eating and drinking in it!—a place too good for artichokes! Egad! if an angel ever came down here with a warrant to burn us out, like Sodom and Gomorrah,—and I must say I think we have come pretty nigh richly deserving it at times,—I believe I could get the town off on its artichokes and shrimps. That is, if old Betsy were on hand to cook them. By Jove! I don't think he would go back at all. I think the chances are the kingdom would count one angel less. But the oil, George,—the oil is not worthy of them; it is an insult to them. I had to send that last case back to Giuseppe; it wasn't fit to make liniment for mules."

Humph! humph! humph!

He began to snuffle vigorously, wrinkling his nose and showing his nostrils.

"Ovide! Ovide! Dam that boy! Where is he? Never on hand when I want him! George, just go out and hunt him up for me, will you? Ovide! Ah! here he is! Well, sir! What the—— but no matter! Come here. Do you smell that? Hold your head out the window! Now do you smell it? What! you tell me you can't smell that? What have you got a nose on your face for? There! now you smell it, do you? Those, those, those dam Cape jasmines! Great, vulgar, loud-smelling, brutal things! Go out in the street, walk around the square till you find them; smell your way along till you get to them; you can't mistake the place. Fat, pulpy, putrefying sweetness! Wherever they are, you go in and present my compliments, and ask the favor of gathering a few; pick the last one of them, buds and all. And look you, sir! if you leave one to taint the neighborhood, I'll—I'll—— Well, go 'long and get them, and give them to Betsy to put in the stove. Go along!—Pooh!" (talking to himself,) "I wouldn't live in the neighborhood with the things. Why can't people have roses if they want flowers? Roses are the only things for a man to look at or smell. I'd as soon drink milk as smell a sweet pea!—Well, what have you been doing in the country all this time?" accosting Feltus abruptly. "What did they give you to eat?"

"All this time! It has been exactly a week and a day since I left."

"You don't call a week anything? Humph! I wish to heavens I had a few to distribute round about town! I wouldn't mind being guaranteed one myself."

"You do not think——?" began Feltus, hastily, alarmed, and showing it.

"No, I do not think; I know."

"But the symptoms! You told me,—I thought,—you didn't write. I wouldn't have gone away,"—feeling his way, with hesitation.

"That is one of the worst of them," said the doctor, with a jerk of his head towards the door. He had been the first to catch the rustling of skirts in the hall. There was a pause, a listening pause, at the door.

Feltus forgot everything in the expectation of the moment.

Madame Jehan entered the room without knocking. "I beg your pardon, I did not know any one was here. Ovide was not there to open the door. I do not know where he is." She had come in straight from the street, with bonnet and cape on; she walked slowly, to recover her vision, in the dim chamber.

This, then, was the celebrated wife of Dr. Jehan, that to him since childhood enigmatical personage! The window lighted her distinctly to Feltus.

The famous beauty, and the no less famous woman! She received his presentations coldly, walking past him to her husband's side. The *passée* belle, turned *dévotée*. Feltus could see the texture of her celebrated beauty, attenuated, subtilized, stretched as it were over her sharp, regular features. The thinness of her tall figure showed to what advantage it might once have been rounded; there was no mistaking the entrancing grace of its movements: the flesh there had defied, and successfully, the church. She bent over and kissed the forehead of the doctor, Feltus looking on with breathless interest. It was a caress out of which all sensation but a mechanical one had been austerely abstracted, —an overture of conjugality to which the doctor plainly submitted.

"I was uneasy. I hastened away before benediction. You know it is the feast of——"

She measured her voice grudgingly to the words; for her voice was treasonable: like her grace, it was too old to be converted from seduction; like her caress, it appeared the limpid result of careful cleansing.

The doctor had closed his eyes, his face settling into creases which brought out not only his age, but his infirmities. Feltus took the occasion to look at him, narrowing his eyes for concentration.

Did her presence really mean this?

Was death indeed imminent? Was it indeed so? The great capacious head so full of science and sense, the face furrowed and seasoned by the experience of a lifetime, the sturdy, massive frame still full of vigor for the use of humanity, the firm, unflinching hands that had grasped life like the hands of a god,—were all to be given over to the grave? Could he really be dismissed? Could the world, the world of New Orleans, really get along without him? After sixty years of his services, faith in him had become a religion. Dr. Jehan was the supreme court of appeal still, for patient and practitioner; and people had laid on those broad shoulders burdens and responsibilities which would have staggered a Turkish porter. Feltus's own mother, so they had told him over and over again, had been coaxed into resignation to dying by the promise of the doctor to look after her baby.

The lady walked round about the room, talking all the time about saints, and miracles, and feast-days, and her own comfort in religion, glancing continuously at her husband.

"His face looked as if he were without doubt as near the other world as he expected. What would he do, in a world to enter which the body was rotted off the spirit, where sensual enjoyment was the uncleanliness of brutes?—where," Feltus could not help smiling at the idea, "truffles were ignored, where it would perhaps be even more difficult

than here to procure genuine table claret, and Château-Yquem with untampered seal?—where he would have to resign his Sunday breakfast and his weekday jokes, leave Betsy and Ovide, his caged terrapin and pecan-fattened turkeys, perhaps live in a state of celestial connubiality with the converted Madame! Why did she watch his face? What did she see in it? And—that great arching chest, rough, red, and hairy, the neck corded and sinewed to hold forever,—her saint-like head had once reposed there, her arms twined in convulsions of love around the throat, her devotional eyes filled with fire. How the doctor might have loved! And she——!" Feltus shook himself away from these feverish thoughts. "If the doctor died! Why, the first year people would go off like an epidemic! He himself would be afraid to cut his finger."

"Why cannot you take a chair, Célestine? or stand still while you talk?"

The old man spoke impatiently and wearily, opening his eyes, after a struggle of self-repression.

She was near the door, and, as if that had been her original intention, she left the room.

He waited a few moments. "Did Ovide tell you?—came from Paris, all the way from Paris, to save my soul!" The irony was ghastly. Feltus sought a diversion.

"In the country——"

"Wait, my dear fellow, a moment. I want you to go over there and look on that bureau. Nothing there? Well, on the mantel-piece. Not there? Look well. On the *étagère*. Follow her up. The little table. Nothing? And nothing on the floor? Egad! it must be in the bed, then! Pull back the bar, turn down the sheets, lift up the pillows: don't be afraid of rumpling things. Ah, ha! you've got it! I thought so! I knew it! Fetch it here! Ha! ha! ha! What is it this time? What is it? Let us see!" The old tone with which he used to coax Feltus to put out his tongue. "Where the devil are my glasses? What can that confounded rascal have done with them? You will have to hunt *them* for me too. Ah! thank you, my boy." He put them on and turned to the light. "Let us see what it is this time! Humph! hum! A baby in a spangled gown trampling on a green snake; a baby," repeating it slowly, "in a spangled gown trampling on a green snake. Yes, that is what it is. Appropriate and suggestive; really looks medical; but hanged if I can make the connection between it and the text. Now, George, just listen to this an instant: this, you must know, is the moral: '*Le Chrétien se reconnaît par la crainte*,'" reading with his strong Swiss accent. "Determined to save my soul, you see! Object-lessons in piety. The usual attempt to demoralize! The old process! First attack the nerves, throw the sinner into a panic, make him believe he's drowning, and he'll catch at any sort of a straw. Yes, George," with his old humorous intonation, "my wife expects to save my soul by—picture-cards and trinkets! She never comes into my room without dropping them around somewhere, to catch me on the sly. Came from Paris to do it! I've made quite a handsome collection of them in a week." He kept it in his hand, turning it over and over, reading the motto with a quizzical smile.

"Well, we must put it away,—put it with the rest. George, you see old Voltaire up there on top of the book-case? Well, just get a chair and put it alongside, please: that's it: Ovide always does it. Now take this object of piety, stand on that chair, and reverentially and carefully, George, deposit it in front of that bust. There they all are,—beads, bags, blessings and all! Homage from my wife! Egad! how the old fellow grins!—more and more every day: he appreciates them."

Ovide came in with his arms full. The doctor called at sight of him, "Don't bring those dam things in here! Didn't I tell you to take them to the kitchen and have them burned, the very last one of them? What do you mean by bringing them right here under my nose? Nasty, musky—— What are you saying? Oh, you wanted me to see how generous they were; as soon as they heard I wanted them they all went out and gathered them.—Hear that, George! The old tailor at the corner, Lavila,—the quadroon, a very clever old fellow. Very decent people.—Ovide, you pick a basket of figs before sunrise to-morrow and take them to him with my compliments. And here, Ovide!—wait a moment, can't you? what's your hurry?—send word to Sebastian to-morrow that I want some rose-bushes,—any kind, no matter, they are all good; some fine bearing ones. I'll send them over to the old fellow. If he once takes to a rose he'll never stand a Cape jasmine again. Well, sir, what are you waiting for? Go burn them up, I told you."

"So you saw that little girl up there?"

"What!" said Feltus, starting out of his reflections.

"Aglaé,—Aglaé Middleton."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, what about her? How is she looking? Is she much changed?"

"She has developed wonderfully."

"There was room for it. But of all silly letters——"

"In fact, she is like a different person. That money has been the making of her."

"Of course; of course. Money will make over any woman, if she gets it early enough."

"She is immensely patriotic."

"Well, there was a good deal of the spread-eagle in her father."

"And she is very anxious to see you."

"You told her positively not to come, didn't you? Perfect nonsense for her to come rushing to the city in the middle of summer. I thought she had more sense."

"I told her. I don't know whether she will mind it much."

"No, I suppose not. A pretty obstinate sort of a little woman, eh?"

"Seems so."

"And high-tempered? She used to be quite remarkable for that."

"I did not notice it while I was there."

"I suppose she talks well: one would naturally expect that from poor Middleton's daughter."

"Not mere talking; no, she doesn't have the art to make conver-

sation; but she is quick to appreciate, and she seems to feel as well as understand, and knows how to express that. I thought it better not to tell her that I had seen her letter."

"All right. Just as you please about that. Did you have any business-talk with her?"

"Not much. I explained all about your illness, and—and the hot weather," lamely. "I have promised to return in a week, prepared with papers, instructions from you, and some advice. I think she is determined to make some sort of donation with her money."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"There's some superstition about it,—as you saw in the letter."

"Well, can't you persuade her out of it?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I'll talk to her about it. A fool idea! A perfectly fool idea!"

"*You* might talk her out of it, if she could get to you."

"Some church, I suppose; save her soul too."

"No, I fancy she inclines to asylums, homes,—something of that kind."

"She'd a deuced sight better found her own home and start her own asylum with the money."

"As you said, she is obstinate."

"Put her off, then,—put her off until cool weather, when she can talk to me."

"Cool weather is four months off!"

"And of course she cannot wait, being a woman."

"She looks upon it as a kind of vow."

"Vow be——"

"What do you think of the Charity Hospital?"

The Charity Hospital had been a life-long hobby with him.

"I'll look after the Charity Hospital. She need not bother about that. Look here, Feltus, how old are you?"

"Thirty-two. Why?"

"That's so! In '43. I remember. She's about twenty-four or five, I should say; and that's a nice little fortune——"

"By the way——" Feltus interrupted uneasily.

"She has something like——"

"Old Madame Béraud was there,"—snatching a subject hap-hazard. "Full of stories and anecdotes about everybody. She had a great deal to ask about you; knew you in the old times. She used to be intimate with the Omers; told me lots about them. I never knew before exactly how he lost his money. I thought it had gone into the Confederacy."

"You didn't know the Omers, then," curtly.

"But he fought."

"Humph!"

Groping to get hold of the doctor with some theme, "She said you had theories about them."

"Theories! If she calls it theories."

"You were intimate with them, were you not? You knew Mayeur, too."

The doctor had forgotten his lame arm again: he wanted to bring the hand down clinched for emphasis, as if he were at the dinner-table, with a half-dozen decanters before him to choose from, a smoking crowd around him, launched in a long story with a theory at the end, and time at a discount.

Feltus, relieved by his stratagem, looked down into the garden again.

"When I first came to New Orleans, I came near having a duel on my hands, by repeating what I had heard, that the Omers were descendants of Homère, a famous *coureur des bois.* No, sir, nothing but the bluest of blue blood would serve them; and, for my part, now, I think their lives proved their pedigree pretty thoroughly; and if I had to fight to-day I would fight the other way. That was their ambition in life, to be aristocratic, and rich. When they were not polishing and refining the original stock, they were cultivating and fertilizing their money. They always married for blood and money together, and if they could get it in a cousin so much the better,—a process of concentration more favorable to the money than to the blood: the outcome in children was pretty poor,—smaller and weaklier, prettier and punier, and less of them, generation after generation. Old Homère started the family with nineteen; Valérien ended it with one,—your friend. The certificate of birth had to be accepted as a certificate of ability by the public, and by themselves too, for I don't suppose any of them ever thought to stop and take stock of their intellect. They got it down to buying their way through everything, and enjoyed purchased merit as much as if they had earned it. The children bought prizes at school, the boys bought distinction at colleges, the girls bought society, beaux, husbands. Pshaw! at one time they were the royal family of New Orleans, and demeaned themselves with regal idiocy. They were simply damned by good luck! Why, even Death, who was a pretty constant admirer of ours then, always hanging around the corner with a pistol or a knife, or sailing up the river with a cargo of yellow fever or cholera,—I used to think that even Death had been bribed into consideration for them, coming in discreetly in white kids and swallow-tails, at the most convenient moment, as obsequious around a sick-room as ——" (naming a well-known lawyer with a laugh) "around a funeral, bowing a corpse out of a family as insinuatingly as *he* does a succession. They always had an agent to manage their business affairs, of course. It was farcical to go into Valérien's office. At a great, big, pompous desk sat a little Creole, Valérien; he was the one the money manipulated. At a little bit of a desk in the corner sat the agent; he was the one who manipulated the money. Between you and me, the Omers had got to that pass intellectually when they had to buy all the common sense they needed. This agent, Mayeur, an Alsatian, had sense to sell and over. He just turned that fortune round, and doubled it. He sent it out in all directions, and it never came back without considerable booty in the way of percentage. It dipped into every transaction in the State, walked around in slaves, floated in boats, shaved paper. They say it went into drinking- and gambling-saloons, and even worse. Mayeur was not one to hold back. There is no royal road to fortune,

only the same old dirt-rut, impossible to travel over with perfectly clean feet. The money bred, flourished, extended, and the smaller the Omers became the more they represented intrinsic gold: the auriferous parasite may have beautified the trellis, but it decayed it at the same time. The end, the fine end, was your Omer, the daintiest manikin that ever stepped out of a Parisian bandbox. He married some little creature, an only daughter, rich the same way he was."

"And this Mayeur?"

"Mayeur? He was the son of the old Mayeur. I understand that when the war broke out he was sent over to France with money to invest," answered the doctor, rather curtly, for he had not got to the end of his story.

"But courage is the last thing for French blood to give up: when it degenerates, it degenerates from fighting lions to fighting cocks. Paul enlisted promptly, and stepped out gallantly enough in his pretty bright uniform, with a darky in the rear somewhere with a trunk of fine linen. He was coming back in sixty days, of course; they all were, if they didn't sail over from New York and conquer the rest of the world after whipping the Yankees. He got back in—just—about—" slowing his voice for effect—"five—years; not a conquering soldier, not even a defeated soldier, but a subdued jail-bird, taken in the very first engagement, some insignificant, miserable little skirmish without even a name, and marched off to some nice, cool, retired prison far enough away, I warrant you, from the Omer name and Omer money. Then Nature settled her score with him. He fainted when they took the shoes off his poor little feet. When they undressed him, they found an abscess somewhere in his poor little body, and—but this you wouldn't understand: what you would understand is that every disease his fool parents had run him away from in childhood found him there and caught him. There was no more running; he had to take them this time,—from measles down. Just as you would have done, sir, if I had not run *you* into them," looking at the young man's stalwart proportions with self-satisfaction. "When I tracked you that time to that low, marshy, miserable camp——"

This was one of the reminiscences Feltus would not assist in even by listening; the evening when, smoking and drinking in his tent like a man, he had been surprised, cuffed like a school-boy, humiliated, dragged out of his uniform and his company, and put back to school. The next time he took good care to escape beyond the reach of those vigorous hands, and soldiered with none the less zest at the thought of his guardian's baffled temper.

"But Omer?" he interposed.

"They tell me he nearly died of mumps alone. Ills of muscles from forced labor, ills of stomach from forced food, ills of mind from bad air and anxiety, with rheumatism always ready to volunteer in a spare interval,—he spent most of his time in the hospital. It is a miracle and a shame that he didn't die and go to heaven, where no doubt they have bought a nice comfortable little niche from the priests. He wouldn't make nor accept an effort towards release; he got so he wouldn't even speak English,—pretended not to understand it. He

was shut up most of the time with a lot of raw Mississippians and Texans, and he hated them worse than the Yankees. The sixty days were over, and the Te Deums and Hallelujahs had been put on ice to keep. This city fell. If the wife could only have remained here; but that beast——"

Feltus and Ovide from the door both made deprecating movements forward.

"No, don't be afraid; I am not going to get in a rage and curse. I won't even mention his name," drawing a long breath.

"By perjuring herself she could have stayed here, watched her property and taken care of her children; but she pluckily signed her name to a certificate of enmity, and was summarily put out of the city limits,—a young, pretty woman with two children. I wrote a paper on the subject at the time, George,—a purely medical paper concerning only women and children in war-times; you will find it one of these days among my things. I thought of publishing it over in Europe. Bashi-Bazouks,—bah!"

"How was it you were not put out of the city?" said George, smiling at the thought of the doctor's record at the time; but his reticence about himself was, as usual, invulnerable.

"It is because they were afraid to meet the yellow fever here without you."

"What was left of her returned to meet what was left of him when the war was over,—one child missing. I believe he got enough together to fail on afterwards. He forced his house and furniture on his creditors; what was left went to pay for his wife's funeral." The old gentleman forgot that his audience was not a medical one, and stated in business tones the particular internal carnage of the poor woman.

"Prevost told me not long ago that at the time he took Omer into his printing-office out of pure charity, and respect for the old name. He can't make anything out of him: the man has got good will enough, but he hasn't any business sense. Of course not; it had all been eliminated out of the race. And I saw it all coming, years ago, and I used to tell them, sitting around, smoking, drinking——" He thrummed on the arm of his chair, sinking his voice, muttering to himself. "Well, what was to happen has happened. I have had good times in this place; it is sixty years since I landed here. Finer men never sat around better tables. A man then was proud to belong to a profession, and ashamed to be rich in it: our merchants were gentlemen, our politicians—— By the way, George, they tell me the Governor is going to appoint that dam rascal . . ."

But the twilight was falling, the long evening was coming to an end. Ovide brought in the shaded lamp, and Feltus was willing to understand the significant nods and winks behind the back of his master, as advice to depart.

CHAPTER VI.

It was only around the corner from Dr. Jehan's to Madame Dominique's. In the singing of one verse of her song Feltus could make the distance.

"And who will be my princess?
Who'll be my beggar-girl?
Oh, the harps——"

Misette paused and listened.

"Oh, the shining streets of pearl!"

He was coming, but walking easily to surprise her; he always did that, but never succeeded in the act.

She sang on to deceive him until the last moment:

"Who'll go to be my poor?
Who'll go to be my sick?
Oh, the sweetest angels sure——"

"Oh, Mr. Feltus! You need not take the trouble; I hear you. I have been expecting you all the evening. But how long you have kept me waiting!"

It was evident that she expected him; she had on her white dress with pink flowers printed over it, trimmed with her prettiest tatting, and starched as stiffly as Madame Brun could make it. It stood out all around, and he could see that she had not sat down since she had put it on. Her hair broke away from her plaits in a fuzz all over her head, curling over her forehead and flat to the temples. Her eyebrows were dark, to match the darkest spot in her eyes, and her eyes were filled with a bright gold-dust in their clear brown depths; they sparkled with her thoughts, and her thoughts, they sparkled, in their lightness, "like thistle-down in the sun," was Feltus's thought, but he never would acknowledge the poetical form of it.

"You stayed away so long! I really thought you were never coming back at all." She laughed at her own falsehood, showing all her little, fine, infantile teeth at once. She would not sit down, but stood at the window to look out, and save rumpling her dress, Feltus knew. A pretty child of twelve, to all appearance. She was not a child, however. She was sixteen. She commenced immediately to talk, to entertain him in her unthinking, spontaneous way, the way of the mocking-bird down-stairs.

"Such a time with my grammar and past participles last night! Papa was so vexed! You should have been here!—Ah! my branch from the forest?"

She took it from his hand and looked at it. A serious look came over her face. "To have in her hands a piece of a great forest, a forest like she read about!—a forest out there in the great, great world!—a world as inaccessible from her garret as the stars!"

There were forests all around the city, to be seen for the riding to them in the cars; but it had never occurred to her father to give her anything that Madame Dominique did not suggest, or that his own experience did not explain the necessity of.

"And this grew in the woods?" She pronounced it "hoods," but he did not correct her this time. "And nobody has ever touched it before, except you and me!" She passed her fingers over the leaves and laid her face down on them. "It seems to me I can smell in it the coolness, the freshness, the shade!"

She had a long vista of thoughts in her eyes,—an entire forest.

"Now you will write a song about it and sing it."

"*Write* it?—write a song? The singing a song is the writing it, the making it." Mr. Feltus never would comprehend that.

"I cannot imagine how a forest looks! Trees growing up by themselves without being planted, birds singing in their boughs, squirrels running over them. Do they understand one another, I wonder,—the trees? or do they only *feel* one another? What could the tree have thought when you broke off a piece of it to bring it to me,—all the way to me?—— You need not look for papa. Papa has gone out,—not to his office; no. Some one came to see him yesterday,—a curious-looking man, a foreigner: they have gone away together."

She followed his example and took a chair, smoothing her dress under her as she sat down. By sitting close to the window they got the benefit of the lamps in the street.

"I've been down-stairs, talking to old Dugas." She chattered incessantly, looking up at the end of each sentence for an answering nod,—a habit she had contracted from a womanly striving to enliven her taciturn morose father. "He has been telling me about the wars he has been in, and how his leg was shot off. Fancy having your leg dead and buried before you! And why that leg more than the other leg? It is so strange. I was thinking—— Mr. Feltus, do you think Dugas ever killed a man? How horrible it must be to live after killing a man! Wouldn't you rather be killed? Because, that is interfering with God, and every night God must reproach him with it; for God is the only one who knows when to kill people, and when to have them born. I looked at his hands," gesticulating with her own, "the fingers all so stiff and long, the nails curled over like Roland's claws.—Oh! did you hear any mocking-birds up there in the forest, Mr. Feltus? I wish I could tell Roland about it. How glad he would be to go in the country and see all of his own bird-people! If I were with people who only listened to me and did not understand me, I would die. Wouldn't you, Mr. Feltus?"

He was thinking of the biography of her family, still warm in his memory from the doctor's lips. She was so dainty, so innocent, so pretty, so volatile, and so earnest. The refining process had left something to the women as well as courage to the men.

Her face, her head, just so against the sky, beginning to show the stars, here in this poverty-reduced room,—it had the antique perfection and grace of profile of an old cameo in a defaced and scratched setting.

"You know those furniture-people opposite have again complained

about Roland. They say they cannot sleep of nights at all, particularly moonlight nights. I should think they would lie awake and listen: I do; and songs come to me, and words, and I feel so happy in this great beautiful world! Hear my little clock!" She stopped and counted the strokes,—"Twelve." She jumped up and brought it to the window. It was a little timepiece Feltus had given her. "The first time it stopped I pushed it forward. Then it got to be a regular trick with it. It is so lazy! Would you believe it?—as soon as I go to sleep at night it stops running. Now, you see, it's in punishment: I am not going to push it forward any more; it has got to catch up by itself. I wind it regularly; that is all."

"But how do you tell the time?"

"By the cathedral. Oh, I am determined to discipline it. Just as God disciplines me, I am going to discipline that clock. Suppose I should lie down and sleep instead of working, and wake up and celebrate six o'clock when it is already mid-day! I have had to shake it five or six times to-day."

"But suppose it is sick, ailing, and cannot go?"

"Oh, Mr. Feltus! Do you think so? Do you think clocks can suffer?" She had the greatest horror of pain and suffering. "Bah! you are mocking me! You think I am a fool by the way I talk; but, after all, I know better: it is only a *façon de parler*." She was silent for some moments; and then, as if the pause must bore him, she resumed brightly: "What do you think has come back? Guess! Why, the old Friga; lying there at the levee, just as natural!—so clean, so respectable. Papa did not recognize her at first, but the moment I saw her I knew her. Sunday evening, when we were walking, it was. Coming all the way from Copenhagen to New Orleans, across the sea. I wonder if she was glad to come here!"

It was the fantastic idea that ran through all her musings, voyaging. She had been so stationary all her life.

"All across the ocean! And I am here already. It is very curious, the world! So many places, and so full of people. I don't see how God can recollect them all, and all the birds and the animals besides. The poor Friga! She looked as if she had been through the wars, too, like Dugas. I wonder if she has ever been shot at in battle, that poor woman under the prow. Ah! I do not see how people can take innocent vessels and make vessels of war of them! It is not the vessels' fault; they cannot prevent it. It is just the same as if you took me and forced me to go around carrying a gun for you to shoot other people with. Sometimes, Dugas says, the vessels are shot, until they go down to the bottom of the sea, with all on board. Oh, I could not endure the sight of it!" covering her face with her hands. "And those cannon-balls go through everything, splintering, crashing, tearing."

A shiver passed over her. "That is curious: I always shiver when I think of wars and snakes. Did you ever see a snake? I mean, in the forest? You remember the big snake in the show-window on Royal Street. I used to dream of that snake. I do not see how God could ever get any one to be a snake for Him in the world; do you? I do not think I could be a snake, not even if He begged me. Pshaw!

but of course I would! I know perfectly well when they would be offering to be this and that and all sorts of horrible things for Him, I would offer to be a snake: I could not keep from it. Would not you, Mr. Feltus, for God? Because, after all, there would be greater merit in being a snake than something pleasanter. And the world has to have snakes; hasn't it? He would not have them, otherwise. No, no, Mr. Feltus," as she saw him walk to the table, "no grammar this evening,—positively not. I had enough of French grammar last night. I do not see the use of grammar, unless God Himself could tell us the rules. Of course if He made them we would have to follow them. If it was in the commandment, 'Thou shalt make the past participle, conjugated with *have*, agree with the noun, when the noun precedes it,' then very sure I would remember to do it, as I remember not to steal, for example."

"But your father, he says so, and God tells you to obey your father."

"No, it is not papa, it is Poitevin."

"Well, perhaps He told Poitevin."

"What! That nonsense? Oh, Mr. Feltus!"

"Misette——"

"Have you seen Madame Brun's baby, Mr. Feltus?" interrupting him.

"Not yet."

"Oh, I wish you could see it!" with a delighted smile. "Did you not know she had one? Well, you are like me! When Madame Dominique told me, I would not believe her at first. But it is such a pity, she is ill,—quite ill. Madame Brun is, I mean. The baby has black eyes, and black hair, and no teeth. The teeth, it appears, come afterwards."

He moved impatiently. Those women down-stairs,—what did they not make the girl believe? Her innocence was a by-word with them; they would make her ridiculous!

"It is the first baby I have ever seen close; they let me hold her in my arms one moment. She is going to be named—guess what! I give it to you in five, ten, twenty-five guesses! You will not guess? Then I shall tell you. They are going to name her Misette! That is, Marie Elisabeth. Papa says it would not be nice to have two Misettes in the house at once; but Madame Dominique says we will call her Lisette."

The stars made her think of something else:

"Those poor dead people! Three funerals passed here to-day, Mr. Feltus, two with music. I cried and cried. I do not know why I am always so sorry for them, and I am so afraid they will get frightened in the tomb, and it is so unreasonable to get frightened in the tomb. I sometimes wish I could go with them and keep them company until the angels come for them.

"Talk to them?" He tried always to tease her about her talking. "Why not? To think they are going away, for ever and ever and ever! How well people ought to behave in the world, eh? when they think of that! It must comfort the family to have music. That is what they have it for, is it not? It makes it easier to cry. I wonder

when my funeral goes that way through the streets if any young girl will stand at a window and watch it and cry for me. It would make me feel so happy in the hearse, that would,—to have some one say, 'Poor young girl!'"

"But if you are an old woman?"

"Oh, Mr. Feltus! I an old woman!" She laughed. "That will never happen, sure!"

She had got her little box of work, and was tatting in the dark, her fingers as nimble as her tongue.

"This is for Madame Brun's baby. I have done all this! Madame Dominique says I make tatting faster than any one she ever saw. I do not see why they call it *frivolité* in French. It is not *frivolité* at all, any more than any other trimming. It is not right to give anything a bad name, not even tatting."

It was pleasant to the young man to sit this way and listen; it was pleasanter than the country and all the good company; there was no one could add a charm to evening as Misette could.

"And that pretty new song you were going to sing for me when I returned?"

She dropped her tatting; this was serious, the rest of her talking all chaff.

"Oh, Mr. Feltus, I have had my despair over that song! I cannot seem to say what came into my head. I sometimes think the words have not been invented for it. I have tried and tried. I must have sung it over a thousand times. Do you think that this will do?

"The sun drops down the hours,
Passing, passing, o'er the earth,
The laughing, joyous hours,
The sighing, weeping hours,
The hours dark with sadness,
The hours bright with mirth,
The sun drops down the hours,
All the hours,
But God drops down the years.

"The sun calls out the flowers,
Passing, passing o'er the earth."

She sang all through to the last lines,—

"The sun calls out the flowers,
All the flowers,
But God calls out the tears!"

And then she stopped, discouraged.

"I do not know what is the matter with it. I wouldn't like to leave off trying until I was sure about it, but how am I to know? Perhaps it is meant to be that way, not so good; as some people are meant not to be so pretty. There are some naturally quite ugly. Mr. Feltus, how do people know when a thing is completed? If God would only tell them! And I wanted to ask you, how can I say the sun does it, when God does it all? Is it right for me to say that,

just because it comes in a song? And then I thought I would not have that song: I would unmake it; it should not be. But the tune kept coming back looking for the words; oh, it sounded so sad! Had I a right to take the words away? for the air came to me first, bringing the words. It is as if an ugly body should say to a beautiful soul, 'No, I am too ugly: we cannot go together;' and the poor soul goes back to heaven and says the body would not have it. It is better to have an ugly body than no body at all! And so I keep on with those words. —Ah! why have you not been smoking? That is not right, to sit and listen to me without smoking! I should have invited you, I suppose; but I was so glad to see you, I forgot everything else. Hst! there is papa! Now I am not going to say another word. You can smoke with him, and talk to him."

To Feltus, Omer appeared smaller, thinner, and more sallow than ever, after the doctor's recent pungent sermon. That he could have fathered Misette, and Misette's disposition, was more a miracle than ever; that Misette could be fastened on any of the generations of the family was a mystery of heredity. It was like a drum producing a flute.

They smoked their usual cigarettes, and may be said to have smoked their usual conversation; newspaper topics, chopped fine by individual opinion, and politics,—which in their city were factional, an internecine quarrel urged with a blue and green intensity,—the younger man maintaining a propitiatory deference to the elder, the deference of the stronger to the weaker, of the gainer to the loser in life; the courtesy of a man working for ambition to a man working for bread and butter; the homage of a man with a future to a man with only a past.

It had taken years of fostering to grow this friendship, the seeds of which Madame Dominique had planted, in the fulness of her acquired knowledge. She caused the accident that brought them together, and, in a little conversation with Feltus, convinced him that apparent accidents are opportunities conferred on the generous. Great patience and great tact were needed at first, and great reserve always, on the part of Feltus. The first visit decided his merit as a candidate. There was an embarrassment over the need of an extra chair, the Omers never contemplating a larger social intercourse than their own little duet. Feltus sped down-stairs for one, passed by his own rooms with loanable articles in profusion, went to the basement, and borrowed from Madame Dominique some second-hand relic of the kitchen. This was kept in the fourth story for him. Succeeding years did the work of making the two men necessary to each other, and so each one gained a friend. Feltus drifted into their domestic arrangements, was a member of their family councils, had his voice in the question where the cheapest shoes could be bought for Misette and where the best coffee was kept parched and ground, had been consulted about the comparative merits of Noël and Chapsal and Poitevin and been intrusted with the English substitute for their educational mysticisms.

CHAPTER VII.

THE days of a week pass easily enough in a country house, protected in some measure by distance or other divine impediment from indiscriminate sociability, and under a gentle routine of business one week fades into another as imperceptibly as the phases of the moon, a new month surprising one like a new crescent. If all lawyers were as generous of time as Feltus, all clients as generous of gratitude as Aglaé, the judges would enjoy but a short carnival of business.

"Shall we to work this morning?" Aglaé and Feltus began to avoid the phrase. It had an innuendo in it. They could not look at each other when they said it. They would not look at Mrs. Middleton, for fear of detecting a covert smile.

He explained so lucidly, or she understood so quickly, that the survey of her affairs was soon made. Her instalment as proprietor of them if effected with consistent promptitude would soon have procured him his official dismissal. But Aglaé had still her plan, or her vow, of benefaction, in her brain, and on the actual knowledge of the amount of her dollars and cents she commenced the foundation of a scheme, the carrying out of which was to be a mere question of architecture between her and Feltus.

He had been privately suborned by Mrs. Middleton into a promise to temper, by his counsels, charity with discretion. To please Dr. Jehan he loyally collected obstacles to throw in her way, using all of his legal tact and ingenuity to frustrate charity as if it were justice, and pleading as warmly for a reduction of any sum she mentioned as if he were a millionaire and she a tax-assessor, and finally he committed her to a collection of data before the adoption of even a feminine, temporary decision.

The rumor of her intentions awoke all manner of sleeping or supine necessities. The field of charity teemed with candidates for her generosity and her time. Every ill and misfortune in life seemed to have been incorporated with an institution where it could be treated according to any sect of religion or medicine; and every institution was a needy one and an alert one. There were private cases, with private agents, too, whose eloquence would melt the most obdurate fortunes as well as hearts. There seemed to be a vast side of humanity which only needed money to soon become prominent members of the other side, which only needed hearts.

"God had balanced the poor and the rich," Aglaé said, or, using a political expression which in her country she could hardly avoid, "God had elected certain people to be rich: could they without violating His confidence and trust turn the position into one of mere personal profit? She had returned from an old country historically illustrious through private benefactions; the names of the rich there were the names of the patrons of art, of letters, the renovators of cities, the founders of hospitals, churches, schools, pensions; the names of the rich here were ——" What she said, if repeated, might be censured as unpatriotic. "She had done nothing to deserve this money, nothing to earn it. The good it had accomplished in her life was not to be overestimated

or slighted. But the good was accomplished. There were others now waiting, as she had been,—waiting for travel, enlightenment, pleasure, higher education, higher health. Was she to spend on clothes, on luxury, the precious elixir that could animate other lives, young lives? Was she to be," scornfully, "an American heiress?—to buy admiration, beaux, a husband? the competitor for notoriety with ballet-dancers? advertised like a quack medicine?" This was during those moments of the day which could never be passed anywhere so well as in the summer-house over the creek; when they would leave papers and documents in the library, and wander around, broadening their prospect by side-issue discussions, sometimes more pertinent to themselves than to their project; half-days left over from a task, or waiting-time to be filled, a hot hour to escape. The summer season warranted all excuses and delays, even the infinite amount of dallying that two young congenial people can bring into a pleasant business copartnership, where neither one would go on without the other, and a perfect *entente cordiale* was necessary on even the point of a pen.

Each morning they arose aglow for work, and if evening surprised them with a short count it was because due credit was not given for the scenes recalled from novels, stanzas from poems, and the verification of episodes from history. Politics became involved, religion; travels were rehearsed for reasons, reminiscences summoned for exemplification; in fact, the universe itself was *particeps criminis* in a donation in Louisiana.

His theories of political economy made no stand before her feminine practices, and his logic was not to be depended on to sustain him under her appeals. *He* could not combat her: she might just as well have received a divine commission to impoverish herself as think she had.

Everything was pleasant and concessive. Their minds had learned to fit, one in another. There was no jostle, no jar, not even friction, in the running of them. It was as easy talking as going down an incline; and it felt something like it.

Looking at Aglaé, under the flickering light of the green trees, Feltus made constant discoveries in her; most charming yields of new regions of intelligence, new points of humor, unexpected fountains of emotion, unfathomable depths of womanliness. Advancing, *soi-disant*, critically, her eyes and hair pleased him, her long, slim, delicate hands. No, he repudiated that! It was herself, her impulses, her emotions, her very exaggerations, if you will, her spontaneity, the flood of words that poured from her lips on a contradiction, an opposition, the sudden, frank acceptance of defeat, her fervent admirations, her abandonment of them in disgust at a symptom of baseness, her imperious requisitions for *preux chevaliers* among men, or none at all, her prejudices, her antipathies, her renunciation of them at the suggestion of horror or pity. She brought him her views, her impressions, she shared with him the influences that had helped her. Her mind was as symmetrical as her body,—fair, tall, lily-like, dressed in white always, if of the latest fashion and cut. And—she made him feel his superiority to all this! she accepted his solution of her doubts, his answers to her questions. It flattered him subtly, the homage of this fluent, flowery woman

nature, which it is given to man to draw into himself. For, as he felt her excellencies and beauties, he felt the absorbing power of his own manhood to make it all his own. She bloomed the flower of fancies, but the seeds lay in his heart; she was an exhalation from his own hidden sources. His own mother must have possessed the same ladyhood. His own mother must have been like Aglaé, the stirrer in a man of noble passions, the allayer of others, a purifier, an enlightener of the heart. Life-partnerships with such women promised, not gratifications, but satisfactions. And he repeated to himself the almost-forgotten words of Alphonse Karr about a woman whom he had met on the boulevards of life:

"Il me semblait, ce qui jusque là ne m'était guère arrivé à l'égard d'autres femmes, que je prendrais volontiers celle-là pour ma part tout entier de femmes et d'amour; et que je renoncerais avec joie, pour elle, à toutes les autres et à toutes les bonnes chances et rencontres de la vie."

His share of women and love! It was a thought not for noon and her presence.

"Manliness, vigor, strength." Aglaé's furtive cross-examination of Feltus to test certain previous conclusions only fixed the certainty of "manliness, vigor, strength." The pleasure which the verdict gave her might arouse the suspicion that this was an acquittal which other similar trials had not ended with.

Each moment in his society was fecund also in results to her,—results as complimentary to herself as to him. For, losing sight, as women will, of personal identity, in contemplating the man she liked, she contemplated only the qualities she liked. The instinctive hopes and desires of her sex, the strength for her weakness, the decision for her indecision, the stability for her instability, led her heart, and she was old enough to celebrate a victory, when she did not meet with a disappointment. With women, a disappointment in love is grief over a marred ideal; disappointment in man is the loss of an ideal. They come that way into the world, with their husband already in their hearts; they are sometimes in appearance unfaithful to him, marrying some one else, but the husband in this case is only a dummy for her, she in reality is wedded to the prototype in her heart, as the dummy-husband knows too well. Aglaé was one who would wife to her original ideal or to none.

Pursuing these side-issues in the greenwood, they had forgotten the principal object of their intercourse: when they both approached it again, one morning, by curious coincidence of unanimity, they found that each had changed sides since their last controversy; now both were opposite their first positions. He, abandoning loyalty, Mrs. Middleton, and Dr. Jehan, became insistent that she should despoil herself for the benefit of the poor. She hesitated, demurred, pleaded for time, using his abandoned arguments with good effect.

The more she hesitated, the more he urged; the more he urged, the more she hesitated; and still the time passed.

He placed before her, in glowing colors, the figure of Charity fitly typified by woman,—the giver, the nourisher. He spoke,—they were

again in the summer-house, the woods sombre and quiet about them,—he spoke of the despicability of gold, precious only to give away. A moneyed woman, he said, was a draggled-feathered angel. A woman's arms were given to cradle infants, not money-bags. He told her about the part of the city he lived in,—all the poverty, the dirt, the neglect, the hard-working women, the ignorant children, the whiskey-drinking men. He could show her cases where money coming now would come as a godsend. He related Dr. Jehan's account of the Omers,—hoping to strike the responsive chord in her breast,—described the ravages of gold in their character, the expiation in Misette of their criminal sordidness.

"Had she considered the Charity Hospital sufficiently?—its crying impoverishment, with its scaled revenues and exhausted resources, depending for sustenance on the degrading tax on crime and vice? It was the lazar-house for not one State but a whole section, the refuge for all, black as well as white,—all on an equality from disease and suffering, all on an equality of treatment. He had been there in the spring," pacing up and down the little platform, that shook under his excited tread; "it was a place to furnish nightmares for a lifetime. Ah! disease is God's curse on humanity. The pale, white women, the better ones crocheting, sewing, propped up in bed; others idly waiting for the morrow, a limb to be amputated, or an abscess to be cut out,—suffering so much that they kept opening their eyes to see if the fatal curtain were not being strung around their bed; thinking death surely must be in their present agony. For there was no death-chamber, no agony-room; they groaned and gasped out their lives with only a calico curtain between them and the others. An agony-room,—that was what the hospital needed. All the physicians said so. If she would only go there some morning! If she were in the city now, he would take her. What a procession of nations, colors, and diseases!—sufferers from misery or sufferers from crime; in their clean rags and their dirty rags; escorted by priests and ministers, or escorted by policemen, from all parts of the city, to be bathed, and dressed, and put into clean beds, and nursed by gentle hands into life or eased into death; the black women particularly coming in crowds from their tramping and dissipation. There was one the day he was there,—she was so black in her white, white bed, her face on her white, white pillow, a little baby beside her. He would never forget the poor woman's look of amazement at the, to her, sumptuous surroundings, turning her pathetic brute-eyes from the hangings of the bed to the infant on the pillow. The little children's ward would make her weep."

Then there was the students' life there. He begged her to consider the educative nobility of that part of the design alone. He told her how it was first incorporated; he could not remember the names of the subscribers; they were cut in large marble tablets in the vestibule,—the oldest and best names in Louisiana. Her own, if she consented, would lead them all hereafter. "Had she never heard about the old sugar-planter, who, dying, bequeathed his funeral expenses to the hospital, ordering for himself only the necessary pauper's burial? His family

obeyed his wishes, but handed over to the hospital the munificent expenses of a prince's interment."

In short, Feltus repeated to Aglaé what had been a favorite subject of harangue with Dr. Jehan; and it was an open secret that Dr. Jehan was going to leave his fortune to the hospital.

Her eyes kindled as he spoke, her cheeks glowed, but what she would have given then and there for this matchless (to her) eloquence was not a donation to the hospital. He had defeated himself in simply increasing her admiration for him.

"No, I must not give my word, must not decide, till he speaks," she adjured herself. "Other uses then for money, other dedication for a fortune!" And she berated the characteristic impetuosity that had made her hurry a dim vision into a vow.

"I must not speak till she decides, gives her word, makes my wooing irreproachable." And he nerved himself to self-control and patience. "Why did I heap obstacles in the path of her wishes?"

Apart from each other, they lived in absent-minded contemplation of the boundless ocean of love spread out before them, in anticipation their thoughts flying like sea-gulls over the expanse, dipping crescent wings into it, flashing a silver breast up in the sunlight, with unseen treasures down in the depths for bold divers, and never a tempest nor a calm.

With all their embracive grasp of thought at the beginning, the world and the world's people faded away in time, thinned out of their plans, countries, nations at a time. The sun, for them, traversed daily an ever-diminishing horizon; their own surroundings contained with ever greater abundance all that was desirable as to things, all that was needful as to persons. One moment, one inevitable moment, became less and less distant to them, more and more distinct, throwing a hurdle across their future. Their destiny became more and more apparent to them, and they were charmed with it.

As in a dream multitudes of emotions seem flying away from the heart at once, that it may be left pure and free for that sensation which the dreamer's consciousness anticipates, which comes when the culmination of stillness, quietude, and peace is reached, to thrill and waken the sleeper with ethereal delight, so these two lived in sure prospect of that terminal beatific moment.

The extraneous officiousness of the post-office was the only blemish and burden of the day. The superfluity of letters in a world of two! The impertinence of communication from outsiders! Unless recommended by well-known handwriting, the envelopes dunned in vain for attention. They littered the tables, were swept aside from one dusting to the other, adding their accumulations to uncut magazines, unopened newspapers, which waited an hour when thoughts would suffer an interruption or a lapse of connection,—the blurred date of their cancellation filing a protest against the waste of stamps.

But it seemed that thoughts would suffer no interruption, no lapse of connection. They were willing to go along, so, forever.

There was one letter on Feltus's table addressed in a small, feminized masculine writing, the chirography of an addresser of circulars

or tailors' bills. He tore it open to light a cigar, anything that came to hand serving, rather than keep the cigar and the cigar-thoughts waiting. It was not a circular, nor a tailor's bill: it was a letter:

"My dear Feltus,—

"I have made up my mind, somewhat against my judgment, to go away for a short time, on an affair of importance; it may turn out to be of supreme importance. Madame Dominique has promised to take care of Misette for me, but it is to you that I confide her. I would not leave on any inducement did I not know that you would be in the same house with her, and that with you she would be as secure as with myself. The success of my undertaking depends in great measure upon its secrecy. To avoid the comment in the house, I have told Misette to give you her letters to mail for me. I shall send hers to your office. I enclose my address.

"My little girl, Feltus! Ah! you do not know how I rely upon your friendship.

"Yours,

"Paul Omer."

"The date? A week ago! Impossible!" Yes, the calendar, the papers, confirmed it. Feltus looked at his watch. "Midnight, and past. What a fool! What a fool, not to open his letters!" He opened all he could find now. Unimportant! Tailors' bills, and circulars, in spirit if not in fact. "If Misette had but written!"

The address Omer gave was a fictitious name and a Mexican town. What was he doing over there now, for news of Misette? What was Misette doing for news of her father?

There was no passenger-train until noon the next day. A freight-train passed every morning about daylight; he recollected waking and listening to it, often. There was no conveyance to be got at that hour of the night; he could walk the four miles, get to the city, hurry to the office for Omer's letters, take them to Misette, explain to her, telegraph Omer, and write him a long letter. He breathed freer when he recollected that in all probability Omer would not in a week reach that place in Mexico, wherever it was; Feltus had never heard of it; it must be beyond the usual line of travel or business. Action brought him to himself. He put aside his cigar and packed his bag, stopping to write a brief statement of the case to Mrs. Middleton. From her note, his pen went on to another sheet of paper. He commenced to write to Aglaé: he had covered pages before a pause came in his thoughts. He lifted his head from the paper: the past day returned to him, full of quiet, actual happiness. In an instant he was submerged almost to sinking out of sight of duty: there was rebellion, pleading, in his heart, against his resolution. What he had written was merely a beginning. He would have to write a volume, or a line. Besides, she was still the heiress. In a week he could return and explain; it was all clear in his mind now; at his prayer she would irrevocably enrich the hospital and—yes, enrich herself too, irrevocably, with his love, his life. To her, then, a scribbled adieu for the present, and a bunch of

roses;—left at her window? on the gallery? No! In the summer-house, on the spot where their hearts had come nearest to declarations, where the murmuring leaves and the rippling current would perhaps whisper her the content of this destroyed fragment of passion.

He completed his preparations, put out the lights, and left the room by a gallery window. He felt like a burglar or a kidnapper, gathering the roses in the night, scratching his hands on the bushes, trampling over the violet-borders. He found the path through the woods where he had followed her that first morning, and climbed the bank to the summer-house.

Would she ever divine that he sat thus, for an hour, leaning on the railing as she had leaned that morning? One or two stars had dropped their likeness in the water; the wavelets ran over them. The fancy seemed weird at the time, portentous, but the next morning he remembered that it was only a platitude, in which heaven was love, the stars the reflection in each other's hearts, and the little creek the great river of Time, which rolled over the reflections ceaselessly, but would never destroy them. It was rather incoherent and mixed, as was, also, his throwing two of the roses out into the current and watching them float away together.

CHAPTER VIII.

FELTUS found no confusion about the month in the city. August has an unmistakable way of making itself known there. The overgrown shrubbery, the dearth of flowers, the intensity of the sun, the murkiness of the atmosphere, the mid-day torpor in the streets,—all this is calendar enough for the natives. Some of the green batten windows on the streets were closed, with all the mystery and secrecy of night inside; some were wide open, with glaring exposure of domesticity in deshabille. In shaded courts the negro servants were going about their work half clad, the tubs of green bushes, and an occasional fountain, giving a tropical touch of propriety to the display of person. In the work-yards the laborers lay in cool places, their naked busts and backs gleaming under perspiration. Every visible person was sleeping or sleepy. The cobblers slept with their half-mended shoes in their laps. The *pralines* women nodded over their waiters, making spasmodic switches at the flies with their palmetto whisks. The Italian women before their fruit-stalls slept in their tilted chairs, with sleeping babies at their breasts. The blind beggar asked dreamily over his tin cup, "Charité, madame; charité, monsieur," all amiss as to the sex of the footsteps. The carmule trotted conscientiously along, jingling his bell in front of a sleeping driver. The water in the gutters was stagnant and covered with a green scum. Flies buzzed over neglected garbage-heaps. Madame Dominique herself slept in her short broad rocking-chair, blocking up the passage-way of her house.

"She frets, Mr. Feltus, she frets," she answered when Feltus's question roused her. "She misses her father, and not one line has she heard from him, and he has been gone over a week. I have gone every day to Mr. Omer's office, myself, to see if there was not a letter for her.

Nothing,—absolutely nothing. Yes, she is up-stairs, all by herself. You had better go right up. Of course it would be better for her to sit down here in the daytime, but it is against orders, you know. Perhaps the father is right; we are not her associates; she might see and hear things. But it's hot up in that garret! Sacred Virgin, but it's hot! Go right up. You will be sure to find her."

The stairs led him into ever higher and closer temperatures. The last story felt as if it were pushed close under a furnace; the ceiling shed heat as clouds shed rain. The door was open. He peeped through it, and thought Misette had yielded too to the hour and the weather. She sat close against the wall, where she had been driven by the advancing heat from the window. The shutters were closed, but through the cracks the sun threw little squares of light like dice on the dark floor. Plank by plank they had tracked their way, as if the floor were a dial and had to be traversed to make good a day. The door of her own little chamber was open, and the window, screened by flowers, which had found some faint breeze to fondle and dandle them. Her handkerchief lay unpinned around her neck; her hands held her tatting quiet in her lap. He had never seen her so motionless before, her face so perfectly still, the little mouth without a word, a pout, or a smile. He waited for her to move, to look up. She might have been asleep, so completely was she sunk in thought. For coolness, she had piled her hair on top of her head. It made her look older. Her faded calico dress clung to her neck and arms where the perspiration had come through. The house was so silent, nothing but the hurried ticking of her little clock trying to catch up with time. He thought she might have heard him breathe, but he had to knock twice before she could disconnect herself from her revery.

"Oh! Madame Do—Mr. Feltus! I—I did not think of your coming until evening."

She did not jump up to meet him as usual. She waited for him to come to her.

He hastened to tell her his distress and perplexity. She listened to him with indifference.

"Papa is gone. I have not heard one word from him. He told me to write,—that you would send my letters. There they are,"—speaking studiously in French, and keeping her head turned from him. She had spread out the letters, easy to count. "He said you would mail them; you would have his address; and you were not here."

"Misette, you are not as vexed with me as I am with myself."

"He said you would come to the city as soon as you received his letter."

"He was right, Misette. I——"

"He said whatever you were doing that you would come to the city; he——"

"Misette, listen! Listen, Misette! But no; read these first. See, here are all of your letters. He wrote every day; he did not miss a single day. See."

She took them languidly.

He broke their seals, and forced them into her hand, up to her face. She looked at them apathetically.

"Read them, Misette; read this,—here, this one. 'Chère petite Misette!' Now do not laugh at my bad accent, miss!"

"It's all those days—all those days without them!" she said, plaintively, pushing her hair back from her forehead.

"It is all my fault! I am a fool, a brute, a tyrant! You know whom I remind myself of? Guess!"

No, she would not guess Oliver Cromwell, nor Napoleon: he had to do it for her. He could not get her to smile. He began to talk, to tell her about anything, everything, just as she was in the habit of doing to him, but she did not listen. He picked up a fan and began to fan her; she moved away. Her face was pale. Her eyes had rims much darker than they were, under them.

"Well, if you won't read them for me, read them for yourself, Misette."

"I—I wish I had got them before!"

"Little one, what is the matter? Are you angry with me, your stupid, abominable old friend? It was an accident,—an accident that would only happen to a fool." He pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead; it was stifling hot. "If you had written to me, Misette! Why did you not write?—not once? I would have opened your letters: you know I would. No, you never thought of me at all. You won't even look at me, Misette? Come, let me see how you look when you are angry." He took her hand and made her turn around, then drew her out of the corner to the light, turned up her little pointed chin with his finger as he would have done to a child, and looked laughingly into her eyes. Then she looked at him.

What was passing in her heart, that she looked so at him? He bent over her. Her face so white!—so frightened white!—her eyes fixed on his. What was passing in her eyes,—her gold-stone eyes? He felt his own eyes fastening on hers, beginning to liken hers strangely, his own face getting pale. Her lips were open, yet helpless for words; they began to quiver, to tremble. He bent down closer and closer to them, he touched them with his. He could feel them trembling in his own lips. "Misette! Misette!" he whispered in her ear. She lay in his arms. He held her tight: she was trembling all over now. He tried to reach her lips once more; but her face was against him. Her ear was there, that he whispered her name into; he kissed her neck, where the handkerchief had fallen, and her hair; it came undone and fell down. He could feel the moist places on her arm, with his fingers. He could feel—— She tried to release herself. Never! he would never let her from his arms again!

She raised her face,—her pretty Misette face, full of love for him!—falling to his shoulder again, as if too heavy with expression.

"Misette!" He called softly; to raise it once more, to read it once more; his lips tangling in her hair; tightening his arms.

But this time when she looked up it was different, it was all changed,—as if she had been frightened; it was chilled and stiff.

She prized herself away from him, her two hands on his shoulder, turned,—and he was left alone.

She had gone into her room,—steadying herself a moment against the door,—gone, and the door shut.

He could feel her heart still beating against his; he was still looking down at her neck, through the skin to the blue veins; her soft brown eyes still clung to his.

"Misette! Misette!" he whispered, out of the fulness of emotion. He stood where she had left him, afraid to move and lose the pressure of that slight form in his arms, her lips on his lips; his own eyes, beyond his control, humid and longing. Perhaps she would come back to him!

"Misette!" he called louder. His voice reached the next room,—reached her. Sobs broke through the stillness. She was weeping; crying between her tears inarticulate cries.

His heart beat, loud, heavy throbs. He sprang across the floor, he seized the door,—he would be with her once more. "I am coming, I am coming, Misette!" he called to her. The door shook in his grasp.

A wild despair came over his face, then his skin blanched with a fear, as hers had done; he dropped the handle of the door, he leaned his head against the wall, then turned, fell in a chair by the table, and hid his head in his arms, a groan almost escaping him. The sounds that came from the next room were as if torn from his own heart.

That was not a child's weeping,—not a child's sorrow: that was a woman's anguish.

She might want him! She might need him! "If he could only go to her!" he thought. He would not touch her! He would not look at her! She might be suffering! she was so frail and slight. He would only talk to her, as in the old days. He would soothe her. If—if—her eyes! her lips! her soft little arms! In simplicity and purity she had obeyed her heart. He—ah God!

So near! only in that room. She would lay her head on his bosom. She would tell him all. He would stroke her hair. He would take her in his arms like a child. A child! The long, low, tremulous wails cut through his heart. The sweet, pretty, dainty little girl! Her poetry, her tatting,—that chilled frightened expression of her face! Was she afraid of him? Only one moment by her; if she were kneeling by her bed, to kneel too. Nothing more, God knows! Only to see if that fear, that white fear, had gone from her face! Had the tears washed that look from her eyes?

And the look in her eyes fetched it all to him again. He was a man, and young and strong!

The sun had begun to withdraw its cubes of light, shutter by shutter. When he lifted his head there were but a few left. It might have been midnight, it seemed so long, so many hours since—— He listened. All was quiet in the next room too. His heart began to beat again. On the table were the letters she had written to her father, and Omer's letters to her, in the same fine handwriting that had confided a daughter to a friend. He, the friend, had not written nor telegraphed yet.

He gathered up her letters. His hands were cold and clammy: he could feel that, but it was all. His hat was somewhere: he found it, put it on; he did not look back once, but left the room. He went into

his own room to write; but he could not handle a pen yet: he pencilled a telegram. He had not eaten, had not bathed, since the day before. He paused absent-mindedly to remember something, but it was not that: he could not recollect what it was.

Madame Dominique was still rocking her chair in the passage; the light fell on his face as he came out of the shadow.

"What, so soon back, Mr. Feltus? Well, you did not stay long! How did you find the little one, eh? Nervous, eh? Yes, I am that way too, when I think of her; my heart is as soft as a rotten banana. But it is you yourself who do not look well! You are pale. I tell you, you are pale! and your eyes,—*they* tell a tale against your stomach! Ah, you won't believe me; you won't mind what I say; you think I am a fat old fool; but you will see, there is nothing more pernicious than these short absences from the city. That is the way with you Americans! Look at me: I have never been out of the city all my life,—have never been up above Canal Street in ten—fifteen years. Look at all our old Creoles! A little glass of quinquina every day, if you would take it,—that would be wise, that would be prudent——"

How was it possible, he thought, that she could not hear those sobs? They must have been as plain here as three flights up. His ears were still full of them. They were still cutting, cutting in his heart. She was so frail, so delicate. My God! how can women cry so? All that tumult up there, and no sound down here?

In the evening he found Madame Dominique already established in Mr. Omer's chamber. She was getting her bed ready, piling soft pillows all over the narrow, hard, upholstered lounge that served to rest Omer; for Madame Dominique was an early sleeper and a self-indulgent one.

He had a little package of chocolates,—his usual trifling five-cents-limited present,—and a bunch of violets, bought from the oldest and ugliest flower-woman on the corner of the street; that was Misette's command always, the oldest and ugliest, and the world could hardly have matched the ugliness and age that had sold this bouquet. Out in the street he could think of nothing else for her. Madame Dominique took the flowers from him.

"I shall give them to her, Mr. Feltus; she has gone into her room. In fact, I think she wishes to retire. The days are so long and hot, and the breeze in the evening disposes one to sleep."

So he passed the evening alone. When he thought he was calm enough, he wrote his letters,—two. The first he commenced to Omer; then, putting it aside, as premature, he wrote to Miss Middleton, using office-paper to give the desirable legal solidity and coolness, his face stern with determination. He recapitulated the state of her business affairs, giving her some official advice on a point or two. As for her endowment plans, as her friend and counsellor, he proposed that she wait at least six months, defer all action, particularly until she had had an interview with Dr. Jehan. Whatever would then be the result of deliberation could be made definite, and beyond self or other reproach. Hoping to see her when cool weather permitted her to return to the city,

and regretting that business had put so sudden a termination to his pleasant vacation, he signed himself, with conventional assurances, her sincere friend.

This letter he posted himself the next day. The letter to Omer, the letter on which he had wasted much time and paper,—he was a novice in purely literary exercises, and in such wasted an amateurish quantity both of time and paper,—the letter to Omer, after signing, sealing, and stamping it, he did not send. Why, he could not have said, but he did not destroy it; he would have written it over again if he destroyed it, he felt that clearly. He kept it in his pocket, sending every day instead of it a short note, a note as if from the Feltus and about the Misette of yore to the unconscious father absenting himself with confidence in Mexico.

The next evening Feltus mounted the stairs earlier, anticipating Madame Dominique's bedtime. The door was shut. He knocked several times, and could get no answer. He could have opened it if he would. He waited outside on the steps; he even called her. She would not come to him.

He went to Madame Dominique.

"I would not worry her, Mr. Feltus. Perhaps she is not feeling well, or maybe she has not learned her lessons or made her exercises. She has not even written to her papa to-day,—the first day since he went away. One has to be particular this hot weather. She has not really appeared well for the last three or four days. Fretting is so bad for the blood."

"Why does she keep the door shut?"

"Ah! I ask her that myself. It is her idea, that is all. The room is too close to keep the door shut; and with the sun pouring on the roof overhead,—she will cook her blood."

The landlady had all the wisdom in the world, he all the ignorance! He stood by her, listening humbly. If she would only talk forever and let him glean: any item of information were valuable! The mystery of woman nature!—what can man understand of it, what make of it? A few external caresses given and taken,—that is the end of man's knowledge about woman! and yet what is life but just man and woman? His own mother who brought him into the world! his existence had passed through her, but he had not come any nearer the arcana of her sex. If she were here she might enlighten him! If he could but know one with certainty! but—— Madame Dominique, obese and vulgar,—the woman in her under all her obesity and vulgarity was as impenetrable to him as the woman in little Misette, the woman in Aglaé, the woman in the degraded specimen who ogled men for a living. What had he done, that this should come upon him? What must he do to mitigate, extenuate?—in short, to see Misette again?

Madame Dominique, seeing him stand irresolute, and suffering from the heat, advised him to take a ride in the cool somewhere, come home early, and get a good sleep.

He slipped in at an unexpected hour during the day, and mounted the stairs softly. The door was open. He entered. A startled cry, and

a white terror-stricken face rushing away from him. He turned like a criminal, and made no further attempts for three days.

But his heart hung like an assassin on the stairway, waiting for footsteps,—penetrated like a spy the garret-room closed against him.

All scruples, at times, abandoned him, and he had to conquer himself before they would return and assure him of his own integrity. His arms and lips were wearied with vain caressing of a shadow. Her name—when he called "Misette" now, it was no amber-haired, brown-eyed maiden that responded; it was a feverish longing, an unspeakable desire; it was a stricture in his heart, when it was not a child's face lit with woman's love, or a woman's face with a child's pale, reproachful terror. At times it all appeared a dream; and some nights another dream came to him,—a primeval forest, where he followed in pursuit a tall sad lady; and when he awoke he had to convince himself by recollection, not recognizing himself as the old Feltus, either by day or by night.

Every afternoon he brought Omer's letters and gave them to Madame Dominique.

"But is she never going to see me again?" he asked, impatiently, when the landlady took them as a matter of course, not giving him the option of delivering them.

"I do not know, Mr. Feltus. She asked me to take charge of them. I suppose she does not wish to give you trouble."

"Trouble! Bah!"

"She looks as if she had committed the unpardonable sin."

"The unpardonable sin!" he almost shouted at her. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, that's only a way of talking. I mean that young girls have such scary consciences."

There was still no letter from her the next morning.

"Why does she not write to her father, Madame Dominique?"

"I do not think she is very well, Mr. Feltus."

"Is she ill? What is the matter with her?"

"Ill! No, indeed; only the hot weather, and fretting."

The same old excuses!

"Last night she cried and sobbed like a little baby for her papa. I told her it was not reasonable, a great girl like her,—a young lady, in fact. I sat by her until she went to sleep."

"If I could see her, Madame Dominique, I would tell her that her father is well, is returning. He is coming home with good news for them both." His tone was humble and pleading. Crying at night for her father! her heart all desolate and black! and he,—he!

"Ambrosie would not take her money to-day," continued Madame Dominique. "She said it was not honest,—that the young lady had not eaten a picayune's worth in a week. I told Ambrosie that that was good; it was better for her not to eat: when one is fretting everything turns bitter on the stomach."

He brought her some delicacies.

"Perhaps this will tempt her appetite, Madame Dominique. Tell her she must eat; tell her I ask her. If I could only see her myself!"

"I tell her that of myself, Mr. Feltus."

The next morning Madame Dominique knocked at his door while he was dressing.

"Mr. Feltus," speaking through the crack, "it is no use; I think we had better send for a physician to attend to the little one. She had, indeed, a hot fever last night. I would not be surprised if she had had slight fevers all along,—so much perspiration, so little appetite. I could cure her myself,—a little tisane, some hot foot-baths,—but you know Monsieur Omer; he is too peculiar."

"Of course, Madame Dominique, of course. I shall go immediately,—in one moment."

"Oh, there's no hurry. I only wanted to ask you before you went out. And which one?—Sourdes or Rocheau?"

"Sourdes, by all means, Madame Dominique."

"If you will write a note, I will take it over myself. If he comes any time to-day, it will do."

"I shall go, Madame Dominique."

"No, that is not necessary."

"Go as soon as possible after his breakfast, then, Madame Dominique, so as to catch him."

"As to that, he will get it in time. I could have left word at the pharmacy, but I thought a note from you would be better, as you are Monsieur Omer's friend and he left his daughter to you!"

"Here it is, Madame Dominique. He will come promptly."

At mid-day Feltus returned from his office.

"What did the doctor say, Madame Dominique?"

"Of course he said it was nothing. I knew that myself. A little fever: it is all over town at this season. He prescribed some simples."

"Will you take her this fruit and ask her to see me a moment?—only a moment?" The words began to sound silly from repetition. He was dejected and spiritless: the pleading in his voice poorly disguised the craving in it. He did not care what Madame Dominique thought; and what she thought made her kind to tenderness, to him.

"It is always the same answer, Mr. Feltus. I tried to shame her. 'Your papa's friend, your own kind teacher,' I said, 'see what he sends you, see what he has done for you. Coming home every day from his office to ask about you; and the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night. No wonder he looks sick and disappointed, his face so pale, his eyes so hollow.' I only talked that way, putting the effect of the heat on her. But you must not mind her, Mr. Feltus. She doesn't mean anything: on the contrary, she loves to hear your messages, and just now I made the tears come in her eyes; but she always says no. But you must not contrary young girls; they are so curious. I do not believe the good God Himself can manage them. I ought not to abuse her, poor little thing! She is as docile as a lamb now. No more fretting, no more pouting, no more tempers. At first she would not take the medicine the doctor prescribed. I had to threaten to go downstairs and make you come up to her, before she would swallow the pills. As for putting herself to bed,—oh, no! not at all! I thought

I was going to have a scene. At last I took her in my arms and undressed her as if she were a baby. She submitted instantly. She is very sweet now, but heaven knows if she will take more medicine to-night."

He wrote her a little note; he had never thought of this before. She answered in her best writing, carefully punctuated:

"DEAR MR. FELTUS,—

"I am not very well. Please excuse me.

"MISETTE."

Ten days afterwards, Feltus, pale and haggard, pushing Ovide aside, rushed into Dr. Jehan's room.

"Doctor, you must come with me. There is not a moment to lose. I shall take you. That fool Sourdes says there is no hope." He could get no further: he could not control the muscles of his face, his mouth. He turned away, sobbing.

The doctor waited.

"Tell me the case, George, from beginning to end," he said, quietly, at last.

"For God's sake, come! Come and save her! You can save her. Her father is not here. Sourdes doesn't know what he is talking about, I tell you."

"Whom are you talking about, George? Who is 'her'?"

"Mi—Omer's daughter. I—Sourdes——"

"Sourdes is a good physician, George; he ought to know," following Feltus's confused explanation with nods of his head.

"Time wasted; slow fever; would not take the medicine; got beyond him, he says; eaten up her strength; no rally, no constitution. Don't stay listening to me. Come, come and see her yourself."

"How many nights have you been sitting up?"

"Oh, I don't know: five,—eight,—ten."

His voice was rasping; his eyes burned, inflamed; his hands, grasping and twisting his handkerchief, trembled.

"She was all quiet at first; then—then she got delirious," steadying his voice and talking fast between the breaks: "he—he told me the crisis would be last night. Oh, for God's sake, come! come right off!"

"Tell Ovide to get the buggy."

Feltus hunted his coat for him, and helped him to pull up out of his chair a heavy massive frame that looked under-tall from breadth.

"George,"—the old doctor laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and looked him in the face,—"you love that girl?"

He had been his friend, his father; in his life, Feltus had never ventured to deceive him. His shoulder winced under his grasp.

"My God!" forcing his hoarseness into a whisper, "she loves me."

The old doctor took his arm and shambled out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

"Is it papa, Madame Dominique?" asked the invalid.

"As if the train gets in this hour of the evening!"

"And in the morning you tell me the train arrives in the evening."

"I have to tell you the truth."

"It is three days since papa left, isn't it, Madame Dominique?"

"It is the old friend of Mr. Feltus, the gentleman who raised him like a son: he has come to see you, little one."

"But I do not want to see any one, Madame Dominique. I do not like to see people in bed, with a *camisole* on."

Her voice was thin and low, but she was so weak it sounded loud in her ears; when she whispered they could not hear at all,—they had to guess her meaning.

"But he is such an old gentleman, Misette. Besides, you let me fix you, and he will never know you have on a *camisole*. I will spread this pretty sacque over you, so, just as if you had it on. See how nicely Madame Brun has ironed it, fluted all the ruffles, and put a blue bow at the neck."

The girl submitted quietly. It was a pleasure to submit to the soft touches of Madame Dominique's stout fingers, which gleamed with innumerable rings half buried in the flesh, the part-payments or loan-deposits of delinquent lodgers.

"It is very funny to wait until I am sick, to come and see me! Well, take away all the medicine. You will not tell him I have been ill, Madame Dominique, will you? Only a little indisposed. Put my tatting here, on the bed, so that he will think I have been working. What was that I was working on last? Do you remember, Madame Dominique?"

"There! I shall tell him to come in now."

"He's not a doctor, *hein*, Madame Dominique? I will not see any more doctors, you know! Oh, no! that I am determined! To poke me in the side, and put his hands all over me! Oh, I am going to tell papa about that Dr. Sourdes, when he comes. I think he is impertinent,—very impertinent."

"But see how impolite you are to him, Misette. You won't speak to him; you won't even look at him."

"No, because he is disagreeable: he is no gentleman."

"But you don't mind me, your great, fat, old Dominica. You won't even take a dose of medicine for me."

"Dominica, you are a woman,—you." She laughed,—a faint smile it was to others.

"The poor old gentleman! He will be tired to death in the next room. He will go to sleep, and snore worse than I did last night."

"Well, let him come in now. Dominica!"

"What, Bébé?"

"Dominica, I wish papa would come!"

"You will take this dose now for me, Misette?"

"No!"

"Not for me?"

"No!"

"Just half of it?"

"No! no! no! no!"

Dr. Sourdes, from his ambush behind the bed, made a sign to the woman to desist.

"I wish my hair were combed, Madame Dominique."

"It looks so smooth, no one could tell it hadn't been."

"To-morrow you will comb it,—when papa comes?"

"Yes, when papa comes,—to-morrow. Now I will pull your plaits all around, so. Oh, the beautiful curls at the end! If your old Dominica had them on her bald head, they would make a fine *cache-peigne.* Now I must ask that old gentleman in, for common decency, he has been waiting so long."

"Now you see, you see yourself how well she is," exclaimed Feltus to Dr. Jehan, after the examination.

The old doctor sat in his chair, thinking.

"Where did you say her father was?"

"In Mexico."

"Have you telegraphed him?"

"What?"

"To return."

"You have not given her——" Feltus's voice faltered, "given up hope?"

"No, but he should be here."

Feltus waited; there must be something more for the doctor to say, after that long, long visit in the next room.

"Send that woman in here, George. You stay in there, and shut the door. Who went for the champagne?"

"I went, myself."

"Very well. Send the woman in here. I must talk to her, and—shut the door."

He was not to be concealed by the mosquito-bar this time, nor blurred to her vision by delirium; his face must be in parade-dress. Feltus summoned the old, almost forgotten smile, the old easy free way of comradeship, as he entered the little room and accosted Misette gayly, his knees weakening, his heart fluttering at fear of the reception.

"Oh, Mr. Feltus, I am so glad to see you! When did you come from the country, Mr. Feltus?" She was his light-hearted, capricious butterfly of a Misette again! She had forgotten. It was for him the first moment of heart's ease in three weeks! such a remorseful, black, conscience-stricken period for him!

"Mr. Feltus, Dugas told me that mocking-birds have no language of their own; they talk—or sing, I should say—every other bird's language, but they have no language of their own. How sad! I wonder if God never gave them a language? Suppose I had no language of my own; that I talked English, or French, or German,"—she was not strong enough to make a grimace as she usually did at that word,—"all alike; talked French as if I were not French. But if I

did not have the language I would not be French; and—oh, yes, I know, I see, but not distinctly. Mr. Feltus."

"Yes, Misette."

She looked at him, with the wondering infantile gaze of the sick. Then a blush began to rise, and the look, the look that he had prayed against was coming into her countenance. She recollected. She tried to avert her face, to hide it in the pillow.

"Misette, Misette! my little one! my precious one!" He threw himself on the floor by the bed and put his mouth close to her ear. He had never tried his voice before in accents of love; the titles had only existed, hitherto, in his imagination. "Do not try to turn from me that way! my darling! my heart! Are you afraid? Are you"—sinking his voice still lower—"ashamed? My little Misette, my little girl! I love you, your old Feltus loves you."

He was afraid to watch her; afraid of future torment from his heart, his conscience. He placed his hand on the other side of her face, and pressed it against his own. She must not feel the tears, though! —for he was crying, as if he were a girl making confession.

"Misette! you are my flower, my bird. Misette, I think of you all the time, I dream of you. When I am away from you, I long to be with you; when I am with you, Misette, when I am with you!" He raised his head gently. She was not afraid! That killing shame was gone! The pure, placid, calm love!—her eyes could not hold it all; was the love not strong enough to hold her?—her life to his life? Her lips were open, her eyes glowing; waiting for more words. "When I am with you, Misette. There! So!" He put his arm under her pillow and raised her against his shoulder, as he had seen Madame Dominique do, and Madame Dominique herself could not have been more adept. "I could not hurt you, Misette. When one loves, you know, one never hurts. It would hurt me too much to hurt you. My pet, my sweet one!" He sought light, sweet aerial words, words to court and caress a humming-bird; talking fast to meet the expression in her face. "When your papa comes, will you tell him you love me? I shall tell him I love you. What a surprise it will be, eh? And then we will get married and live together, and never be separated." She could not speak; she would not have been able to speak had she been well; she could not even raise her hand to him, as she would have done had she been well.

He raised it for her and put it around his neck. "Misette, may I kiss you?"

He had learned that, never to kiss on an invitation in the woman's eyes. For a woman will declare her eyes forgers, before she would acknowledge such truthfulness.

"Let me look in your eyes again, now, as I did at first. Oh, you cannot make your eyes keep a secret. Everybody could have read it. May I kiss your hand now? There's no one in the world has such pretty little hands, so fine, so white; like angels' hands,—eh, Misette? I believe you make your songs, your poetry, with your hands." He wanted to surfeit her with sweet words; he wanted her to be happy in her love.

He laid his cheek to her forehead; it was cool, clammy, on the surface, but he might have felt the lingering heat in it.

"You will answer me now? You are not afraid any more? You love me, Misette?"

"Yes."

"And you will tell your papa so?"

"Yes."

"And you know I love you, Misette?"

"Oh, yes! Sure."

"And you will let me stay here and nurse you all night?"

"Yes."

"And you will take the medicine from me?"

"Yes."

"Everything! Everything!"

The pretty *peignoir* had fallen off, but she did not notice it, nor the *camisole* open over her breast. He covered her. He took the long plaits of hair and brought them around over her; they looked like ropes of gold against the coarse white gown. She did not notice anything but his presence, glorious to her, her face beaming with the love it had been beyond her strength to overcome or conceal.

With presence of mind, Feltus extended his hand behind him, at a touch on his shoulder, and received the medicinal potion from the unseen Dr. Sourdes or Madame, the potion of life-or-death importance now.

"You will take a dose now, Misette?"

"Yes."

The chairs were being pushed back in the next room. He laid her down, her lips wet with the mawkish syrup, but her face happy.

Madame Dominique entered, a waiter of glasses in her hand. Dr. Jehan followed, pulling himself along by Ovide's shoulder.

"And now," he said, "we will all have our glass of champagne together."

"Champagne?" repeated Misette, in her faint whisper. "It is not medicine, Mr. Feltus?"

The old gentleman could not resist the temptation; he took the waiter from Madame Dominique, and held it between him and the open window, while Ovide filled the glasses. They were tall and thin, with a gilded arabesque playing over the faceted sides.

"See," he said, as the liquid foamed up, "the rose of wines. The brutish conception of swilling champagne from mounted finger-bowls! Crystal, as clear as the spirit of the grape; a little gold outside, to loosen the gold inside, as large at the top as a good-sized mouth, and deeper than a sigh of pleasure. They are worthy," looking at his glasses with admiration, "of growing on the vine that fruitens into Roederer. —And now, mademoiselle," turning to the bed, "what do you think of your first taste of champagne?"

If she should take a prejudice to this, too!

"Madame Dominique, or George, you give it to her."

Misette sipped it weakly. She was tired again.

"It is—it is good," reviving; "it is delicious! But, Madame

Dominique, it is divine! It makes me feel—it makes me feel," as the inspiriting sensations came over her,—"it makes me feel like flying," a smile breaking open her mouth, showing all the pretty little white teeth at once, like the first day Madame Dominique saw her, hanging dressed in black to her father's finger.

"You hear that, eh!" exclaimed the old doctor, delightedly. "Champagne is the drink for ladies. They would all go to heaven, if they thought they could get it there." Dr. Jehan's eyes were more indiscreet than Sourdes's fingers, if Misette had known it, and Madame Dominique was making traitorous revelations, in a deft way; but the champagne, or Feltus, kept her eyes away from the earth.

"Now we must shut the window again. See, she is sleepy already." It was the champagne. The eyelids closed: she fell asleep, abandoning at last the prolonged, suspicious watch over the privacy of her body.

"George," said Dr. Jehan, when he and Sourdes got into the next room, "make that despatch peremptory."

"You—you——" The young man was seized again with his tremulous nervousness.

"I shall keep her up till he comes."

"There——"

"Complications," briefly cutting off rejoinder.

"How can you despatch to him? He must already have left," whispered Sourdes.

"He will not know until he comes!" Feltus articulated each word with an effort; his heart and lips felt frozen. "It will kill him!"

"If such things killed," the old doctor almost sneered, "how many people do you suppose would be alive to-day?"

Feltus then remembered what Dr. Sourdes had never forgotten,—that old Dr. Jehan had once, himself, lost a sixteen-year-old daughter,—so long ago, it belonged to the mythological days of New Orleans.

"Let me help Ovide take you down-stairs," he said, submissively.

"No, I shall stay all night,—stay till her father comes. Sourdes was correct."

It was what people called his brutal manner. He seemed to think of it himself, and muttered, either for his own or Feltus's benefit, "There was no help from the first. God Almighty Himself could not have saved her."

Feltus held a little box in his hand, playing with it mechanically, twisting and turning it over and over, feeling the edges with his fingers; he did not know himself what he was doing, what it was, as he sat studying the doctor's face, waiting for one more word; trying to overhear the whispers passing between him and Madame Dominique. At last it caught his eye. He hurried down to his own room with it.

It was a little pasteboard bon-bon box, Misette's tatting-box, with a bright, glazed pictured bird on the cover. Feltus had given it to her one Christmas,—when, he could not remember; but she had written the date underneath. He had picked the thing up from the bed where her fingers had dropped it when she tried to raise her hand to his neck. In it was her unfinished piece of lace for Madame Brun's baby,—

the rosette pattern, she had made him notice. She must have stopped working on it shortly after that visit of his when he brought her the oak branch. Her hands had then been idle in her lap for one, two, almost three weeks! her hands idle, her head bent in thought, as that day! Her shuttle, her spool of thread, her samples of patterns,—she made her own patterns of tatting, as she made her own songs,—and underneath them a sheet of paper, folded to lie smoothly,—a sheet torn from her exercise-book,—perhaps an exercise. He opened it. There were two pieces; all the lines on one had been scratched and corrected, on the other they were neat and clear. She had been trying, at last, to write a song:

I.

I saw the angels fly last night,
  Their wings are soft, their wings are slow.
I saw the angels fly last night
  Across the heavens so blue.

I heard the angels talk last night,
  Their words are sweet, their words are low.
I heard the angels talk last night,
  I thought 'twas falling dew.

I looked at angels' eyes last night,
  Their eyes so bright, eyes all aglow,
I looked at angels' eyes last night,
  The stars seemed breaking through.

II.

The angels' wings came close to me,
  The wings so thick, the wings so white,
The passing wings, so close to me!
  I put my hands to stay their flight.

The angels' words dropped to my ear,
  The words so sweet, the words so light,
The angels' words, that angels hear,
  I listened hard to hear them right.

I fastened on their eyes my eyes,
  The angels' eyes, that look on God,
And, clothed with wings, began to rise,
  To rise with looking, through the sod.

III.

I soared with them, on my new wings;
  I talked with them up in the air;
We woke the dead with whisperings,
  All coffined angels, everywhere.

We flew like white clouds through the skies,
  Beyond the stars, the moon, the sun;
We flew till we gained Paradise
  And looked on God, our journey done!

CHAPTER X.

THERE was no more to be thought about it than that there had been a mistake,—some misunderstanding,—a perversion of a hope. Talk about it was to be disposed of in badinage.

Aglaé fell to the earth through the visionary landscape that had encompassed her. Or rather she trudged her way back, a weary way, a reversed road of the cross, to some sure starting-point again, suffering and soreness ignored, or borne with stoicism in a preoccupied attempt to save appearances and her own dignity. There were moments—how many to the hour at first!—when a deception appeared calculated, an outrage premeditated, when re-establishment of Feltus's character (and with it the character of all men) were the boon of all the earth to her; other moments, when the humiliation of self was pitiless, when thought shamed and strangled her like a hangman's rope around her neck.

If he were blamable one day, she was apt to be the criminal the next. At night, generally, life was arraigned and the lot of woman considered in tears. And love, that pure, holy flame, which lights maidens to a sacrament and a sacrifice,—love dwindled to a glow-worm before her eyes, breeding by myriads in swamps, fantastic debauchers of the senses, luring them into and abandoning them in miry places.

"And how many dark places there are in life! How many glow-worms! How many loves! What a simple tale if there were but one love! The delightful reading to women!"

For the instability of love is the loathsomest lesson to learn by women. There are no hereditary transmissions of heart-knowledge to make the learning of it easier. Experience lies between womb and tomb, and each woman has to bear her own experience, as she bears her own children, through individual joy and suffering.

The endowment-scheme was what stood most erect among the ruins of her heart and mind. It assumed, from its position, the grandeur of a life-mark, not a decorative monument to philanthropy. When large lights go out, the smaller ones become visible. She would have been in darkness but for this candle-illuminated refuge from her thoughts. It ended by monopolizing them, making her a prisoner within her own sanctuary. Dismissing all but the legal assistance she had obtained from her counsellor, she went avidly to work to methodize what had been agreed on between them; with characteristic overzeal pushing to exaggerated proportions the self-imposed tax on her bounty, assessing not her fortune, nor her charity, but her misery. How those plans had balanced up and down during those beautiful summer days, fluctuating with the rise and fall of their whims and fancies! After the endowment, there might be Europe again in her life, or life again in Europe. She would be better fitted after this to appreciate an old, experienced world civilization. The men and women over there would not be so repugnant to her crude simplicity; there was a pleat, a fold, a double, in the social structure which had escaped her eyes before. She saw excuses, reasons now, where hitherto were only condemnation and contempt.

But the more logical the conclusion became, the more oppressively unbearable she found it.

And with all this elaboration of theory and practice, only two weeks were got rid of. Two weeks in a long life! She had exhausted herself of smiles, small-talk, badinage, business; she had completed all, but the actual giving of her money to the Charity Hospital; and only two weeks gone! Why had she not consumed more time,—three weeks, or a month? It was enough to discourage her! What was there to do now? What was there to do hereafter? Her twenty-five years seemed no longer than twenty-five days, in the long journey of years before her!

A journey of one week longer in this pleasant country home she shuddered from. She must go to the city. She must see Dr. Jehan: his consent at any rate was imperatively necessary to so large a transfer of her interests. She craved stimulus, help; and in the city, the city of her childhood, girlhood, school days, there would be at least the distractions of the past. The tomb of her father and mother would be sympathetic ministrants now. There were churches, there was the hospital. If vague ideas crossed her of prostrating her young healthy body as an oblation on the hard floor of hospital service, it was only because she was young and healthy, was a woman, and, woman-like, would atone for an unmerited by a wilful disappointment.

"In the city! At this season of the year! After you have been away so long and lost your acclimation! You are crazy!" Mrs. Middleton's objections had to be combated; and it was no slight task, grounded as they were in common sense.

Aglaé had to pose for freakish, coquettish, volatile, frivolous, spoiled, and selfish, to obtain a hearing; and when consent was finally extorted, the trip was obstructed, almost abandoned, because the aunt insisted, in exuberant affection, upon personally accompanying her niece as chaperon. The officious kindness of women as a class makes it hard for the individual member to maintain the sex's traditions of honor in the keeping of certain secrets.

Aglaé's persistence finally secured a two-days' leave of absence, a maid, the temporary opening of the city house, but, by way of rider, the substitution of an aged dependant as chaperon for convention's sake.

But Aglaé's eyes seemed to decrease the value of everything they looked at in the city: they discounted every memory she had cherished for years. Her reflections were a continued interrogation of discontent:

"Is this the city that pleased me, even in Paris? Are these really the houses I left behind me? And the people! What has become of their quaintness, their picturesqueness? All is dirt and decadence! This is not tropical warmth, but the heat of Inferno! The evening breeze is a feverish breath, redolent of pestilence!"

Dr. Jehan's house had been palatial in comparison with the little tenement, not four blocks away from it, where she and her mother had lived,—where her mother had been eased of what at best had been an unsatisfactory lease of life. Dr. Jehan's house was now of commonplace red brick, standing on a detestable banquette, in front of a boggy street, whose gutters had ramified from side to side. She was afraid

to look at her old home! What illusions had absence cast over everything! She understood now the prolonged expatriation of her countrymen: they preferred the realities of Europe to the realities of home, the illusions of home to the illusions of Europe. She had anticipated her old friend Dr. Jehan's reception of her; had enjoyed the thought of substituting spoken for written words; she had been so circumscribed in letters, he had never known the inexhaustible fund of gratitude and affection that remained to his account in her heart. Half-formed speeches had rushed to her lips as she stood before his door; she saw herself excited, emotional, but happy withal in the unfettered expression of sentiment.

Dr. Jehan was not at home, neither at the first, second, nor third visit. He was attending a patient. The only orders he had left were that he should be undisturbed.

After all, she must pick up her gay, indifferent face, her repartees and laughter, and return to the country, settle down again to gossip platitudes with Mrs. Middleton: whether old Madame Béraud were really ill treated by her nieces and nephews; if Lina and Jack were really quarrelling their way to happiness; how Mrs. So-and-so advocated the use of paper instead of towels for cleaning silver and knives.

This prospect made her envious of the solitude of the little oven in her family tomb, which by a last stroke of a feline fate had turned from a sacred, imposing, venerable mausoleum into a defaced, stuccoed, bake-oven-looking box, with a new, near neighbor, a miniature Greek temple, consecrated to the remains of a noted coffee-house keeper of her childhood.

There was nothing accomplished,—nothing. After all, what could she, a woman, expect to do by herself? Friends? She had no friends! One man, who was absent, exhausted the roster!

After her last day of furlough, she sat through twilight, into the night, on her little bedchamber gallery, speculating her way to a programme of action, or inaction.

Young Bertram, in a rush, as if he had been telegraphed from her aunt, broke upon her, full of importance and pertness.

"Has he been here?"

"Who?"

"The man!"

"Which man?"

"The Monte-Cristo, the incognito, the great mystery-man!"

"What are you talking about, Bertram?"

"Oh, come now, Cousin Aglaé!"

It took more patience than she thought at the time she possessed to extract an explanation.

"This is all I know about it, although of course I wasn't going to throw anything in the way of my getting a lark in the city. Some of the servants—old David, I believe—reported a tramp hanging around the gate road. He wasn't a tramp at all, for he spoke to Tilly, and she says he is a gentleman and a foreigner. He asked lots about you, and Tilly swears she didn't tell him anything of consequence; but you know Tilly: when she opens her mouth I never expect her to close it until I see her shoes come out. He did find out you were in the city, and wrote

your address down, for he started right off, and met Cesar carrying the mail to the post-office. He asked Cesar if that were your address,—reading it out of his note-book,—and Cesar, not to be outdone by Tilly, shows him some letters addressed to you. And after that Tilly swears 'before Gord' she never told him where Miss Aglaé was in the city. Well, we had a lively time after that! Assassination, burglary, kidnapping, or a high-handed courtship by some impoverished foreigner,—there wasn't anything that wasn't going to happen to you or your fortune. Of course Aunt Middleton was for coming instantly to the city, just as she was, with her white wrapper on. Then, after a council of war to which everybody in the house was invited, it was decided to send me. I would be more protection than Aunt Middleton, and you would be less alarmed at seeing me come in quietly as a matter of course, for I was to say that I had come to order supplies, and you were not to suspect a word about the man. And you are to return with me positively, to-morrow evening, *nolens volens*. My aunt is not at all well: she wants you, she needs you. If the said mysterious stranger comes, I am to receive him with pistols and shot-guns, which are to be found on the third shelf of the second armoire in my aunt's dressing-room. Here, I have the written directions; you can read them for yourself. Lucina is to sleep in the room with you, I am to sleep in the next room. Lucina must make up the bed immediately; linen on the left-hand side of the table-cloths in the linen-closet, mosquito-bar in the cabinet in the upper hall: she will know it by the darning on it. And now, Cousin Aglaé, if you will just see about it all, I will be much obliged, and, if you don't mind, I shall take a little ride to the lake. Don't sit up for me: aunt gave me a pass-key to let myself in quickly this evening."

The next morning Bertram had the satisfaction of paying a deserved compliment to his aunt's prescience, while he allayed her apprehensions with the telegram,—

"Came on business. Meet him this evening. Keep you posted."

CHAPTER XI.

MIDNIGHT struck from the cathedral clock. The hoarse, prolonged whistle of an engine screamed through the strokes. The watchers could hear the train coming into the city, slowing up the river front, tolling its warning bell.

Dr. Sourdes, sitting by the table reading, under the shade of a lamp, rose, and walked to the window.

"That must be his train," he whispered to Feltus, who was sitting on the ledge, looking up, as he had done for hours, silently at the stars. The young man nodded.

"You meet him at the door. I shall wait for him in your room. There must be no disturbance here."

He turned to the bulky figure of Dr. Jehan on the lounge in the corner, and began to wake him, with precautions.

"Eh, Sourdes! What is it? A change?" the old man questioned before the heavy eyelids were raised.

"That's his train, I think."

"Oh, ay! Very well. Help me up, then."

"I shall see him down-stairs. You stop him here."

He helped him to the chair he had occupied at the table.

"Sourdes!" Dr. Jehan whispered to him. The colleague nodded his head.

Feltus walked away down the stairs by himself. It was these whispered intercommunications that shattered him,—the underhand negation, the almost refusal of hope.

There had been rallies, strength, brightness. He had discovered them, had forced the doctors, fiercely, over and over again to acknowledge them. Even now, even now, if they would only see it! They were too yielding from the first. They were parleying with death,—heaven knows! consenting, perhaps. He had had to fight alone against them, against the disease. He had had to threaten and storm to get a new trial of medicines.

She was so bright. She had no fever, or hardly any. She took anything they gave her, anything from him, now. Oh, they were quick enough to see adverse symptoms; they grudged the favorable ones. Madame Dominique might have stood by him, but she was in the conspiracy too. Yet, when the physicians had abandoned all hope, and had left him to die, Madame Dominique had wrestled alone with the yellow fever, had brought him back from the sweat of death. He wished to God she had let him die!

How could they think, how could they talk, of surrender? They should fight! fight! fight! There was madness in his brain; his blood boiled, as it had boiled in Virginia when they talked of surrendering to another foe,—surrendering to superiority of force!—superiority of numbers!—surrendering *live* soldiers! He clinched his teeth, standing in the open door-way, looking at but not seeing the silent street. He was in that war-time, shouting, charging, leaping; there were cannons, bayonets, guns——

A thin silhouette, too thin for a shadow, rushed into the door, passed him. He caught it in his arms; he held it tight, struggling, wrestling. What was it he had prepared to say? That Misette loved him, that he loved Misette; that they were to be married; that he had written a letter to him:—surely that was not it? Though it was all he did say, until Sourdes drew them both into Feltus's chamber.

"Oh, papa!" said Misette at last,—she had been looking at him fixedly so long, as if she had to go a great distance to recognize him,—"they have given me some cham—champagne. They are going to give you some, too. It is delicious. You must drink some now. It makes you feel like flying. It makes Madame Dominique feel like flying. It makes you feel like an angel. It is so good, papa! You never tasted anything so good! so good!"

She was almost asleep again before they could fetch it to her. Her eyes brightened and grew stronger. She began to talk, the words slipping out of themselves on the slightest motion of her lips.

"I thought I was dreaming. I could not believe it was you, papa.

Did you come last night? You have been away so long! Too long! Nearly a week, eh? I shall get up to-morrow. I am tired of this bed. Madame Dominique put me to bed. I let her, she looked so angry. And, papa,"—she moved her eyes slowly around, to see that no one could overhear her whisper,—"that doctor they brought here, you know?—well, he was indiscreet, he was very indiscreet. Papa, you must not allow that!" The tears came into her eyes.

"Where is Roland, Madame Dominique? Where is Roland? I do not hear him sing. I dreamed Roland was dead. Where do they bury dead birds, papa? They rise up human angels, don't they, papa? —the birds and all the animals. I think so. Roland must have a little hearse, a little coffin, and all the other birds to sing, and—and——

"Papa, they wanted me to take medicine, but I would not; I was very particular about that. They gave me some pills which made me dreadfully ill, the day—the day after you left. I wouldn't take any more. I was almost well when they gave me those pills. Madame Dominique! Where is Madame Dominique? I want Madame Dominique."

"Here I am, Misette."

"Madame Dominique, are my clothes all ready? I must get up now and dress. Ask them to leave the room. My shoes are worn out, though. Papa will have to buy me some more shoes."

"To-morrow, Misette."

"Well, to-morrow, then; but have everything ready, Madame Dominique."

Every time they gave her champagne she looked almost well, smiling and talking to them quite naturally.

"Mr. Feltus said that my clock was unwell, that was the reason it would not go." She laughed at the idea. "Mr. Feltus brought me that branch of oak, from the forest." It was hanging by a string from the foot of the bed,—a withered branch now. "It is curious to have some of a great forest in my little room!

"They said—they said—that is funny; I cannot recollect. I have had it on my lips all the time. They said—they said——Madame Dominique, what did they say? I heard it so plainly in my ears when they said it. 'They said the stars were dead.' Mr. Feltus knows, because I told him.

'I asked the angels flying by;
They said, The stars are dead.'"

She had to come back from a greater and greater distance every time, after a period of somnolence. "Is that right, Mr. Feltus? does it sound right to you?

'And when I looked up in the sky,
Where are the stars? I said.
I asked the angels flying by;
They said, The stars are dead.'

"I did not compose that, you know; it came just so to me. I wonder if the stars are dead? We cannot tell, you know, until night;

and with people you cannot tell till the day, for you might take them for sleeping. Papa, will you pull the curtain back, so that I can see the stars to-night? Bah! as if the stars could die! That is poetry; poetry is not truth. Poetry has wings like angels; like angels flying by. Poetry is the angel of truth. When truth dies, and gets buried, you know, it rises up into angels, just as we do,—only the angel is poetry. Mr. Feltus, what am I talking about? I do not know, you know, the words come so quick and fast.

"Papa, you are not going out to-day? A holiday! That is good. Now you see we could take such a nice walk and visit the ships. I wonder if the Friga is gone away yet! Mr. Feltus, do you know if the Friga is gone away? Ask Madame Dominique. Perhaps the Friga is dead. 'They said, The ships are dead.' I could say that just as well as the stars, couldn't I, Mr. Feltus? I wonder which is better? But they did not say the ships, they said the stars. I wonder which is better? but if *they* said stars I ought to say stars, oughtn't I, Mr. Feltus? Suppose the ships were all to die!"

The day was cooling off into evening. The shut houses were being thrown open, the open ones revealed a matutinal freshness. The southern breeze, a mingling of gulf fragrance with land fragrance, came fanning through the sun-baked streets.

Aglaé with the young Bertram followed rather than accompanied the stranger, the mysterious stranger, of the night before.

He was not mysterious-looking, although he was an evident foreigner. He guided himself by frequent consultations of a slip of paper held in his hand, making no attempt at sociability with his party.

Exhilarated by the boldness of her determination and the unhampered freedom of her action, the young lady felt her spirits rising once more to their normal altitude. She eagerly listened to the heroic promptings of her heart; this occasion was not only an avenue of escape, it was a road to future strength, hope, ambition. She knew it, she felt it. Already the past weeks were being forgotten, the pain had subsided to a chafing smart; it promised to disappear into that undefined limbo of memory where personal mortifications and embarrassing slights are confined.

Her thoughts were busy with what she intended to say and do during the impending interview. She jumped from conclusion to conclusion in her argument. She went over the communication the stranger had made to her the night before, point by point, accentuating this and that particular almost audibly; raising her head, gesticulating as if she were already talking to Mr. Omer; even smiling and letting her eyes moisten with emotion at some imagined exchange of tendernesses with Mr. Omer's daughter.

What would *she* say and do, this young girl of sixteen, when the comprehension of it would come to her?—this sudden opening of the world to her, the chains of poverty broken, the prison doors extended wide? Would her heart stand still, as Aglaé's had done? And her soul, would it seem to fly like an escaped bird?—to soar up and up, singing, higher and higher?

Ah, if she had suffered as Aglaé had! if she too had longed, and bruised her heart in ineffectual revolt against destiny!

Feltus had not lost himself more completely in the shock of battle last night, than Aglaé in these magically blooming intentions of hers.

"Here is the street," said the man, stopping at a cross-street. "And there is the house," pointing to the tall one on the corner. "Up in the fourth story." They quickened their steps towards it; the door was held open by a brick.

There was no antechamber; the broad, easily ascending, winding stairs went direct from the vestibule. An open window looked over a square paved yard, where men and women were sitting on door-steps or tilting back in their chairs,—all silent, holding their chins in their hands. They suffered the intruders to pass by unchallenged.

"Make him go first, Aglaé," whispered the boy; but she gathered her dress up in front, without turning her head, and mounted the steps, pushing by them both.

She stopped at the landing to recover breath. There was no one visible. The light came into the long hall through the open doors of empty chambers on each side,—bedchambers, furnished with the clean showiness of Creole lodging-houses. Always in advance, without speaking or turning her head, she pushed her way onwards, up another flight of stairs, through another long hall with open bedchambers, furnished evidently for a diminished rental. Aglaé thought this the fourth story. She looked into one room after the other expectantly, the inquisitive eyes of the young boy following hers. The stranger corrected her by pointing silently to still another floor above.

The appearance of artificial stillness, the prepared isolation of the place, were remembered afterwards, not noticed then. It made them unconsciously soften their foot-falls. This last stairway was narrower, steeper, and uncarpeted; the papering on the walls stopped half-way up.

There was no choice of rooms on the last floor; the one door stood open, propped also with a brick.

"There's the roof left, Aglaé." Bertram plucked mischievously at her sleeve, sinking his voice to the quietude around.

The room was empty. Advancing easily and rapidly to a door beyond, Aglaé saw the backs of people all looking in one direction. She saw an open window letting in the sunset glow on a low, narrow bed. She saw a half-reclining young girl reposing against a pillow in the arms of a young man, her long fair tresses of dishevelled hair shining in the evening light, falling over her, over the bed, the ends clasped to the face of a kneeling figure.

The young girl's face was towards the window: her hand was raised; she was pointing with her finger to the evening sky outside.

The hand fell; the eyelids dropped,—lifted; the eyes turned from the heavens and slowly travelled through the room, over the faces of the people, over the head of the kneeling father, and for the last time Misette's thought travelled back,—the longest distance yet,—to look in the face bending over her.

"Mr. Feltus."

Feltus, raising his eyes to give the word, perceived, over the bended heads of the people, over the sounds that followed the breathless hush, a tall, white figure in the door-way,—an awe-stricken face,—Aglaé's. He looked again; it was gone. Was it a vision?

She turned and fled. The others had disappeared, had left her alone in their panic. In a corner of the staircase she found the boy Bertram, his head against the wall, sobbing hysterically. The stranger was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER XII.

THE gossip in the neighborhood was that old Dr. Jehan's health was restored and that he was going to resume practice. The little office which had been closed for months was opened. It was not surprising, considering his specialty, that his first client was a lady. The consultation was a long one, as any one would have remarked if kept for two hours by curiosity (as the lace-mending woman was, opposite) at a front window awaiting the issue of it.

The old practitioner sat listening to his patient, Aglaé, unweariedly following wherever her impetuous flow of eloquence led, only exacting that she occupy the low seat close to the side of his strong ear.

Her papers had fallen on the floor; her hat, parasol, and gloves lay scattered a little everywhere on the furniture; her excited face was in contrast to the calm daintiness of her white attire; her eyes were feverish, her hands nervous.

The garden which lay under the bedchamber window was on an even footing with the office, not the difference of a step between the fig-tree, rose-bushes, and artichokes with their overhanging canopy of blue sky and their shadow-spotted brick walks, and the sombre little room, redolent of disease and suffering, with its half-concealed appliances and instruments, and its shelves of books publicly labelled with private diseases. A great window, a casement half the size of the wall, led the eye so successfully into the garden that all the chairs naturally faced that way, turning their backs on the medical testimonies against the feebleness of the human body.

A curtain had never been known over the clear glass of the casement, and the doctor's old morocco-covered arm-chair might have been nailed to the spot, so immovable had been its position for a half-century before the window and garden.

There was not much about women, either as to body or mind, which had not come before the venerable doctor and his venerable chair in the course of time. Novelties had quit the practice about half-way; for years now, maladies and patients had been a well-known repetition; there was a lack of originality in suffering and in the description of it. A new readjustment of tears, sighs, and exclamations was about all to be expected; perhaps an occasional vivid word, minted new and hot at the moment by a convulsion of agony; with pathos enough always to be relied upon.

"There was then absolutely no well woman in the world! Why

could not some other plan be devised? Why put into being minds and bodies constructed with such infinitely minute particularity for pain and suffering, with all the chances of health and happiness against them?"

This had been his exclamation during the first years of his revolt against his profession; when the "What would you do in my place, doctor?" brought, in thought behind the medical solicitude, "Blow my brains out!"—the impressionable time when he had echoed the ejaculation of a wretched mutilated negro woman, "One might know that God was a man."

The mind of Aglaé had in forty-eight hours amassed an amount of self-torture sufficient, if not dispersed, to make a tragedy of her life. She was now pleading for his consent to the desperate fatalities of a fifth act. Despoliation, self-abnegation, sacrifice, martyrdom,—the world offered scaffolds enough for suffering. She had two races in her to furnish words and feelings; nothing but extremes would assuage.

In the torrent of her reiterations, explanations, arguments, protestations, Dr. Jehan, listening with all intentness apparently, was inwardly guessing, "Is it some one in Europe? Can George be the man?" The diagnosis of the case being ended, only the cause remained to be determined. He did not oppose, nor discuss, nor try verbally to push his private investigation; he was merely waiting for that moment of calm, when, the slag of feminine passion being got rid of, the exhausted woman becomes the reasonable one.

"Here is Mr. Feltus, sir," said Ovide, opening the door.

The doctor restrained Aglaé's attempt at evasion. He was rather provoked that Feltus had come so soon.

"Stay where you are," he said to her. "It is better to have the whole thing out now,—to settle it this evening."

She sank down into her seat, leaning her head behind the doctor's chair, on the soft stuffing which had received so many covert female tears.

Feltus did not see her when he entered, nor observe her hat on the table. He was wan from mental and physical strain, his voice was listless and exhausted.

"I got from him all I could, sir,—from Mr. Omer," he said, standing as if delivering a message. "It seems Mayeur had been making overtures to him for some time, had sent message after message. He would not listen at first; but when the man said that he, Mayeur, was dying, that there was no earthly hope for him, that his cry was to see Omer, to make explanation, obtain forgiveness, and die in peace, pity gained his attention. Then the man said that there was money left, easily procurable, money that belonged to the original fund intrusted to Mayeur, and—well, Mr. Omer made a bare subsistence, and the women in the house, Madame Dominique and the others, were always advising him to do one thing or the other, suggesting this and that, for his daughter. He consented to undertake the journey for her, her sake entirely, not his own. He made up his mind the very day a ship sailed for Vera Cruz; he thought he could do it in a round trip,—be away at most two weeks. It was represented to him he could do so. When he arrived in Vera Cruz, he found that the village Mayeur lived

in was not really distant, but it was almost inaccessible; it took him double the time he expected to get there. Mayeur was *in extremis*,—could talk very little at a time, and very slowly; he was surrounded by a crowd of half-breeds, one his wife."

Feltus paused: he had been talking fast, as if to get to the end quickly.

"Well?" said the doctor.

"It amounted to nothing, absolutely nothing. Mayeur is a wretched coward, and was in mortal terror of dying without the absolution of Mr. Omer's forgiveness, that is all. He had sunk to the degrading superstitions of his surroundings. Mr. Omer is convinced also that Mayeur wanted to wreak some kind of posthumous vengeance on Evezin, whom he still hates with maniacal fury, or, failing him, on the woman Evezin loved,—whom Mayeur himself fell in love with and was, presumably, repulsed. Mayeur persists that every cent Evezin owned rightly belonged to Mr. Omer,—was made with his money; that this woman knew it, but she would not disclose it because she expected to inherit from Evezin; which she would have done, if he had had time to make a will before dying. Some woman in Paris," the young man explained, weariedly.

"Exactly what the man told me. My story is corroborated in every particular." Aglaé rose from her chair, appearing as unexpectedly before Feltus as she had done not three evenings ago. She almost screamed the words in her excitement. "You see, doctor, it is true. I know it is true: I feel it! My uncle Evezin's money,—it rightly belonged to—to—Mr. Omer!"

"After Mr. Omer left Mayeur," she turned her pale restless face towards Feltus, and explained to him, "a telegram came for him. They opened it. The dying man made a terrible scene. He must have been sincere. His prayers induced some one, a brother-in-law, to volunteer on a mission to me,—to appeal to me in the name of justice. He got the directions from the first messenger, set off immediately, found me, convinced me. Why—why did not some one anticipate this, investigate it? Why were not some means taken to prevent this—this crime? I do not want it! I will not have it! That money! If I could tear it from my life!"

"Why," asked Dr. Jehan, in a business way, without noticing her, —"why was Mr. Omer detained so long returning?"

"He missed the return trip of the ship; would have had to wait for another one. There was yellow fever in Vera Cruz, and rumors of quarantine. He undertook to come by rail through Texas."

"And the other fellow, starting after him, risked the chances, quietly waited, and arrived here a day before him!"

"Yes, one day before him. I do not know how Mr. Omer could have calculated, what his idea was. Every imaginable delay and accident seemed to occur purposely to thwart him. Of course he thinks it all a punishment,—running after money and losing his child. He says one would expect nothing else from an Omer."

Feltus's voice echoed his friend's bitter despair.

"He told them, of course, of Miss Middleton, and her address?"

"Mr. Omer? Yes; I had mentioned it to him."

"And that is all, George?"

"Mayeur told him the name of the lady, the woman, that Evezin —that both loved, which Omer refuses to mention. He says that if the rest were all credible,—which it is not,—that if the obtaining of the fortune were a dead—perfect certainty," correcting the adjective, "he would not touch it at the price, Omer as he is. There was a kind of statement or confession Mayeur had prepared. I have it here."

"You had better read it, George."

"But Mr. Omer wishes it distinctly understood that he refuses to have anything more to do with the affair; he has empowered me to say so. He cannot think of it, speak of it, for horror."

"But I do not! I do not intend to let it rest so! This does not concern Mr. Omer! This concerns me! Ah! surely, surely!" Aglaé wrung her hands, imploring first one, then the other.

The doctor leaned forward to listen, turning his ear around towards the young man. At the first word he arrested him.

"George," speaking slowly, almost reluctantly, "I wish you would send Ovide for Célestine; or perhaps you had better go yourself."

Had Dr. Jehan not left Aglaé and her troubles behind him, in thought,—had he, when the door closed on the young man, but directed his face, majestic in gravity, to her side,—had he, in the silence that followed, but compelled the truth from her, as he had once done from George Feltus, that truth would have been the passionate cry of her heart: "Oh to have been that dying girl, to have been that dead girl in his arms!"

But the doctor's eyes were closed, and the heart retained its cries.

Madame Jehan looked more rigid, ascetic, and spiritual than ever in her light, diaphanous dress of black. One would have said she was in summer mourning, if for twenty-five years since the death of her only relative, a mother, Heaven had not placed her beyond the sad possibility of wearing mourning again.

The doctor drew his wife to the arm of his chair and held her there, his hand on hers.

"When I arrived in Paris——" Feltus began to read in French.

"Pish! Translate it, George; give the sense in your own words."

"When Mayeur got to Paris he was received with open arms by the Confederate colony there, then in high favor with the court. As the possessor of a large sum of money to invest, he was sought out by the business-men. He went into all the gayeties of the place, gayeties and place both new to him, and irresistible at his time of life.

"With Evezin he naturally soon became on the most intimate terms. Evezin induced him to take apartments with him; in short, they lived together, Evezin introducing him everywhere. Evezin was a lion in society, but he was completely out of money, had dissipated the last cent of his fortune. He persuaded Mayeur to form a partnership,—kind of speculating brokers,—Mr. Omer's money furnishing the capital. Their first ventures were successful: they made few losses and some fabulous hits."

Ovide had softly opened the door during the reading to let Mr.

Omer in. Feltus stumbled in his translating at sight of him. Omer placed himself quietly in a corner.

"Then it appeared that their friendship began to cool. Evezin on his feet again wanted to get rid of Mayeur. He became jealous of Mayeur's attentions to a certain lady"—"the name has been erased," explained Feltus. "They had a violent quarrel about the lady. The partnership was broken up. Mayeur continued the business alone. He suffered some disasters; news from the Confederacy became more and more gloomy; he lost his nerve under the responsibility; confesses that he drank; gambled to retrieve himself,—and——" Feltus skipped in the manuscript. "The crash came. He had not a cent. He went to Evezin, who was enormously rich, implored his assistance, was turned away with insults. He went to the lady. She refused to say a word, confidently expecting to be Evezin's heir if she survived him. Now Mayeur maintains that Evezin cheated him in the settlement. His reparation to Mr. Omer consists in the prayer that he will sue the Evezin estate and subpœna the lady as witness: under cross-examination she would be forced to tell the truth."

"Doctor! doctor!" cried Aglaé, rising again, and beginning to talk, "I resign it! I resign it!"

"Silence!" commanded the doctor.

"I came here to state"—Mr. Omer advanced before them; they kept their eyes off him, as if they were afraid to look at him—"that I have just parted from the person who took upon himself to search out this young lady and impose upon her the worthless ravings of a defaulting agent. I saw Mayeur. The man is totally irresponsible, unreliable: his scheme is simply one of nefarious revenge. Had it been otherwise,—had I needed the money, not for myself, but for another,—could the possession of it change my life this day into happiness,—I would refuse it, and forbid further consideration of the affair, just as I solemnly do now." Omer looked them all in the face, one after the other,—Feltus, Aglaé, Dr. Jehan, Madame Jehan,—pronouncing his determination loudly and distinctly. There could be no doubt about his firmness. He was the most self-possessed one in the room.

"But I! I!" cried Aglaé,—"I do not consent. I shall go to this woman myself. I shall extort from her a confession of the truth. Here!"—She stooped to the doctor's feet, hunted a paper on the floor, and found it. "See, in this envelope is her name, her address. I have not opened it. I intended giving it to Dr. Jehan. I shall take it into my hands, this affair! I refuse to let it drop. I shall tear this envelope open before you all. I shall read the name . . ."

The doctor rose. He snatched the paper from her hand. "Go! go!" he said, pointing to the garden. "Go, all of you."

His face was purple.

They did not hesitate, but filed past him without a word: following the direction of his extended finger, they walked down the alleys of the garden, and disappeared in a thickly-covered summer-house.

His wife was the only one left; she tried, but could not release her hand. The last footstep had died away on the bricks. The doctor leaned over and closed the casements.

Then, all restraint gone, he pulled his wife with a sudden jerk in front of him. For the first time in twenty years he looked her straight in the face. The sight of her seemed to unloose every flood-gate of passion. His face became black, his neck swelled, the veins in his eyes filled with blood. A rage was coming on him as it had once come on him before at sight of her. She knew it, and trembled, the sanctified expression leaving her face, and leaving it exposed to a hideous distortion of womanly guilt and terror.

The doctor forced back the blood from his head, his eyes, his neck. He compressed his lips until the aged, sickly pallor was restored to his countenance. He strove to banish the contempt, the rare degrading contempt of man for woman, from his eyes.

"Célestine," he said, his voice was even pitying, "what is the truth of all this?"

She did not answer.

"By God! but you *shall* answer me!" surged in his heart and thundered in his ears, the color mounting again to his head. He waited until it ebbed again.

"Célestine, what is the truth of this?"

She tried to pull her hand away from him.

"Célestine, if you do not answer me, I swear by the Almighty I shall call those people in from the garden, I shall break open this envelope, I shall read to them all the name, the name of the woman who made Evezin a scoundrel and Mayeur a thief."

He had begun calmly, but his voice swelled to the size of the room, the hand that held her trembled.

"If you do not answer me, before I leave this spot, before that sun goes down, I shall make over every cent of property I possess to the Charity Hospital. I shall leave you, when I die, to beggary and—infamy."

His voice had sunk lower and lower: the last words, a guttural whisper, were for her ears alone. In his face she read the horror of what would befall her. A cry of pain broke from her over the mangled hand he tossed from him.

There had been an interview in the garden between Aglaé and Omer,—a violent one, with prayers, entreaties, tears, and self-accusations on both sides. Feltus was a silent, powerless witness. When they were called by Ovide into the office again, no one but Feltus noticed the absence of Madame Jehan.

"Aglaé," said the old doctor. He paused. It was almost, in the tense moment, as if another paralysis had palsied him. "Aglaé, my girl, you must take my word for it. There is nothing in this paper, nothing but the name of a woman. She could testify to nothing but her own shame. Your—uncle—Evezin—was a scoundrel—but not a thief."

Aglaé stood before him, obedient, submissive. She had made her last effort, fought her last fight. "I shall do whatever you advise. Your advice shall be a command. I wanted"—her lips trembled—"to do good with the money. It is just as you say. If—if I had only been one year earlier!" She picked up her hat and gloves.

The doctor knew that the calm had at last come to her, that a sensible decision might now be expected from her; but the day had to close for him; he had done hard work, and he craved night and rest and darkness.

He always kissed young girls when they went from him,—it had been a weakness, like figs and roses and artichokes,—but he forgot it this time. Aglaé bent over him and kissed him on the forehead, where the temples were still throbbing. She did not see, but Feltus saw, that the crumpled envelope clutched in the doctor's fingers had not been opened.

CHAPTER XIII.

MADAME DOMINIQUE no more intended to rent her garret-rooms than she intended to rent her bedchamber altar with St. Joseph's shrine on it,—garret-rooms fetching little profit anyway, and not being desirable even at a low price. But she did rent them within a week after Mr. Omer gave them up, before she had had time to accomplish the arranging, the cleansing and purification, the necessary effacement of the visit of death, whose traces Hygiene permits to remain in the heart alone.

And they were rented, as she proclaimed in the market, "by a young lady, an American,—a Miss Middleton. If you believe me, I had not had the courage to go up-stairs to show them to her. True! it weighed my heart; such a grief for a woman of my size and age, you understand, and the doctor has already warned me! There it was, the room, just as that poor man had left it, forever, he said, and no wonder: everything was there except what he carried away in his valise. She rented it just as it looked before the event,—the open door, furniture, flowers in the window, those that were not dead, the pen and the ink that were left on the table, the scraps of paper, the little pictures pinned on the wall,—you know the little pictures from handkerchief-boxes and calico? she had a passion for them, poor child,—the very little bed where—God take the child under His blessed protection! It seems it is to be a species of retreat. The young lady comes once or twice a week perhaps, and sits up there. She appears to be a little '*tête montée.*' Perhaps she has a religious vocation. I do not say it is not mysterious; for myself, it is peculiar. She never looks to the right nor the left, never asks a question, walks straight up-stairs, looking sad all the time. And she is of an ignorance! Would you believe it? she knocked and knocked at Mr. Feltus's door one day, thinking it was my apartment; all that magnificence for the comfort of my big, fat, pork-eating body! I did not undeceive her: Mr. Feltus himself desired it. She does not even know Mr. Feltus lives with me. As for Dugas, Madame Brun, and all those children, they are simply not in existence for her; and Roland, he could split her head with his singing, she does not care any more for him than if he were a 'Pape.' No use to ask questions about that one! She pays, not a week, but a month in advance at a time; and without asking!"

"Our intentions are to our subsequent actions what the foam-sprays

cast ahead of the waves are to the ebb and flow of an ocean; nothing more," thought Aglaé.

She was seated in Misette's little room. It was one of her days there,—one of her little escapes from the society her set called "the world." A woman has to have them, these little escapes and these little refuges; some miniature solitude where she is sure of finding only herself, where she can look over her accumulation of experiences, rummage in her rag-bag of life.

This little room was Aglaé's "high mountain," and this day was one of the last to be passed there: she would be going away soon for an indefinite period of time.

Aglaé's intentions, as she considered them now, had been simple, feasible, and natural from a human point of view. They were, privately, to lead the life of one predestined to an involuntary crime. She tried conscientiously to afflict herself as she thought she should be afflicted, God having apparently waived the responsibilities of His office, sending her, instead of the continued unhappiness she craved, health, strength, and inevitable moments of serenity, even happiness. But the glorious benefits bought with (what she persistently considered) another's money remained, do what she would. She could not, with all effort, destroy them; she could not control her faculties, could not make a convict of her imagination. A sunset would bring her Naples; a white stucco façade seen in the moonlight, Venice; the Alps were always in the clouds above her, and daily life touched incessantly secret forgotten pleasures and memories, and started the reflex motion of intelligent appreciation in her mind.

She had been allowed to carry to fulfilment her charitable endowment; but it went neither in her name nor to her credit: "Misette" stood in gilt letters on the black marble tablet that commemorated the deed in the hospital antechamber; and "Misette" was the name that the young girls were told to bless, when the privacy of a separate ward and individual attendance were secured to them. The agony-room, too, was given in Misette's name.

But Aglaé did not deceive herself when she sat thus, at the end of a year, the beginning of another summer, in the garret-room. The hours passed here were not hours of sorrow, nor of expiation. She had thoughts here, impossible elsewhere. She came here for these thoughts. She had feelings here, hopeless elsewhere. She came here for these feelings. Here, in Misette's room, surrounded by the evidences of Misette's deprived existence, before that little white-draped bed,—here she could be the woman she was, here cry out to herself this last day, as she had cried that first day in the room, "Yet, all in all, existence for existence, better hers than mine. Better be dead in the arms of one who loves, than alive and rich and loveless."

The door was opened without a knock.

Feltus stood before her. What his intentions had been need not be specified. He knew she was up in the room above him; for a year she had had days of pilgrimage to the fourth story,—days of internal conflict with him. And it seemed to him that victory over self had never been more complete, his purpose never more firmly re-established,

than at the moment when the thought struck him that some day she might leave those rooms forever, that she would not be there, even for him to wrestle with himself about, that the future glimpse in passing, even, would be denied him. Did he know himself what he was doing when he started from his chair and hurried to her as a wearied desert traveller hurries to an oasis in the middle of his journey, though a vow may hold him to it that he pass by and avoid it?

What he did and said, what she did and said, what both together said and did, it was all an impulse of the one great love that inspired them both; it swept them into unconsciousness of self, into incoherency. He had that old unspoken declaration in his heart, the one that should have been delivered one year ago. It had become an indispensable part of his service of self-communion; it had twisted and curled in his cigar-smoke; it had, with loud declamation, prompted by some dream, awakened him at night; it had come to him from his law-books, in court; it had driven him from his club; but it did not answer to his call for it now.

And she,—what could a woman not say, at such a moment, if shame did not tie her tongue and a wild fear palsy her heart?

It is always the way: there is no preparation avails for love. It is a great miracle that takes place,—the greatest miracle, after all, to earthlings. It cannot be described; it can only be stated. Those who have never been in love would not understand a description of it. Those who have,—to them, any description would be inadequate.

Madame, widow, Célestine Jehan did not save a soul, but she secured a fortune.

THE END.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A ROPE-WALKER.

AS I have been walking and doing many other things on the tight-rope for very nearly sixty years, I may perhaps be permitted to claim some experience of a high position in life. I have certainly passed the greater portion of my time above the heads of ordinary folk. This being the case, I must try and see whether I cannot tell something of interest about the profession I have followed so long.

I need not say that there are several kinds of rope-walking, for one has only to visit an American circus to see more than one variety practised in the same ring. We in the profession recognize three legitimate forms, of which one, however, is almost obsolete nowadays. Taking them in the order of their difficulty, and therefore, I presume, their attractiveness, there is first the high rope, which is fixed as near the clouds as the performer dare venture or the law will allow; secondly the "low rope," on which the more youthful performers disport themselves, and which is stretched only some seven or eight feet from the ground; and lastly the old-fashioned "ascension" rope, which I have referred to as being out of date entirely. This last is in all probability the oldest form of tight-rope walking, and I believe dates back to classic times. It receives its name from the fact that the performer walks *up* a rope which is stretched from the ground to some convenient elevation forty or fifty feet away. When I was young it was still popular; and even to-day we often speak of a separate performance on the high rope as "an ascension." I need not say that the difficulty of this form of rope-walking is trifling as compared with that now generally practised.

I may also mention wire-walking as a branch of the profession; but it is not actually so recognized by us. Curious as it may seem to an outsider, it is much easier to walk on a wire than on the regular hempen rope, and, with a little perseverance and some natural ability to start with, a man may learn to walk the wire within three or four weeks at the outside. I once had a man as an assistant who never walked a rope in his life, but shortly after he left me he was advertised as a marvellous wire-walker and obtained a good salary.

A rope-walker is like a poet, born and not made. I myself began to toddle along a rope when I was only four years old, and in my eighth year I gave a special exhibition on the high rope before the king at Turin. It is a usual thing, no doubt, for the apprentices in a circus to be taught rope-walking among their other lessons, but only a few of them ever get beyond the rudiments of the art. The usual system of teaching is to make the pupil walk along a narrow board the width of which is daily decreased until it is barely thicker than an ordinary rope. Posturing and the assumption of graceful attitudes are taught in this manner, and finally the pupil is introduced to the rope itself.

The apparatus which a leading rope-walker uses appears in the public eyes to be simple enough, but in reality it has to be constructed

and arranged with the greatest of care. The rope I generally use is formed with a flexible core of steel wire covered with the best Manilla hemp, and is about an inch and three-quarters in diameter. It is several hundred yards in length, and the cost may be five hundred dollars. The rope is coiled from either end on two large windlasses, and when supported by two high poles the windlasses are turned until the rope is stretched perfectly taut. It takes me, as a rule, several days to adjust this simple apparatus to perfection,—a fact which caused me to abandon my performances at Staten Island, where it was necessary to remove the rope after each exhibition. At the top of each pole is a small platform, for the purpose of resting; and on one of these platforms I usually place a temporary dressing-room, where I can make necessary changes in my attire. I may mention here that the suit of armor in which I first appear is of great weight and exquisite workmanship, the gauntlets having once belonged to the celebrated tenor Mario. As a rule, my other costumes are of the least possible weight, while the shoes are an ordinary pair of fine leather ones with soft soles. It is, I think, a popular error to suppose that a rope-walker's feet are exceptionally large or muscular. Mine, I am told, are rather below than above the ordinary size.

The balancing-pole, I suppose, fairly comes within the classification of apparatus. In my own case it is made of ash, is about twenty-six feet long, and weighs some forty or fifty pounds. It is made in three pieces, so as to be easily taken apart and to occupy but little space when I am travelling. Naturally, my journeys into every quarter of the civilized world have taught me to reduce my baggage to the smallest possible dimensions; but, as it is, I am forced to carry a great deal, and when I visited Australia years ago I remember I carried over sixty tons of baggage with me.

I am often asked as to my sensations when walking the rope; but if by that is meant whether I feel fear or nervousness, I must answer decidedly in the negative. When walking I look some eighteen or twenty feet ahead of me, and whistle softly or hum a snatch of a song as the humor may seize me. I also invariably keep time in my step to the music the band is playing, and I find that helps me wonderfully in preserving my balance. With my own weight and that of the balancing-pole there must be about two hundred and thirty pounds bearing on the rope, which naturally gives considerably, this sagging being one of the chief difficulties we have to encounter in keeping our balance. I prefer to perform in the open air; for in a hall or a theatre even of the largest dimensions the vitiated air found at the elevation at which my rope is always stretched is most unpleasant to breathe.

Nowadays I never practise, and even my most difficult tricks, such as turning a somersault over a chair placed in the middle of the rope and landing with my feet on the other side of it, are usually performed without premeditation, just as the whim seizes me. This enables me without effort to vary my programmes at every performance, and prevents them from becoming monotonous to me. I could remain a year or even longer without ever setting foot on a rope and then go on and tread it as safely as though I had been in constant practice. As an

illustration of the slight amount of practice I require for a new trick, I may mention my bicycle act. Some years ago, when bicycles were somewhat of a novelty, it struck me that I could utilize one in my performance, and I accordingly had one constructed according to my directions with a groove in the wheels to fit the rope, but otherwise of ordinary fashion. I ordered it to be sent to me some time before the performance, so that I could try it, but it came just as I was making ready to appear. I was as pleased as a child with a new toy, and, mounting it at once, I rehearsed successfully in view of a large audience, who probably thought I had been practising for months.

I never take any stimulant before walking the rope, and take no especial pains to keep myself in good condition. My attendant rubs me down carefully when my journey is ended, and I then take some light refreshment. Otherwise I only live plainly and regularly, merely avoiding eating a heavy meal shortly before a performance. Finally, I may say that I prefer exhibiting without a net stretched below me. I think it would make me so nervous as almost to lead to the accident against which it is intended as a safeguard.

If I myself do not feel nervous, I am afraid the many persons I have carried on my back across the rope have felt a trifle perturbed, save when they have been professional assistants. In reality there is nothing in the world for them to be afraid of. All they have to do is to sit perfectly still, refrain from clutching me too tightly around the neck, and leave the rest to me. When I am carrying any one over for the first time, I chat to him continuously on any indifferent subjects I can think about, and try in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always caution him against looking downward when in mid-air. Somehow, though, he never seems quite happy, and I always detect a gasp of relief when the end of the rope and the platform are reached. More than once the victim has devoutly exclaimed, "Never again!"

My well-known trip over Niagara Falls was doubtless productive of nervousness to those gentlemen whom I carried over on my back, and for myself it was one of the experiences of my life. I was elevated some hundred and fifty feet above the torrent, and had to walk a distance of nearly twelve hundred feet. During the winter of 1858 I took a journey to Niagara Falls with the idea of seeing whether the passage were practicable or not. I found that it was, and made up my mind to the trip, but was obliged to defer it, owing to the masses of ice and snow on either bank. Accordingly, it was not until June 30, 1859, after several weeks of preparation, that I made my first trip across Niagara Falls on a hempen rope. The rope itself was unlike that which I use at the present time. It was formed entirely of hemp, and was about three inches in thickness, and its adjustment in place was in its way quite an engineering feat. The rope cost several thousand dollars, and remained in position for nearly two years. When the first exhibition was given there was not a little excitement. Special trains were run by the railroads, including the New York Central and the Great Western and Grand Trunk of Canada; while an enormous stand some half-mile in length erected on either side of the Falls was filled with people. I continued giving exhibitions until 1860, when I

crossed over on stilts before the Prince of Wales, who was making his well-remembered tour through America and Canada. I have been photographed while standing still in the centre of the rope; and photography in those days was no lightning process. I have walked across enveloped in a sack made of blankets, have wheeled a barrow across, turned somersaults, cooked a dinner, and, as I have said, carried a man over on my back.

It is doubtful whether I shall ever repeat this performance; for it would be difficult since the purchase by the nation of Niagara Park to arrange for the congregation of spectators. When I crossed, thirty years ago, the railroad companies managed the whole affair; and the reason for the enormously long spectators' stand and fence they erected was the desire to shut out what are in this country, I believe, euphoniously referred to as "deadheads." I cannot attempt to describe the feelings excited in me by the sight of the hundreds of thousands of people who thronged the enclosure, but as to the trip itself I was perfectly unconcerned: I knew I should be as safe as though I were walking down Broadway. However, though I cannot truthfully say that I feel any symptoms of old age creeping over me, it is probable that I shall not much longer remain before the public; but when the day comes that I see my rope taken down for the last time and lay aside my balancing-pole, never to resume it, I shall doubtless feel in no fit mood for congratulations.

J. F. Blondin.

MOODS.

UPON a mountain-summit high,
A trysting-place of earth and sky,
Three friends once stood in silent awe,
Each contemplating what he saw.

One gazing on the landscape found
In changing features only sound:
To him it was a memory
Of some majestic symphony.

Another in the vastness caught
The essence of a poet's thought,—
The measures of a noble rhyme
Enduring as eternal time.

The third—a stranger to those arts
That moved and thrilled his fellows' hearts—
Remembered with a nameless dread
The face of one whom he saw dead.

Frank Dempster Sherman

AT LAST:

SIX DAYS IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-TEACHER.

SECOND DAY.—THE TEACHER IS TAUGHT.

IT was with some trepidation and not a little sense of hypocrisy and guilt that I approached my hammock the day that little Alice had kindly consented to let me teach her a little, "but noffin' 'bout dolls, remember." My landladies, as quaint a couple of old persons as I could have imagined, but nevertheless true women, appeared to fear I would become lonesome for lack of society, and perhaps abruptly leave them: so they were so attentive that it was almost impossible to escape from them without seeming rude. Their conversation was well worth listening to, if only for curiosity's sake; for, although they were poor,—the last remains of a family which once had been influential,—they were living storehouses of about a century of country wit and wisdom, and could express opinions brightly on any subject. They knew everybody in the vicinity,—everybody who ever had amounted to anything in business, politics, or the professions,—and their inoffensive gossip was so quaint as to make me long to write a "History of a Rediscovered County."

I would call them ladies, had they not been possessed by the one demon of savagery which seems hardest to exorcise for some natures otherwise inoffensive and considerate,—a persistent impulse to manage the affairs of other people. Evidently they thought me a brute for having sought a summer resting-place where there were no children; for, no matter what the subject of conversation at the table, those well-meaning old women would deftly pass it to and fro between them until by some imperceptible process it got back to children, and how good some children were—or would be, and how bright others could be,—bright beyond the expectation of those who best knew them. This manifest effort to change my opinion began before I had taken a meal in the house.

"You don't like children; leastways, so I've been led to suppose," said Mistress Drusilla, as her sister always called her.

"Not when I am resting," I replied. "At home I am obliged to endure forty or fifty of them through five days of every seven, and I think I've earned a respite."

"Most children *are* pests," said Miss Dorcas,—her sister always addressed her by this name and title, except when they were alone together,—"but it takes exceptions to prove the rule, for I know a young one in this neighborhood whose manners, I must say, wouldn't be thought out-of-the-way in some grown folks who are considered quite proper."

"She's quite a little lady, Alice is," said Mistress Drusilla.

"Indeed she is," said Miss Dorcas. "She's original sometimes, and that makes some people think her queer; but, sakes alive, original

folks are so scarce in this world that they sometimes puzzle the very elect."

"And Alice is *so* original," remarked Mistress Drusilla.

Evidently my hostesses were alluding to my new acquaintance, and were desirous of changing my opinion of children by bringing us together. I would not have objected, had not their managing mania been so apparent: as it was, I determined to combat their purpose, even if it were necessary for me to find new lodgings. I had seen managing old women before.

"Alice comes of real good stock, too," continued Mistress Drusilla. "Her mother was a——"

"Spare me, Mistress Drusilla, please," said I, with a laugh intended to be conciliatory, "but I'm determined to be interested in no more children, and if you talk further I'm sure you'll shake my resolution. Tell me, instead, about grown people: you seem to know a great many who are more interesting than our humdrum city people."

"Just as you say, my dear," said Mistress Drusilla, after an odd interchange of glances between the sisters; "but I think—do have another cup of coffee—no?—I think you might be brought to change your mind about children, to your own great comfort, if you were to get acquainted with our little pet."

"That is why I don't want to extend my circle of juvenile acquaintance," I replied. "Children are wearing,—even the best of them. They've worn me out. That is why I'm trying to escape them for the present."

"Maybe you'll wish you'd changed your mind, when one of these days you have some of your own climbing all about you, and you finding yourself lonesome when they're not doing it."

"No danger," I retorted. "I'm an old maid, and shall always remain one."

"So I said once, my dear," said the old woman, "but I changed my mind and married, and if ever angels took human shape it was while my two little girls were alive. They were too angelic,—that was the trouble. The Lord himself couldn't get along without them, so back they went to heaven. Their father followed after; and I would have gone too, if it hadn't seemed heartless to leave Miss Dorcas all alone."

Then Mistress Drusilla began to tremble and weep a little in the quiet, restrained way which appears to be a peculiarity of country-people, and Miss Dorcas with similar restraint of manner tried to console her sister, and the occasion seemed a fitting one for my escape, though I first expressed sympathy with all the tenderness that was in me. Nevertheless, as I sauntered towards the little pine grove in which my hammock swung I had to admit to myself that if my Alice were the Alice of my hostesses the fact of our chance acquaintanceship must soon become known in one way or other, so it would be advisable for me to be the first to mention it.

I found little Alice awaiting me; at least, as I passed through the pines I saw her figure motionless against the sky. She stood on the brow of the slope that fell away from the trees, and was looking out to

sea. I approached her softly to see what it might be that was attracting her attention, but there was nothing unusual in sight. The beach, nearly a mile away, was bare, and the only vessels visible were too far away to hold one's attention. Yet she remained motionless, even when I was near enough for her to hear my foot-falls. Finally I stood beside her, laid a hand on her shoulder, and asked,—

"What are you looking at so earnestly, dear?"

"Oh, noffin'," she replied, looking up as carelessly as if we had already met that morning.

"I had no idea that 'noffin'' would be so very interesting."

"Didn't you?" she asked, still looking seaward. "Well, just you try it; look 'way off dat way a long time, wivout stoppin', an' you'll fink dat you can't stop if you want to. Now begin. I'll help you."

Is anything more uninteresting than a flat limitless expanse of water, with nothing to break the distance? I thought not, as I began, half in fun, a far-away stare, according to request. Soon, however, the view became interesting, then fascinating, then absorbing. A few minutes later, although I became conscious that little Alice had changed her position and was standing in front of me and looking up into my face, it required severe effort to withdraw my gaze. When finally I succeeded, the child clapped her hands, and her eyes danced, and her cheeks glowed, and her lips parted as roguishly as if she never had been absorbed in anything in her life, and she shouted,—

"I told you so! Didn't I tell you so? Say! do you know you looked ever so much like a picture my fahver's got,—a lovely picture of a lady, named——dear me! what *is* dat lady's name? I can always fink of it when I don't need to. Let me see; it's—it's—Meddy,—Meddy—— Oh, pshaw!"

I tried to recall some feminine names beginning with "Meddy," but failed: Medusa was the only one that seemed to bear a resemblance in sound, and I declined positively to admit for an instant that I could resemble that fateful creature. Could it be that the breeze-shaken crimps of my hair—which I am proud to say were dark, heavy, and abundant—resembled serpents? But could any child imagine a picture of Medusa "lovely"?

"I'm afraid I can't help you recall the name," said I. "There are so few names beginning with M-e-d."

"Meddy—Meddy—Meddy," the child continued to whisper; then suddenly she exclaimed aloud,—

"Oh!—Meddy Tation!—dat's de name of de lady in de picture. An' you looked just like her."

"That's a very pretty compliment, dear, but 'Meditation' isn't a name."

"'Tis, too," said the child, with a valiant, defiant air, as if she felt called upon to fight for something: "it's the name of my fahver's picture."

"Ah, yes; I understand; but it isn't a person's name: it means the state of mind of the lady in the picture. Meditation means the act of thinking long about something,—perhaps something about which one is not entirely sure."

"Well, well!" drawled little Alice; "dat's news to me. It 'splains somefin', dough, 'cause once I asked fahver whever de lady in de picture wasn't finkin' very hard about somefin', an' he said 'yes,' an' I asked him what it was, an' he smoked a lot of smoke out of his cigar first, an' looked at de picture a long time, an' den he said, 'I 'spect she's finkin' whever she ought to say "yes" or "no."'"

Just like a man! All men are alike. Frank Wayne was just that way; if he weren't I might have been a happy woman and wife. And here was another man who evidently regarded womanly deliberation in thought with the same impatience and contempt. Is it inexorable fate that man must ever be too dull of comprehension to understand woman? And must the wretch forever imagine that when woman meditates he is her whole object of thought?

"You don't look much like Meddy Tation now," remarked little Alice suddenly, while I was still full of indignant musings. "You look more like Miss Judiff in de big picture Bible. She's holdin' up a man's head dat she cutted off, an' lookin' like as if she'd like to cut it off again."

"Thank you," said I, hastening to bring my features under control. "What were we talking about? Oh!—what did you see, Alice, while you looked so long at the ocean?"

"Oh, noffin' but water; noffin' else at all; but it didn't ever stay de same shape and color. Soon as I found somefin' I wanted to keep lookin' at, it went and looked some uvver way, an' when I wanted some of it to stay de uvver way it went and done somefin' else. What did *you* see, when you was lookin' like my fahver's picture?"

"About the same that you did, dear, though I don't believe I could explain it so well."

"My fahver comes out to look at de water sometimes wiff me, when he's home," said the child, "and he sees it just de way I do. He says dat's what makes it so interestin',—cause it's always doin' somefin' new. He says it's just de same way wiff folks: de ones dat's most changeable gets de most 'tention, even if dey's as weak as water."

"Quite true," I murmured. Alice's father knew something, it was quite evident, although his knowledge lacked comprehension of woman. I was willing even to admit that he might have acquired his simile of waves and human inconstancy by observation of women,—some women. Had not the butterfly girls of my acquaintance always been surrounded by hosts of admirers, while women of great heart and soul were attractive only to one another and an occasional widower of discernment—and extreme age?

"Let us leave the waves to themselves, dear," said I, "and think of something else. What were we going to do to-day?"

"Why, you was goin' to teach me somefin',—a little somefin',—but not 'bout dolls: you 'member dat part of it? An' I'll tell you de first fing you can teach me, if you want to, 'cause I want to know. You can teach me what your name is; else what's I to call you, 'xcept 'say'? You don't like to be called 'Say,' do you?"

"I have heard prettier names," I replied. "As for me,—I have it!—you may call me 'teacher.' You say you don't like teachers: now,

I want to be so good and pleasant to you that you'll think more pleasantly of all teachers hereafter. Just call me 'teacher:' I'll give you the rest of my name afterwards."

"Well, if you's goin' to make me like 'em, you's got to be awful nice,—just *awful* nice,—and you's got to teach me noffin' 'bout dolls,—not one fing; 'member dat."

"I shall remember it, dear. Now listen to me. Far away from here, in New York, where I live, there are thousands upon thousands of little girls about as old as you who don't know anything good unless they learn it at school. Their parents are very poor, and while the children are at school the father is at work somewhere, and the mother somewhere else, for money enough to keep the roof over their heads and get food for their children to eat."

"Don't de children have any gran'mas to do anyfin' for 'em?"

"H'm,—not often, if I remember rightly; and when the fathers and mothers reach home again about supper-time, they are so tired that they haven't much time or sense to teach their children anything."

"Dey can teach 'em cat's-cradle, an' rabbit-on-de-wall, an' who's got de button, can't dey?"

"I suppose so; but——"

"Den what makes you say dey can't teach 'em noffin'? I fink dat's a good deal."

"True, but it isn't enough. They need to know how to get along in the world should their parents be taken away; for sometimes one of these children loses a father or mother."

"Just like me," said the child, as cheerfully as if the loss of a mother were one of the every-day occurrences which one must bear philosophically. "I lost my muvver, you know."

"To be sure; but you had a good father left, I trust, and you have a grandmother to look after you. But some of these little ones' fathers are not good; they are rude, stupid, ignorant fellows, who think more of themselves than they do of their children, and——"

"Really?"

"Really."

"Well, I don't understan' dat, at all," said the child, going quickly into a brown study,—a very brown study,—out of which she presently emerged to remark, "I s'pose dat's what my fahver means when he says folks in New York ain't like folks anywhere else, 'cause dey don't seem to have any hearts. Don't you fink dat's what he means?"

"Quite likely. Some of the fathers and mothers of children in New York are so bad that they get drunk, and spend money for liquor that might buy comforts for their children, and——"

"I know 'bout dat kind," the child interrupted. "Dere's one of 'em lives next house but one to us. He's awful rich, an' got a great big house wiff a lovely garden, an' his wife's a real sweet lady, but his children don't ever seem glad when dey see deir fahver comin' home, 'cause he looks an' acts as if he didn't know 'em. One of his little girls tole me one day she wished de Lord had give her my fahver instead of hers. I tole her *I* didn't, 'cause den de Lord might have give me her fahver instead of mine, an' dat would be awful. Den she cried."

"Wasn't that dreadful? Well, these little children of whom I am telling you haven't rich fathers and handsome houses and pretty gardens. Their entire family have only two or three rooms to live in, and often the parents lock the doors when they leave home, so their few things can't be stolen: so when the children return from school they have only the street and gutter to play in."

"*Dat's* lovely, anyhow."

"Oh, Alice!"

"Yes, 'tis. I just love to go 'long de street an' pick daisies an' dandelions, an' see if dere ain't some wild strawberries, or if de green blackberries ain't beginnin' to turn red or black, an' if dere ain't a turtle behind a big stone somewhere, or a nest of little birdies dat ain't got all deir fevvers yet. Just tell you what, dem children don't have bad times like you fink dey do. An' if dey don't have no gran'mas, why, den who's to call 'em in de house to take naps, I'd like to know? I fink gran'mas is awful nice, but I don't like naps one single bit."

"But, Alice, dear, streets in the city aren't like roads in the country. There are no daisies or dandelions or birds' nests; there are only walls and stone pavements, stone sidewalks, dirt, mud, and people. There are no pleasant places in which to play, nor anything to play with."

"Why, you just said dere was mud."

"But mud isn't nice to play with."

"Oh, yes, it is. I didn't mean to conterdic', 'cause gran'ma says it isn't polite, but it *is* nice to play wiff mud,—really an' truly."

The horrid child! How easy it is to be deceived by appearances! There was nothing about Alice Hope's manner that would have led any one to imagine her in sympathy with any city people in any way. Nevertheless, it would not do to again make her suspicious of me, so I hastily said,—

"Mud such as you see—mere wet clay—isn't at all like the dreadful stuff in city gutters, where the wretched children of the very poor wade to and fro and sail make-believe boats made of——"

"Wade? Sail boats?" exclaimed the child, with a sigh. "Oh, just don't I wish I was one of dose dreadful poor children! See dat big ocean out dere? See what lots and lots of water dere is? Well, you can't go wadin' in it at all, 'xcept once in a very long time, when de wind an' tide is what my fahver calls 'just so.' Sure's you try it any uvver time a great big wave comes up and knocks you down an' splashes you all over. An' boats? Why, if you try to sail one it just gets rolled over an' over an' comes right back to where it started from. Dear, dear! *don't* I just wish I was one of dose poor children!"

"Well, dear, you wouldn't if you could see them. As I was saying, their parents teach them almost nothing; but there are hundreds of big schools, where the poor little things are taught a great deal, and learn to become wiser and better than their parents."

"Den," remarked Miss Alice, with much positiveness, "I'm glad I'm not one of 'em. I don't want to be any smarter an' better dan my fahver and gran'ma. It makes my head just ache sometimes to fink how smart an' good dey is, an' I's sure my head would split right open if I had a muvver too dat was just as smart an' good, an' I had to fink

'bout her too. Of course my muvver *is*, 'cause ev'rybody up in heaven is everyfin' dey ought to be; but you don't have to fink dat way 'bout 'em, 'cause you don't see 'em an' hear 'em so much."

"So much? You don't see them and hear them at all, dear."

"Humph!" said the child, contemptuously. "I guess *your* muvver ain't dead, is she?"

"No, dear."

"Might know it; else you wouldn't talk dat way. Why, I can see my muvver whenever I fink 'bout her a little while; I can hear her talk, too. She looks just like she always did, an' talks just de same way she did when I was a baby. Just holds me ever so tight to her, an' looks at me ever so long, wiff de cunnin'est kind of a little laugh in her face, an' says, 'Muvver's little darlin'! Muvver's little darlin'!' an' it's just lovely."

"So I should imagine, dear," said I, gently, putting my arm around the child; "but you know you don't really see and hear her: you only imagine it."

"Don't you say dat again!" exclaimed the child, twitching away from my embrace and climbing from the hammock to the ground, where she stood and looked at me defiantly. "Guess I know more 'bout my muvver dan you does."

"Certainly you do, dear," said I, quickly.

"You never saw her, an' I did. I know all 'bout her."

"I should think you would, and I am ever so glad that you do. It ought to make you very happy, too; but I merely want to teach you to understand it rightly, so that you won't ever be disappointed."

I supposed this would appease her and restore confidence; but it didn't. She continued to stand aloof and look at me angrily, as if I had done her serious injury. Finally she said,—

"Just what I was 'fraid 'bout. You's gone an' wanted to teach me somefin' I didn't want to know, an' made me unhappy. Is dat de kind of fings you teach de children in your school?"

"No, dear; I teach them about the world, and the stars, and the ocean, and about the people who live in other countries——"

"In de moon, an' all dem places?"

"No, dear; there are no people in the moon, that we know of."

"But we can make b'lieve, can't we? 'Cause it's so much nicer to fink when you look up at a big round moon,—not one of dem little ones dat look like a piece of watermelon wiff all de red part cut out,—it's so much nicer when you look up at de moon to fink dat dere's people in it lookin' down an' seein' de world goin' sailin' along in de sky, just like anuvver moon. You know de moon's noffin' but a star,—don't you?—only it's nearer, so it looks bigger, an' de world's noffin' but anuvver star,—don't you?"

"Yes," said I; "but when and where did you study astronomy?"

"Gracious! what a big word!" exclaimed the child. "I didn't ever study anyfin' as big as dat, I'm sure."

"Astronomy is the study of the stars," said I. "Where did you——"

"Oh, is dat all it means? Oh, yes, 'stron'my. Well, I's been learnin' 'bout 'em ever since I was a dear, tiny little fing, not much

bigger dan one of my dolls, I guess. My fahver told me 'bout 'em, 'an gran'ma tole me some more. Say! do you know where de big dipper is?"

"No, dear. Are you thirsty?"

The child broke into a merry peal of laughter, and looked quizzically at me. "Of course not," she replied, and then, after another laugh, said, "If I was firsty, I wouldn't try to drink out of *dat*. It's too big, an' it's millions an' millions of miles away from here. Besides, most of de time it's turned up endways, or upside down, or somefin', so it would spill all the water out anyway. I mean de big dipper up in de sky,—de seven big stars dat's on de backwards end of de big bear dat's goin' roun' an' roun' de norf star all de time, like as if it wanted to bite it an' was 'fraid to."

Slowly I realized that the child was alluding to the constellation of the Great Bear, and that I had heard sometime, somewhere, that a portion of it was vulgarly called "the Dipper." I had seldom seen any stars but those which were directly overhead; houses in our portion of the city were too high to permit an extended view of the sky, and the air, at the level of the sidewalk, was at night so full of artificial light as to make any view of the heavenly bodies unsatisfactory.

"Now I understand you," I said. "Do you know any of the other stars?"

"Lots of 'em,—lots and piles. I know Jupiter, an' Mars, an' Venus, an' Satin——"

"Saturn, dear," said I, pronouncing the name of the ringed planet with distinctness.

"Say!" exclaimed the child, as if she were about to impart something in extreme confidence, "if you teach me to say it dat way my fahver won't let you play wiff me any more. One of our visitors once tried to teach me to say Satur-rn, as you call it, an' my fahver said if he didn't stop he wouldn't give him noffin' but bad cigars to smoke for a week."

"Very well," said I, with a sigh. "I'll try to avoid such dreadful punishment. Do you know any other stars?"

"Goodness, yes. Dere's de man wiff a sword,—dat man wiff de Irish name, dat I always keep forgettin',—O' somefin'."

"Orion?"

"Dat's it! Den dere's de Greek woman's chair——"

"The chair of Andromeda?"

"Yes. Why, you do know somefin' 'bout de stars, don't you? But I don't see why you didn't know 'bout de big dipper, when it's de biggest bunch of stars in de sky. Let's see: den dere's de seven stars, an' de five stars."

"What are they?"

"Why, stars, of course,—seven of 'em in one place, an' five in anuvver. Don't you know 'em?"

"I fear I don't."

"Dat's too bad! 'cause dey's awful cunnin' little bunches. Tell you what: you come over to our house to-night, an' I'll show 'em to you."

"I don't like to be out in the night air, dear," said I: fondness for this child was not going to draw me into country manners, the accepting of formal invitations, and the acquiring of a lot of country acquaintances.

"Night air in de country is better dan day air in de city,—dat's what my fahver says. But I guess I can show you how dey look." The child went out from the shade of the pines, stooped to the ground a moment or two, and returned with both her chubby hands full of small stones. Then she stooped again and carefully arranged the stones on the ground, five in the form of a V lying on its side, and seven in about the lines of a hand-basin. Then she arose, contemplated her work, and explained,—

"Dere's de five stars, an' dere's de seven stars, just de way dey look in de sky."

"Ah, I see; the Hyades and the Pleiades."

"De wha-a-at?"

"The Hyades and the Pleiades; those are the names of the constellations you have pictured, and very correctly too. If you call them by their right names, no one who has studied astronomy can ever misunderstand you when you speak of them."

The child looked thoughtful, so I hoped the spirit of my injunction was taking effect. But it wasn't; for presently she remarked,—

"Well, I know a little 'bout Pleiades, but if I was to talk 'bout dose stars, an' give 'em such awful Dutchy names, nobody dat I know would know what I was talkin' 'bout."

"Why do you think the names Dutchy, dear?"

"'Cause dey don't remind you of anyfin' you know; dat's de way Dutchman's talk is; dere's lots of Dutchmen 'bout here. But anybody's smart enough to know what seven stars and five stars means."

I hastily abandoned an intention to explain to the child the value of the Greek language as an international basis of scientific nomenclature, for I feared my command of English would not be sufficient. I merely told her that stars and many other natural objects had names in Greek or Latin, because the meanings of words in these languages were known among educated people of all countries.

"Oh, yes, I know 'bout dat," the child replied. "'Cause I learned a lot of 'em last winter. Dere was a big girl—one of de neighbors' children—dat wanted to teach school roun' here, an' gran'ma let me go a little while. What words do you fink she taught me?—all 'bout fings dat was in me? Why, 'trachea,' an' 'sophagus,' an' 'biceps,' an' 'triceps,' an' 'phalanges,' an' 'medulla oblongata,' an' 'ab-*do*-men!' I asked my fahver if it wasn't dreadful for a little girl to have all dem fings inside of her, an' he made a face as if he was takin' medicine, an' said he'd ravver I'd have de measles. I didn't go to dat school no more. So you'd better be careful 'bout teachin' me big words, if you want to go on teachin' me anyfin'."

I resolved to take this hint to heart; at the same time I began to wonder whether there was anything that I really could teach this child, who had taken possession of my pity because of her ignorance, yet who seemed to know more than any child in my classes or in my circle of

acquaintances. Still, was it any more sensible that she should have been taught astronomy instead of physiology?

"How did you come to learn so much about the stars, dear?" I asked. "Most girls are two or three times as old as you before they are taught anything about astronomy."

"Can't help learnin' 'bout 'em," she replied. "Dey're always where dey're lookin' right at me, after dark; dey keeps winkin' at me froo my window almost every night till I go to sleep; an', besides, we don't see noffin' else from our piazza, dese warm nights, 'xcept de stars an' de ocean, so I can't help finkin' 'bout 'em an' askin' questions 'bout 'em. My fahver says if a person don't want to grow up wivout knowin' noffin' dey'd better ask questions 'bout what dey see oftenest an' fink 'bout most. So when I sits on de piazza nights, in papa's lap,—when he's home,—I ask him lots of fings 'bout de stars, an' he tells me 'em, an' when he ain't home gran'ma tells me 'em. She's got a great big map of de sky, wiff de names of all de stars,—bunches an' big stars. Sometimes, rainy days I plays stars on de floor. I's got lots of little white stones for stars, but de Milky Way bovvered me awful, 'cause its stars are so little an' close togevver, you know: so one day I got some flour out of de kitchen, an' den I got it all right. It looked just like de sky, 'cause de rug was blue. Gran'ma got real cross 'bout it when she came to clean de room, 'cause de flour wouldn't come out of de rug, but when she tole my fahver he only laughed; den he got a piece of chalk an' let me make de big stars wiff dat instead of stones, an' den—what do you fink? Why, he bought a new rug, an' hung de old one, wiff all de stars on it, on de wall of his room, an' he shows it to all his friends dat comes to see him."

I turned my face so as to laugh unseen. This child's father was evidently a ridiculous fellow, in spite of the occasional shrewd remarks which his daughter had repeated, but the incident of the rug certainly was funny. I found myself sympathizing with the grandmother, too, horrid old woman though I believed her, for what woman can contemplate unmoved the ruin of a rug? Nevertheless, had the rug been my own, and a child—this particular child—had laboriously mapped the heavens upon it, with so faithful a sense of proportion regarding the Milky Way, I was not certain that I would not have decorated my own wall with it.

But, after all, what was the incident but another illustration of imagination running riot? Of what possible use was her knowledge of the stars? Parallax, ascension, declination, occultation, all the laws that governed the movements of the heavenly bodies, that raised mere star-gazing to the rank of a science, had undoubtedly been neglected by the father in his pretended teaching; the mere words probably made their meanings distasteful to the literal-minded fellow. I could at least put a thought or two into the bright little head, as seed into good ground, to help the child towards more lasting comprehension of the system and law that governed the movements of the heavenly bodies: so I said,—

"Well, dear, have you learned or thought anything about the stars except what you have told me? The stars are very pretty to look at

and to give you a new way of amusing yourself; but they weren't put there for that purpose alone. They must be of some use, in some way besides merely amusing people: don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed I do," she replied, with great earnestness. "My fahver tole me all 'bout it one time, an' I haven't ever forgot it, eiver."

So the father didn't make a mere plaything of his child, after all! I was glad of it. I was becoming painfully solicitous about the future welfare of this child. I had so long carried in my heart a sense of responsibility for the wretched children in my school—sheep with no shepherd but me—that I could not feel otherwise regarding any child with whom I came in contact. But how had her father brought practical astronomy within the comprehension of so small a head? I asked her to tell me all about it, as her father had explained it to her.

"Well," said she, "once dere lived 'way 'cross de ocean a farmer named Job, an' he was de richest farmer in all de country round. It never troubled him if de butcher's wagon didn't come round in time, 'cause he had just fousands of sheep, an' would go out an' kill one in time to have meat for dinner; an' gran'ma says when folks was offered spring lamb at his house dey *got* spring lamb. He had five hundred pairs of oxen,—jus' fink of it! enough to plough all de farms as far as you can look from our biggest hill, gran'ma says. He had such lots of camels dat if dey was all in a menagerie no little girl would have to be lifted up to see one; dere were such lots of 'em dat each little girl could have a whole one for herself to look at, all by herself, an' nobody to stand in front of her. An' donkeys—why, if a whole Sunday-school picnic had gone to his farm each boy and girl could have had a donkey to ride all day, instead of takin' turns of just a minute or two, like dey had to at our last picnic.

"But he deserved such lots of fings, 'cause he was a real good man. Why, when his children done anyfin' wrong he tried to be punished for it himself, 'stead of makin' dem have bad times; dough I 'spec' it hurt 'em just as bad, and maybe a little worse.

"Well, one day de Ole Bad Man come along, an' tole de Lord he didn't fink 'twas hard for Job to be good, 'cause he didn't have no trouble to make him want to be bad. An' de Lord tole de Ole Bad Man to give Job some trouble, an' he'd see dat it didn't make no difference. So one day de Old Bad Man sent some fighters to kill Job's farm-hands, an' some fieves to steal de oxen an' donkeys, an' some lightnin' to kill de sheep, an' some more fieves to steal de camels, an' den he sent a big storm dat knocked down a house where all Job's children was eatin' dinner, an' it killed all de boys; didn't kill de little girls, dough: my fahver says dat would have been too much.

"Well, Job was real good 'bout it; he said de Lord gave him everyfin' he had, an' if He wanted to take it all away again, why, who could prevent Him? So de Ole Bad Man felt pretty sheepish; an' he said dat if he could only hurt Job himself, den fings would be diff'rent. Den de Lord said, 'Well, go hurt him, just so you don't kill him; den you'll see you don't know as much as you fink you do.' So de Ole Bad Man give Job boils—did you ever have boils?"

"No," said I, with some asperity.

"Neiver did I: but gran'ma says dey's dreadful sores dat itches like de heat-rash—didn't you ever have heat-rash?"

"I—— Go on, dear."

"Well, dey hurt him so—just like a whole lot of big skeeter-bites, all at a time—dat he couldn't scratch himself fast enough wiff his hands, so he done it wiff a piece of broken dish. But he didn't get bad, dough his own wife told him to call de Lord bad names an' die. Gran'ma says she guesses de ole lady got tired of havin' a husband roun' dat was sick an' poor too. Job behaved himself real well till free friends of his came a-visitin'; dey talked to him for a whole lot of days togevver, an' tole him what he ought to do, an' oughtn't to do, an' what dey would do if dey was him. Den he lost his patience, an' began to say lots of cross fings, an' talk as if de Lord didn't have anyfin' to do but look after him, an' how if he'd made de world he'd have had fings diff'rent in a good many ways. My fahver says a man never knows ev'ryfin' so much as when fings ain't goin' to suit him."

"All this is very interesting, dear, though I think I've heard something of the kind before. But what has it to do with the stars? I don't want to lose the story; but try and remember that you were going to tell me how you had learned all about the stars."

"I haven't forgot: I'll reach dem stars pretty soon. Well, one day while Job was a-grumblin' away, de Lord came along in a whirlwind: my fahver says de Lord really was wiff Job all de time, but when folks gets into trouble dey fink dere's nobody near 'em but de Ole Bad Man, so it takes a storm, or a club, or somefin' awful big and strong, to bring 'em to deir senses. Den de Lord give Job a good talkin'-to. He just let him know dat Job nor no uvver man knew just how everyfin' in de world ought to be, an' no man could be as smart as de Lord. He tole him just lots of fings where Job wasn't as smart and strong as de Lord, an' one of de fings he said was, 'Canst dou bind de sweet'—say! what's dat name you calls de seven stars?"

"Pleiades?"

"Oh, yes; my fahver gave me a new doll if I'd learn dat verse to 'member it always, but I always forgets dat word. 'Canst dou bind de sweet influences of de Pleiades, or loose de bands of Orion?' Just fink how little dat must have made Job feel, an' how strong it made him fink de Lord! He couldn't help finkin' 'bout it, you know, 'cause stars was all Job had ever had to look at in de night-time. My fahver says what de Lord told Job in dat verse was de first lesson in de world in practical 'stron'my,—'stron'my is all 'bout de stars, you know,—an' he says I must 'member it all my life, so if ever I get to havin' bad times an' fink de Lord isn't strong enough to make fings right, I can just go out an' look at de stars awhile, an' get my mind right again."

A thunder-storm put an end to our interview, soon after little Alice ended her story, and I was not entirely sorry, for I became so absorbed in my own thoughts that I could not be good company for my little visitor. When at night the clouds disappeared, I sat in my window for hours, looking into the sky, and looking backward into my own life. For my one great sorrow I was conscious I had blamed

heaven quite as much as Frank Wayne; but could I "bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion"?

How glad I was, when I retired, that no one could see my face as I suddenly realized how I had with much condescension begun the day in an attempt to teach the child, and how the teacher herself had been taught!

John Habberton.

IN THE WINDOW-SEAT.

ONE evening in an autumn old
We in the cushioned window-seat
Sat side by side in converse sweet.
As that old tale our young lips told,
We watched the shadows sway and greet
Upon the walls. The burning logs
Lay crackling on the great brass dogs.
Far back within the window-seat,
Half hidden by the curtain's fold,
You sat and swung your dainty feet.
Our brown eyes tenderly did meet
As low we talked, the story told,
That evening in an autumn old.

Things did not chance as they were told
Within the cushioned window-seat
That autumn-time. Our story sweet
Is like some vague romance of old.
Here in the after-years we meet,
When shadows oft from burning logs
Have lain athwart the great brass dogs,
And clung about the window-seat,
Half hidden by the curtain's fold.
The paths we trod have led our feet
Apart till now; and years full fleet
Have drifted by. Since we are old
We smile at that old tale we told.

But hist! Within the window-seat,
Half hidden by the curtain's fold,
Your daughter swings her dainty feet;
And, madam, hear my boy repeat,
With eager lips, a story told
One evening in an autumn old.

Charles Washington Coleman, Jr.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN R. THOMPSON.

[Mr. John R. Thompson in 1864 went to London to take an editorial position on *The Index*, a journal supported by the Confederate government with the intention of influencing England and France to further its cause. Mr. Thompson remained abroad two years. He then returned to this country and obtained a situation on the *Evening Post* as assistant editor. His health failed rapidly. On the day of his death he sent for R. H. Stoddard, whom he made his executor, with full liberty to act according to his judgment in regard to the disposition of his effects.

The diary shows that no American at that period had so great a social opportunity as Mr. Thompson; and I think that his intention was to fill out these entries and make a complete account of his life abroad.—E. S.]

Jan. 25, 1864.—The exigencies of the war rendering it impossible for me to procure a Diary in Richmond, I have taken this old one of '59. The only change necessary where the entries will begin is that of the year at the top of the page.

Jan. 28.—Some expenses of the past year, to show the cost of things:

Paid for a breakfast to three people, $33. One pound of butter, $12. A shad, $10, etc.

Gave my sister for wounded soldiers $50.

Paregoric, $4. Bottle of brandy, $50.

Sent a note to Constance Cary, proceeds of a poem on the obsequies of Stuart, which note was never received. Quart of milk, $4.

Feb. 29.—Wrote my weekly letter to the *London Index.* Rumors of an advance of Meade's army, and a cavalry raid of the enemy on the Virginia Central Railroad.

March 1.—Raining, and very dark. Great excitement in town produced by the cavalry raid, which was pushed within three miles of Richmond. The vandals shelled the house of Hon. James Lyon on the Brooke turnpike, and committed wanton outrages wherever they went. Skirmishes between raiders and local troops; some prisoners brought in.

March 2.—The house-roofs covered with snow. Three hundred horses and eighty prisoners brought in by General Wade Hampton.

March 3.—All local troops under arms. Alarm-bells rang from two till five. All furloughed officers and privates of the Confederate army called to serve in defence of the city.

March 4.—Deepest indignation over the orders captured on Colonel Dahlgren, revealing the diabolical purpose of the Yankees in their late raid to sack and burn the city and put to death the President and Cabinet.

March 6.—At St. Paul's the prayer of Thanksgiving after Victory was offered for our deep obligation to God Almighty and our deliverance from danger.

March 7.—Wrote a full account of late events for the *London Index.*

March 12.—Apricot-trees in blossom. Shad in market, $10 a pair.

March 13.—Large number of leading Confederate officers in church to-day,—Generals R. E. Lee, Longstreet, Bragg, Hood, Whiting, and others.

March 14.—Prayers at St. Paul's. Spent the evening playing backgammon with my father. President's proclamation on Fast-Day. Consultation of generals held here on the conduct of the campaign for the future.

March 15.—Under the new agreement for exchange of prisoners, six hundred and sixty-five officers and prisoners arrived. President Davis and Governor Smith made speeches. Hot coffee and provisions were served them.

March 17.—Ice in the gutter. Anniversary of my mother's death. May I take to heart the lesson of her blameless life, her sweet Christian graces!

March 20.—Immense concourse in Capitol Square to meet eleven hundred prisoners from Point Lookout.

March 26.—Prices current for this day's market. Beef, far from good, $5 per pound. Irish potatoes, $40 per bushel. Eggs, per dozen, $7. Butter, per pound, $4.

March 31.—Heard a lecture on the religious character of Stonewall Jackson. Large audience. Sent letter to London by a special messenger.

April 30.—President Davis's son fell from the balcony.

May 1.—Funeral of young Davis.

May 5.—Yankee gun-boats ascending the river. Second battle of the Wilderness.

May 6.—The great battle continued. Dr. Read's church kept open for prayers.

May 7.—Continuance of the fight. A thousand rumors flying.

May 9.—All business suspended. No one allowed to leave town.

May 11.—Richmond bare of male inhabitants. Terrible storm: houses unroofed.

July 5.—Left Wilmington in steamer Cape Fear, went down the river to Fort Fisher, and on board the Edith. Out at sea by eight o'clock, having safely passed the inner blockading fleet off the bar: went very near one of them. Slept on a cotton-bale. At daybreak were seen and chased by a Yankee steamer supposed to be the Connecticut. Chase kept up nine hours, when the Yankee changed his course. Saw the steamer later, but, night coming on, eluded them.

July 8.—Ran into the harbor of St. George, Bermuda, and went on board the British mail-packet and sailed for Halifax.

July 12.—Dense fog off the coast. Lay in the trough of the sea, firing signal-guns. Pilot came along and took us into harbor. Heard of the loss of the Alabama in the fight with the Kearsarge.

July 22.—Sailed from Halifax in the Asia. Crowded with passengers.

July 30.—Put off passengers and mails at Queenstown.

London, August 3.—Moved my luggage from Exeter Hill Hotel to 17 Savile Row, the old residence of Sheridan, where he died.

Drove to Hampstead to see the brother of John Mitchel, but he had gone to Ireland.

Aug. 6.—Called on John Stewart Oxley, and rode back in his drag to Savile Row; five horses, and tiger in top-boots.

Aug. 14, *Kingussie, Scotland.*—Two services in the church, the last in the Gaelic tongue, the tunes sung to the hymns the same as those used in America. Received a telegram of a victory over Grant, which gives us all the liveliest satisfaction.

Aug. 20.—Fire of peat kept up all day. Went out shooting: one brace of birds, seven grouse, one blackcock. Whist after dinner.

Dublin, Aug. 31.—Arrived at the seat of the Earl of Donoughmore: received a cordial welcome. Meeting of the Tipperary Archer Club: Collation, band of music, profuse champagne. Ball in the library-room, the county aristocracy present.

Sept. 3.—Went with Mr. Mason to the Clonmel Club: cricket-match with the 10th Hussars.

Sept. 5.—Played croquet with the children. Took a long walk to gather mushrooms. This is the daily routine at Knocklofty: prayer at nine, breakfast at ten, lunch at two, dinner at eight, bedtime twelve.

Sept. 6.—Made a mint-julep for the company, which was much enjoyed. Oddest people in Clonmel,—beggars, street-singers, barefoot market-women with donkeys, hundreds of ragged children.

Sept. 7.—Drove to the mansion of Hon. Bernal Osborne, where we spent the night.

Sept. 8.—Took a jaunting-car for Curraghmore, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford. At Carrick a trial was going on on witch-craft! Saw an old manor-house of Queen Elizabeth which Spenser visited. Stopped at Mr. Ridgeway's to lunch.

Dublin, Sept. 11.—Drove with Dr. Wheeler on the top of an omnibus to the office of the *Irish Times*, of which he is editor. There we received telegrams announcing the nomination of McClellan at Chicago.

Sept. 26.—Left cards at Sir Edward Bulwer's, and on Robert Lytton, Owen Meredith.

Oct. 6.—Dined at Lady Georgiana Fane's.

Oct. 7.—Dined at Captain Blakeley's, inventor of the celebrated gun. Charming dinner; immense block of ice in the centre of the table to keep the air cool; beautiful flowers, and dinner *à la Russe.*

Oct. 8.—Saw at Palgrave's a copy of first edition of "Idyls of the King," the whole edition of which was suppressed.

Oct. 11.—Lunched with the Countess of Harrington. Afterwards drove to a famous jeweller's in Regent Street, where we saw diamonds of the dowager Countess Cleveland, eight thousand pounds in value. They were for sale. Commenced a leader for the *Index.*

Oct. 14.—Drank tea and spent the evening with Thomas Carlyle at 5 Cheyne Row. Mrs. Carlyle for some time has been an invalid, but made her appearance. Lady Ashburton and Miss Baring came in after tea. Mr. Carlyle said it was his habit to drink five cups of tea. He ran off into table-talk about tea and coffee, told us that he had found in Lord Russell's "Memoirs of Moore," which he called a rubbishy

book, the origin of the word *biggin:* it comes from one Biggin, a tinner, who first made the vessel and was knighted afterwards. Then he talked of pipes and tobacco, and recited the old verse, "Think of this, and smoke tobacco." There was but one honest pipe made in Britain,—by a Glasgow man, who used a clay found in Devonshire. Mr. Carlyle inquired about the Confederacy, its resources, army, its supplies of food and powder. He read a letter from Emerson, in which the Yankee philosopher declared that the struggle now going on was the battle of humanity. When we rose to say good-night, he called a servant for his coat and boots (he had received us in dressing-gown and slippers), and walked with us within a stone's throw of Grosvenor Hotel, two miles, at half-past eleven! On the way passing Chelsea Hospital, he burst into a tribute to Wren, the architect, of whom he said there was a rare harmony, a sweet veracity, in all his work. We mentioned Tennyson, and he spoke with great affection of him, but thought him inferior to Burns: he had known "Alfred" for years; said he used to come in hob-nailed shoes and rough coat, to blow a cloud with him. Carlyle said he thought Mill's book on Liberty the greatest nonsense he ever read, and spoke despairingly of the future of Great Britain; too much money would be the ruin of the land.

Oct. 31.—Went with Miss Sally Souter, the Countess of Harrington, and Lady Geraldine Stanhope, to the St. James Theatre, to see Charles Mathews.

Nov. 4.—Weather far inferior to our glorious fall weather in Virginia.

Nov. 16.—At Carlyle's, who made many inquiries about Lee, whom he greatly admires. He talked brilliantly; spoke disparagingly of Napier and other English historians,—said they knew nothing of war as an art.

Nov. 24.—Spent the evening at the house of Mr. Woolner, sculptor, with Tennyson, a quiet, simple man, who smoked a pipe and drank hot punch with us. He deplored the American war, and talked of the Yankees, whom he detested.

Dec. 9.—*Wortley Lodge, Mortlake.*—Spent a day and night here. Drove back in an open carriage in dense fog. Dined at Lady Georgiana Fane's, where I met Mr. Babbage, the famous inventor of the calculating machine.

Dec. 10.—To Drury Lane to see Helen Faucit as Lady Macbeth. Phelps as Macbeth very bad.

Dec. 11.—To the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, where I heard beautiful choral singing by the foundlings dressed in costume, the boys in red waistcoats, the girls in mob caps and white stomachers. Met Mr. Haydon, son of the famous artist.

Dec. 12.—To Whitbread's famous brewery. The establishment covers five acres of ground.

Dec. 24.—Crossed the Channel. Visited the old Hôtel Dessin, celebrated by Sterne,—now a museum.

Dec. 26.—Saw Cora Pearl at the Longchamp races, and others of the *demi-monde.*

Jan. 1, 1865, *Paris.*—Took a cab and went to dine at Mr. Corbin's, Rue de Varennes, Faubourg St. Germain. Streets coated with ice. Mr. Corbin lives in magnificent style. The guests were Mr. Slidell, General Randolph, Commodore Barron, and a son of Commodore Stewart of the old United States navy. The dark day was in accordance with the feelings of Confederates in Paris. The new year opens in sorrow. May it close in joy! God grant it!

Jan. 4.—Paris is immensely changed in ten years, since I saw it. The Emperor makes vast improvements, but the city is losing its ancient characteristics.

Jan. 7.—Heard the sad news of the occupation of Savannah by Sherman's army, and, though we felt little like amusement, went to the theatre, and afterwards took oysters.

Jan. 27.—Yet, in the absence of news, the Confederate loan advances three per cent. Am told we shall soon hear something of importance. I think it refers to an iron-clad from Europe to attack Boston or New York.

Jan. 30.—Distressing news of the capture of Fort Fisher by the Federals, and may now give up all hope of correspondence with our friends.

Feb. 7.—Had an order to the House of Parliament. Earl of Charlemont moved the address in a manner pitiable. Lord Houghton followed in a speech without grace or energy. Earl Granville spoke in a style very like Dundreary. Prince of Wales kept his seat, and his hat on.

Feb. 12.—Heard morning service in Bedford Chapel: heard J. C. M. Bellew. The small building was decorated with artificial flowers. Bellew is a fashionable preacher, with prematurely gray hair. He discussed tremendous themes with grace of manner that left no ideas on the mind.

Feb. 13.—In my walks about London I am painfully impressed with the condition of the majority, even in quarters not the worst. Streets are dirty, houses mean, the vast masses exhibit squalor, laboring classes never seem to wash. Children swarm everywhere. Fifty yards from Regent Street there are slums like Five Points in New York.

Feb. 15.—Breakfasted at ten with candles. Intelligence of a negotiation on the part of our commissioners with Lincoln and Seward for peace broken off. Rejoiced to hear that no reconstruction of the Union was listened to as a possible thing by our commissioners.

Feb. 19.—Heard an impressive sermon from Maurice, a friend of Tennyson. Lunched at Lord Wharncliffe's. As in all English houses of wealth, the lunch was a sumptuous affair. Colonel Damer showed me drawings of the battles in the Crimea. Englishmen think our fighting in America is nothing in comparison with the siege of Sebastopol.

Feb. 23.—Paid a shilling for a stand on the top of an ale-house to see the funeral procession of Cardinal Wiseman. The most degraded concourse of people I ever saw. Women bearing the marks of their husbands' brutality, boys and girls old in suffering and vice,

ragged, debauched creatures. Queen Amelia and some foreign ministers followed the hearse.

Feb. 25.—Drove to the seat of Mowbray Morris, editor-in-chief of the London *Times*. A charming English house. My room very luxurious. *Cuisine* excellent, wines delicious. Could not help thinking of my father and sister at home as I ate and drank. Music and tea in the drawing-room, afterwards billiards, cigars, brandy, and seltzer. In the morning visited stables, dairy, farm-yard, greenhouses, and conservatories. Mr. Morris was little disposed to discuss the war, except from a military point of view.

March 7.—At the Reform Club. Saw across the room George Augustus Sala, a very vulgar and dissipated-looking man.

March 10.—News of the capture of Wilmington. All seems dark for our poor country. How different with me, in luxury, from the privations of our noble people! This is Fast Day appointed by President Davis. Although written above that I lunched and dined, I fasted. I took no breakfast, and only a meagre bowl of soup and bit of fish at the other meals, and I have prayed Almighty God for our cause.

March 14.—Holtze gave me the intelligence that the Confederate funds in Europe were in a state of bankruptcy, and that the *Index* would probably be discontinued in two or three months. This greatly disconcerted me, as I am at a loss to know how to live when my salary is cut off.

March 17.—Visited the *Times* office. The paper of this morning if spread in a line would be eighty-four miles long. Its paper is made in its own mills. The employees are four hundred in number; they have good dining-rooms, hot and cold baths, and a good library of reference; also telegraphic instruments to the House of Parliament and to Reuter's office.

March 18.—Found an Englishman with Northern sympathies, a rare thing, who was an infinite radical, as Governor Wise terms it.

March 22.—Nothing but the favor of the Almighty God can rescue the Confederacy. Early defeated by Sheridan.

March 25.—Went to see Lady Donoughmore attired for a drawing-room at St. James's. The court being in mourning, only white was worn. Her dress was white illusion looped with pearls, white satin skirt and train, tiara of diamonds, superb necklace and bracelets of diamonds. The "lower class" gathered about the door to see the blazing liveries. Met Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, at Mr. Lewis's on Camden Hill: free-and-easy, incessant smoking, abundant ale and oysters. Woolner, Millais, Lord Houghton, Holman Hunt, Duke of Sutherland, and others, present. Tyrone Power's son sang capitally.

April 8.—Dined at Wortley Lodge, and was assigned the honor of taking Mrs. Gladstone to dinner. Had a long talk with the Chancellor, who has wonderful powers of conversation,—indeed, one of the best talkers I ever heard. Saw the boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge. Immense concourse of people lining the Thames,—probably two hundred thousand. Everybody wore the colors, Oxford dark blue, Cambridge light blue. Heard a discourse from the Bishop of

London, and thought him far inferior to our American preachers. He read his sermon as an essay simply, without gesture or animation.

April 15.—Capture of Richmond. Our noble city has at last fallen into the hands of the enemy. How bitter the thought that the detested Federal flag is again to be hoisted upon the capitol! I shudder to think of what may be the fate of my father and sister. Dined at the "Cock," whose plump head-waiter Tennyson celebrates, but did not see him.

April 24.—Received a letter from sister describing the terrible scenes attending the evacuation of Richmond. My books are burned. My father has lost his all by the fire. This news, with the surrender of Lee's army, wholly unfits me for work.

April 26.—The editor of the *Standard* brought me news of the assassination of Lincoln. I fear the mind of Europe will be persuaded that it was prompted by Confederate influence. I was pained to learn that the assassin profaned the motto of Virginia. At the West End I found the whole metropolis intensely excited. I never witnessed such a sensation in London.

April 27.—Heard Gladstone's speech on the Budget. All the seats had been assigned weeks before, but through the Speaker himself I obtained one. Great opulence of language, but I did not consider him equal to Clay, Webster, or Rives. Disraeli and Bulwer sat side by side. Saw John Bright for the first time.

April 28.—Met Lady Beauchamp,—pronounced Beecham in England.

May 6.—Saw at Bushey Park and Hampton Court the famous chestnut-tree in full bloom. Nothing could be more magnificent.

May 17.—Went to Chelsea. Mr. Carlyle amused us much by his comments on the proclamation of Johnson. He styled him a sanguinary tailor seated on Olympus.

May 25.—While dining at Verey's, saw Charles Dickens. He looked very little like a gentleman, and, to our amazement, took out a pocket-comb and combed his hair and whiskers, or rather his goatee, at the table. This is the man who ridiculed America!

May 27.—Dined at Verey's. Saw Dickens again, and a recapitulation of the comb process.

June 18.—Having closed my connection with the *Index*, have made an engagement on the *Standard*. I am to have one leader a week for a guinea and a half a week.

June 25.—At St. Mark's Church. Heard the Archbishop of York preach in behalf of the Consumption Hospital at Brompton, which was founded on the cleansing of the lepers by our Saviour. One point he made was that the nine lepers who went away cured without an expression of gratitude were not more ungrateful than we who slight his gifts and neglect the suffering. I saw the bishop get into his carriage to take his seat by his pretty wife and two smartly-dressed children. The rector came out to bid "my lord" good-morning, my lord's servant, carrying his lawn, sermon, and prayer-book in a bag, took his place on the box, and all drove off as fast as two spanking bays could take them.

June 28.—To the Handel festival, where I saw thirteen thousand

people in fashionable morning dress. Four thousand were in the chorus. Patti, Sims Reeves, Sainton Dolby, sang. It was magnificent.

July 9.—Heard the Archbishop of Dublin, Richard Chenevix Trench, preach. Bad manner; the impressive passages were uttered in a sort of sob, as if broken down with his own utterance.

Aug. 21.—To the Britannia Theatre to see a melodrama, "The Confederate's Daughter." The villain, as General Butler, was almost as great a scoundrel as the original.

Sept. 1.—Went to Ripon, Studley Park, the property of Earl De Grey and Ripon, who makes the public pay the expense of his park. Some days there are hundreds of visitors. Every visitor pays a shilling.

Sept. 23.—Took a walk along the banks of the Tees and the rivulet Greta to Rokeby. Saw Rokeby mansion, the seat of Walter Scott's friend Mr. Morritt. I recalled the old song sister and I used to sing, "Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair, and Greta's woods are green."

Nov. 13.—To Windsor Castle to see Lady Augusta Stanley, one of the ladies-in-waiting to the queen. Were met at the station by a servant in livery, who showed the way. Lady Augusta's apartment is in Edward the Third's tower. There we had lunch. The bread was the best we had eaten in England. The service, linen, and silver bore the royal arms and "V. R." Afterwards Lady Augusta took us over the castle. The queen and a few princesses had gone for a drive. Saw magnificent pictures, tapestry, statues, arms, vases, etc. The library is a noble one.

Nov. 15.—Called on Carlyle. Found the Irish patriot Gavan Duffy there. Carlyle gave us a graphic account of a visit to the thieves' quarter in Whitechapel. He also spoke of the great ignorance of the educated classes in England and Germany of German history and literature.

Dec. 26, *Sidmouth.*—At Mr. Vane's made a bowl of egg-nog, a drink unknown in England.

Jan. 11, 1866, *London.*—Twelve inches of snow fallen. Nothing can be more dismal than a fall of snow in London. No matter how densely fall the flakes, they are scarcely more numerous than the flakes of soot; there is no sparkling surface, as there is on snow in America. Lunched with Dean and Lady Stanley at the deanery, Westminster. The dean took us into the famous Jerusalem chamber attached to the abbey,—a room hung with Arras tapestry, and where, according to Shakespeare, Henry VII. died on the floor. In the dean's dining-room was a collection of the portraits of former deans: one of them was the famous Atterbury.

Jan. 14.—Heard Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He conducted the service himself. He read a psalm with so much comment that the words of David were almost lost in the performance. The congregation sang a hymn to the tune of "Old Hundred" with fine effect. The argument of his sermon was to show a special providence in the minutest phenomena of nature: every change of wind was wrought for some purpose of a spiritual nature not less than of a spiritual kind. His great power, I think, is owing to a good voice,

great fluency, and plentiful use of homely metaphor. I know preachers at home far superior.

Jan. 25.—Called at Cheyne Row. Found Carlyle in the best of humors. He gave us an account of the rise of Chartism in England. He denounced the Emperor Napoleon and John Bright with equal severity, and, while there was not one noble soul to be found in all France, England had become a great horrible discordant blacksmith's-shop.

Jan. 26.—Dean Stanley mentioned the fact that nearly all the grandest buildings in the world were the burial-places of monarchs, —St. Denis, St. Peter's, the Escorial, Westminster, etc. Wrote my weekly letter to the *Louisville Journal.* Had my hair cut.

Feb. 8.—Went to Mason's and played whist with Mr. Bayard, United States Senator formerly from Delaware.

Feb. 22.—While out, Mr. Tennyson called and left his card. My friend Lord Donoughmore died at his residence here. No man in England impressed me more favorably. The *Standard* says his death leaves a gap in the conservative party that will not be easily filled.

Feb. 24.—Cheated by a rascally tradesman.

March 5.—Had by invitation an interview with his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of rebuilding William and Mary College. It lasted twenty minutes. He listened respectfully to all I had to say. He was very cautious not to utter a word on the American war, and I was cautious not to base my appeal for the college on exclusive church grounds. When I rose to leave, he promised his favor and assistance. In the evening went to see Tennyson, at Lady Franklin's, Kensington Gore. The bard was ill with a cold, but received me genially. Met there Mr. Woolner, Baker of the Nile, Macmillan the publisher, and other gentlemen, besides a Japanese. Two ladies came at eleven, one of them Lady Florence Cooper.

March 9.—Dined at Colonel Percy's of the Coldstream Guards. Met the Dowager Marchioness of Bath, a very intelligent old lady, a strong friend of the Confederacy.

March 12.—Breakfasted at Mr. Huth's, a friend of Thackeray's. A magnificent house. The most sumptuous library I ever saw. A first edition of Chaucer. A splendid copy of first edition of John Smith's "Virginia," Pocahontas's portrait, proof impression of maps, etc. He has the celebrated collection of seventy-five black-letter ballads from the late Mr. Daniel's library.

March 18.—Heard Rev. Charles Kingsley discourse at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. Crowded house. He challenged the assertion that this was an irreverent age.

March 19.—Dined at Mr. Schenley's, Prince's Gate. He showed me a beautiful emerald ring given him by Lord Byron, engraved with devices in Arabic, the signet-ring of some pacha. Referring to Byron, he said he knew him well in Italy,—that he was a coarse lubberly man, and that all who knew him marvelled at his success with women, which could not be imputed to his good looks. Shelley he describes as having a feminine appearance and great gentleness of manner. Mr. Schenley was present with Trelawney and assisted at the burning of Shelley's

remains. He said that the Countess of Guiccioli was never even pretty, even in her *première jeunesse*.

March 21.—Dined at Alexander Collie's. Met Charles Mackay and Robert Chambers, the reputed author of "Vestiges of Creation." He is an old man, with a singularly-shaped head rising high to the crown. He gave us interesting anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott.

March 27.—Went to the general post-office to see the closing of the mail. One million letters is the daily average sent and received. Two thousand clerks are employed.

April 7.—I envy every one going home. I long to see dear old Virginia. I love her deeper for her impoverishment. Her wasted fields seem more beautiful than this richly-cultured England. As for the best class of people there, I am convinced, as I compare them with the aristocracy of other countries, that they are higher in the scale of moral elevation than any class on earth, and, so thinking, I ask, "Am I worthy the name of Virginian?"

April 10.—Heard Dickens at St. James's Hall. Admirable, and a crowded house, but could not help thinking it *infra dig.* for the master of fiction to come down to Mrs. Raddle. Fancy Thackeray imitating Becky Sharp!

May 10.—The most momentous event is the failure of the banking-house of Overend, Gurney & Co. Eleven million pounds liabilities. A panic prevails. A dense mass of people are passing through Lombard Street.

May 22.—To Covent Garden to buy fruit for a sick friend, but was scared by the price. Peaches five shillings each, apples and pears twenty-four shillings. Bought two pounds of grapes, thirty shillings, six jars raspberries at Fortnum & Mason's for one guinea.

June 1.—Met in Hyde Park Carlyle, the first time since the death of his wife. We walked as far as Brompton Road. He talked with all his peculiar brilliancy; said the failure of Overend & Co. was the legitimate result of the Limited Liability Companies, that commercial men of England were mashing their faces into pancakes against the adamant of things. Speaking of Jefferson Davis, he declared that, looking at the war from first to last, Davis seemed to him one of the manliest actors in it, and whatever the jury might say on his trial, the grand jury of mankind had already declared him not guilty. Mr. Carlyle said he had read Moncure Conway's paper in *Fraser's Magazine* on Cincinnati, and shut up the book thanking God that he was four thousand miles from it all. Concerning great men, he said, never was greater mistake than that of believing great emergencies produced great men; they were not always to be had when wanted. Referring to George III., he highly extolled his courage in the Lord George Gordon riots, and praised the library he left to the British Museum, as on the whole the best he had seen, telling me he had written his "French Revolution" from the authorities he found there.

June 9.—By rail to Felday, near Dorking, to a picnic in honor of Miss Annie Thackeray's twenty-ninth birthday. Very pleasant. Stephen, Charles Collins, Mrs. Sartoris, and others, present.

June 15.—At the British Museum came across a volume of pam-

phlets that had belonged to John Howard Payne. Each one had his autograph. In 1811 it would appear that he was living in Richmond, United States. Several had a reference to the burning of the theatre. One was a poem, entitled "A Monody on the Victims of the Conflagration in the City of Richmond."

Went to Chelsea to see Mr. Carlyle. Saw his brother, and his niece Mrs. Welsh. Mr. Carlyle said it seemed to him men were bent on reversing the idea of a millennium, which was to lock up the devil a thousand years, and were going to give him a free passage to do his worst on earth.

June 30.—Went with Bertrand Payne, Esq., to Lymington, thence by ferry to Yarmouth, where we took a carriage for Farringford, the residence of Tennyson, and were warmly received by him. A lovelier spot would be difficult to find. An irregular Gothic cottage, surrounded by beautiful trees, the ilex and the elm, and exquisite turf, and with glimpses of the sea from almost every window, abundant roses, and a thrifty magnolia grandiflora growing on the south wall, nailed up like apricots, and almost secluded from the world. All was charming; books everywhere, engravings, a few paintings, casts, and statuettes. Dined at seven. Mrs. Tennyson, a most gentle lady, in evident feeble health, with remains of rare beauty, the poet's sister, an old maid, his boys Hallam and Lionel, this was the family. After dinner, which was excellent but simple,—soup, salmon, roast mutton, ducks, peas, tarts, pudding, strawberries, and cherries,—the gentlemen adjourned to the top of the house, where, in the poet's sanctum, we had pipes and talk till two o'clock.

July 1.—I came down at nine and attended prayers, Mrs. Tennyson conducting the service. Took a walk to Freshwater Bay, and returned to lunch. In the afternoon Tennyson, Payne, and I walked in the direction of the Needles, wind blowing a gale. Mrs. Cameron, the amateur in photography, came in after dinner and asked us to sit. In the morning I sat with Tennyson in his den, where he read me an unpublished poem in continuation of the "Northern Farmer." Tennyson repeated "My Heart's in the Highlands" with great unction, and said nobody wrote such music nowadays. Left Farringford at three P.M. Reached London next day.

Aug. 1.—Saw at Woolner's a beautiful medallion of Tennyson, just finished by him for Mr. Payne, of Moxon & Co.

Atlantic telegraph in full working order.

Encountered Sir Edwin Landseer in an omnibus.

Sept. 4.—Spent the evening with Carlyle. He talked delightfully of many matters. Speaking of literature, he said it had so degenerated that we might hope an end was coming to books, and that after a while we might relapse into the taciturnity of our ancestors.

Sept. 12.—Visited the great tubular railway bridge that gave such fame to Stephenson. It is a fine thing, doubtless, a marvel of engineering skill, but neither the height above the water, one hundred feet, nor its length, make it so impressive as the suspension bridge at Niagara.

Took my final leave of London, after a residence of more than

two years, by Great Western Railway to Cheltenham. Went to the great Abbey Hotel, one of the dreadfully proper hotels peculiar to England. The landlady begged me to throw my cigar away, as no smoking was allowed in the establishment. Called at Lady Vane's, hoping to see the Vanes of Sidmouth, but they were away..

Sept. 8.—Walked about Malvern, a queer, quaint town, built in terraces on the side of Malvern Hills.

Sept. 9.—Saw Mr. Locker, the poet, who is a patient of this famous hydropathic establishment.

Saw also the porcelain-manufactory. The foreman told me that the wares were subjected to a temperature of 25,000 degrees of Fahrenheit, as ascertained by a pyrometer.

Sept. 11.—Left Birmingham with satisfaction,—a bustling, crowded, vulgar, dirty town. Rain, rain everywhere. Went by rail *via* Chester to Bangor. At Rhyl the new pier was carried away by the furious storm and the violence of the waves.

Sept. 15.—Sailed in the steamer Cuba for New York.

Elizabeth Stoddard.

MORALITY IN FICTION.

IN the publishing world it is conceded that the average man, occupied as he is in pursuits more or less fatiguing, will not accept literature at any price. What he wants is twenty-five cents' worth of distraction. His wife, however, and his daughter possess a wider leisure, and not infrequently a finer taste. They are as attentive in the selection of a novel as in the choice of a gown. The material is almost as important as the cut. Inasmuch, then, as the writer who declines to provide diversion must look mainly to women for recognition, it is important to know whether, in fiction, it is the moral element that they prefer, or its opposite.

On this point there is a delightful anecdote which admirably pictures the exact shading of the feminine mind, and which in this matter is decisive. Unfortunately, this is not the place to tell it. To get at the question, then, through another gate, an understanding of what is meant by morality cannot be amiss. In nature there is no criterion. One may review the parade of history, the search for a standard is vain. From the synoptic gospels the student learns that distinction is made between what is right and what is wrong, and to this, assuredly, it would be pleasant to hold, were it not that ideas of right and of wrong vary with the latitude. There is barely a tenet that is universally received. And what is still more noteworthy is the fact that what is reproved in one locality is applauded in another. But even were it otherwise the general acceptance of a tenet is not a proof of its validity. Once upon a time it was a universal belief that the earth was flat, it was once a universal belief that the earth was stationary, it was once a universal belief that the earth was the top of all creation, and that the sun, the stars, the moon, shone solely for its benefit. We have changed all that.

In view, then, of the divergence and convolutions of opinion, perhaps it may not be indecorous to regard morality as a matter of local option, controlled by the climate.

That our climate is suited solely to pastorals and fairy-tales we have the amplest testimony from the critics. The query, however, which naturally arises in the mind of even the most unaggressive of novelists is whether he should permit the climate to affect his own individual pen. Frontiers are certainly admirable in their usefulness, but Thought will often decline to be detained. It is restive under conventions, and its restiveness is increased by the prescience that Time, who is at least a gentleman, will bring it its due unsought. Meanwhile, the novelist whom it favors with its companionship should think, not of the climate, but of the ladies, and ask himself, as good breeding dictates, what manner of tale they prefer.

In endeavoring to answer this question to his own satisfaction and to theirs, he will probably remember that fashions change, that the feminine eye is pleasured by the latest, and that it is for him, as Bachelor of Taste, to be one season in advance of the prevailing mode. Let him be ridiculed to-day, to-morrow's ample hands are full of rewards. At the critic he can afford to smile; it is a more gracious court to which he turns. And from the knowledge of his judges which life has brought, may he not safely infer that what they want, first and foremost, is a plot of sustained interest presented with the best possible effect?

Now, to be interesting is, admittedly, to say the opposite of what is expected. The best effects—witness Rembrandt—are due to an almost total absence of light; and as for the plot, from whence may it come, if not from life? Yet here is the rub. It is not given to every one to pass his existence in the society of Anthony-Trollope heroines; nor does every one converse exclusively of edelweiss and myosotis. The critic may, it is true, but in that case it is difficult to imagine him as a man of the world, or even of its neighborhood. His home is the Ideal, which we of coarser clay may admire, yet never approach. Young women do not always act as though they had stepped from a ballad, and young men do not always comport themselves after the fashion of German sentimentalists. In real life they are seldom so well-behaved. Adolphus, for instance, is sometimes overheard inviting Angelina to dance with him the waltz from "Faust." That he should do so is manifestly unconventional, and it is unseemly of Angelina does she accept. But the fact that the invitation is extended does not necessarily render its portrayal in fiction immoral. In the opinion of grave thinkers it is exactly the contrary. It offers the novelist possibilities in homiletics which are not at all to be disdained. There are perhaps a few who will not agree to this. But what is there that is not contradicted? Are there not *de par le monde* people illiberal enough to deny that the upper notes of the flute are blue? The statement which passes unchallenged is a platitude.

In this particular, then, it may be serviceable to define in what immorality in fiction consists, and this perhaps can be best accomplished by means of a few examples. The novels of the unlamented Marquess

of Sade turn wholly on the invitation alluded to, and that invitation is the basis of half of the Comédie Humaine. But where the marquess is lascive as a faun, Balzac is severe as an ancestor in oil. To the one virtue represented stupidity, to the other it represented the sublime. The author of "Justine" was wholly Carthaginian in his views, the author of "La Fille aux Yeux d'Or" thoroughly logical. Balzac degraded his reprehensible characters, de Sade ennobled them. It is true the latter was crazy, but then the same thing has been hinted of Balzac. This, however, by the way, and the point of which the conveyance has been sought is this, that if the novelist in handling that invitation and in deducing its rigorous results has the ability to show that, independent of geography, it is conscience which makes the sinner, not the sin, he is deserving of the thanks of every guardian, be that guardian but *ad litem*.

On the other hand, when the novelist imitates de Sade, as has Mr. Mallock in the "Romance of the Nineteenth Century," and sends his heroine on the clear level flight of angel wings straight up to Paradise, instead of leaving her to prowl a wanton in the purlieus of the parish, then indeed we have the immoral in fiction, the apotheosis of vice. It is presumably due to a misunderstanding of these distinctions that the "Scarlet Letter" and "Adam Bede" are thought unsuited to the Young Person.

Admittedly, the novelist who goes about kicking down screens and pulling curtains aside is ill advised. No one save the Quaker maiden of history ever really wanted to be shocked. A hint is easy of digestion, and if the novelist know his art he can send out that hint masked to the teeth and yet pregnant with suggestion. Of the critic he need not concern himself in the least, unless it be to hope for his disapproval. For the average reviewer, in love with a past of which he knows nothing, and afraid of a future in which he will have no part, is a very amusing individual. Does he condemn a book, it succeeds. Does he praise it, presto! it is dead. It is of the ladies and of their finer susceptibilities that the novelist should take most heed. And what healthy-minded woman is there that would object to a novel because it happened to turn on that archaic duo which has been sung since time began and which at each repetition seems an original theme? If objection there be, it is the accompaniment that jars, not the aria itself.

In Paris, at the present moment, the success of the season is the "Immortel," a series of anecdotes so acrid in odor that they would upset a ragpicker, and yet so artfully interwoven that they could safely pass into the hands of the Young Person. *Elle n'y verrait que du feu.* In our more immediate neighborhood the success of the year is Miss Rives' novel, a work well calculated to bring the Young Person dreams, but not at all of a nature to keep her guardian awake. In the one you mark the assurance of a man that knows whereof he speaks and does not hesitate to be loquacious. In the other you feel the influence and the charm of an imagination at war with the commonplace, an imagination at once turbulent and refined. These two books have caused much pain to the critic, and what has completed the critic's

distress is the fact that both of them are masterpieces. In noting this incident, the present writer refers of course merely to the reviewers in this country. In France they strum a different guitar. A little while ago, a few decades at most, Stendhal was pleased to say, "La moralité américaine me semble d'une abominable vulgarité, et en lisant les ouvrages de leurs hommes distingués, je n'éprouve qu'un seul désir, c'est de jamais les rencontrer." One may fancy that his very ink would blush did he encounter the gentlemen who take Miss Rives to task. But then it is such an easy matter to find fault. And that easy matter is made the easier in that the impeccable exists only to the genius and his peers. At the time when Voltaire overshadowed the majesty of two kings, he was accused of not knowing orthography. "So much the worse for orthography," said Rivarol. Truly, there are few among us that can wear our wrinkles, as did Ninon de l'Enclos, on the heel.

The masters of ornamental literature have shown as much unconcern in this matter as we do of the state of the weather in Fiji. They occupied themselves in dissecting the human heart, in voicing nature, in displaying man. The question of morality they left to the casuists. To refuse them countenance on that account is like putting cotton in the ear: a possible influenza may be avoided, but hearing is dulled. Yet few are illiberal enough for that. In Boston, that city which the wanderer from the West described as a place where respectability stalked unchecked, an audience of exceeding refinement sat out "Œdipus Tyrannus," of which the central situation is barely mentionable in ordinary speech. And, what is more noteworthy, the audience applauded that stupendous tragedy with a full understanding of its meaning, and with no other thought than one of admiration for Sophocles and the power which that giant displayed. Shakespeare and Molière, to cite the higher names, possess a magnetism that is sentiable even by the indifferent; the science of life was theirs by right of intuition: they put no ink in the veins of their characters, they made them of flesh and of blood, sometimes noble, often the reverse, but always real. They did not paint existence as we would like it to be, but as it is. To call them immoral on that account is to be a paradoxist indeed. The effect of such writers on an impressionable adolescent is that of a bugle blown suddenly through the quiet of a dawn: he awakes with the thrill of larger life. Yet give him Thackeray, against whom the charge of immorality has yet to be brought, and he will consider debts the appanage of a gentleman, and the bilking of tailors an amiable pursuit.

The question, then, of morality in fiction is seemingly a question of literary ability. An author may handle any topic, however *scabreux*, provided that he seek less to entertain than to instruct. "Ich schriebe nicht zu gefallen," said Goethe. "Ihr sollt was lernen." Any one can map a plot of such lancinating interest that were it put on the stage the audience would rush from the theatre screaming with fright. Any one with two cents' worth of imagination and a cigarette can do that. And as for pleasing, why, that is the whole secret of mediocrity. But to be artistic is a different matter. Art in fiction consists in the detention of the evanescent. And in detaining it the artist should be as

unaffected by local caprices as the mathematician is unaffected by the color of the pencil with which his equation is solved. It is in the powder that danger lurks, not in the fuse. The difference between Dr. Jekyll in the play and Dr. Jekyll in the novel is a case in point. In the novel the feminine element is absent. The action of the play turns on the murder of a man who thwarts the would-be ravisher of his daughter. The instant transformation of the perfect lover into the perfect beast is perhaps not one which Mr. Stevenson would feel himself called upon to depict, and yet an opportunity richer in the evanescent, in retroacting emotions and hatred of self, it is difficult for the artist to devise. Had Mr. Stevenson availed himself of it, it is permissible to suppose that, as a lesson in life, it would have been of a benefit as appreciable as the admonition which he actually gave.

It is in this pinning of the evanescent that such artists as Mr. James and M. Bourget excel. Indeed, the one difference between them is that where Mr. James is handicapped by the prudery of Anglo-American prejudices, M. Bourget is in possession of an untrammelled pen. To the one the question of conventionalities is paramount, to the other it does not exist,—a state of affairs which may perhaps account for the fact that where Mr. James lulls his reader with minor chords, M. Bourget brings him a succession of little thrills that are comparable only to those which the visit of the unexpected wasp conveys. M. Bourget represents the tonifying element in fiction, Mr. James the sedative.

Moreover, in this question there is the relativity to be considered. Not to every one is it given to disentangle threads of silk from the refuse of the barn. If every maker of rhyme stood on the same pedestal as Victor Hugo, Victor Hugo would cease to be a synonyme. And, by the same token, if every novelist spawned upon the public the same quality of mud as the author of "La Terre," Zola would be as indistinguishable from his brethren as one ballet-dancer is from another. That matters are otherwise we may indeed be thankful. There are hours in which Hugo is stupid as an anonymous landscape, and Zola inartistic as a Wesleyan chapel. And yet both are deserving of vivas. Both declined to abide by canons that others had made. With that dower of common sense which is the appurtenance of makers of epochs, each from his individual tower discovered that high-roads are sterile. Thereupon Hugo entered the drawing-room of letters attired in a new theory; Zola opened a kindergarten and gave his scholars facts. From the one came the watchword of Liberty in Art; and we all remember how demoniac Gautier was in its defence. On the standard of the other is the rubric, Down with Dream. Latterly Romanticism has been relegated to the provinces, and Naturalism has ceased to appeal. As a consequence, the pickets that guard the literary outposts are alert for the earliest signal that shall rumor a new manifesto. It is evident to them as to us that our fiction, if not next door to a pauper, lives practically in the same street. The reader is tired of whipped cream and filigrees; he has an indigestion of pemmican. Well, then, may the pickets bite their thumbs. It cometh not, they mourn. Yet even as they do so it has passed the sentinels unchallenged and crossed the

lines unseen. The Exact Representation of the Fugitive Impression is the name it bears. Among the few to give it welcome is the author of "The Quick or the Dead?"

Whether or not Miss Rives' hospitality was intentional the present writer is uninformed. It is presumable, however, that it was effortless and spontaneous, as true hospitality ever is. In any event it served a purpose, and, until the reader wearies anew, the freedom of the city is its. Meanwhile, that it may be recognized on sight, the present writer begs the indulgence of a moment more.

The pleasure which comes of a novel should be physical. It should put the reader in a state of tension sufficient to cause an evocation of fancies which without that influence would decline to appear. The author who affects his reader as an easy-chair does may be comforting as easy-chairs are, but there comes an hour when he is relegated to the garret. The first duty of a novelist is to irritate the reader. The second duty is to be able to bone the dictionary as readily as a *chef* bones a bird. The third duty is to have emotions, and to be so prompt in detaining them that the reader shares their effect. But, paramount of all, he should let no work go from him that does not instil some lesson and make men, and women too, the better and the wiser for his prose. If he fail in any one of these duties, then the Exact Representation of the Fugitive Impression is not his to convey.

Already the day of lullabies is gone; gone are the pastorals of our youth; gone, too, are the harpists we were wont to hear. The skies are less neighborly than in days of old, the earth is larger, and literature of quicker breath. Of the charmers of earlier years, some have not left their names, some have faded into myth, while others have passed even from mythology itself. To be authoritative to-day the novelist must learn to forget. In his grasp are newer tools and methods of such cunning that with them he can paint the impalpable and chisel a dream. On the subject of morality he should still be cautious. Yet, does he possess those finer fibres of which refinement is the woof, he needs no rememoration to divine that the secret of morality in fiction consists less in situations suggested than in the sentiments which those situations arouse.

There are, it may be, a number of estimable people who will not be able to feel wholly sure that the foregoing statements are true. But then there are people who are not sure that it is cold in winter, or that Virgil is a bore, unless they read it in print. There are even people who gauge the value of a book by the number of its editions. You, sir, and you, madam, who do the writer the honor to read these lines, are assuredly better informed; yet have you a lingering doubt, then let him pray you, take a glance through the dust-bins of fiction.

Edgar Saltus.

CORPORATE SURETYSHIP.

NOT more than fifteen years ago, a member of the Philadelphia bar, having been appointed guardian for certain minors, was required to obtain the usual security in double the amount of the estate, before he could enter upon the duties of his office. Being widely and favorably known, and an exceptionally popular person besides, he set forth in quest of the necessary bondsmen with a cheerful confidence not warranted by subsequent events. To use his own expression when relating this incident to the writer of this article, he thought he could get his security round the corner in a few minutes; but he travelled over the whole city for several weeks, and ended by becoming a victim to despondency, bordering upon despair.

It was necessary to get at least one freeholder—that is, a person owning real estate—to the amount of the bond, clear of all encumbrances. He had many friends who were anxious to do him such a favor. But numerous insurmountable obstacles intervened. Some of the proposed sureties had not quite enough margin over encumbrances; another had put his house in his wife's name, and she was legally forbidden to sign such a bond; another was in a partnership, one of whose conditions was that no co-partner should enter security; another had entered security elsewhere; another really owned his freehold, but the title was still under a cloud; some others would be glad to oblige him for a compensation amounting to quite three times his commissions as guardian; and so forth. Whereupon he finally gave up his appointment, and, with it, a fair remuneration for several years, merely because of his inability to comply with a requirement which, certainly in his case, was "a mere matter of form."

This little incident set our friend to thinking. What had happened to him must be constantly happening to others. Why should he be subjected to such embarrassment on the one hand, and his friends to such inconvenience on the other? Why could not a business transaction be performed through business methods? In other words, why could not the act of bonding be done for a price and on the insurance principle by a corporation, chartered to take such risks and reinforced by large capital?

It was not long afterwards that the great need emphasized by such cases as this found practical relief in the organization in this country, and within the past few years, of several surety companies, ably managed and having large financial resources. The conspicuous success of these companies has made it safe to predict that before the end of this century the signing of a bond as an act of friendship will come to be regarded as a relic of barbarism. Indeed, it is difficult to understand, in this age of marvellous commercial development and progress, how such a universal and indispensable matter as suretyship should have remained at a stand-still, with scarcely a tittle of improvement, from the time when Alfred of England, one thousand years ago, required the tithing-man to be surety for the good behavior of all the members

of his decennary. It is true that in England the guaranteeing of the fidelity of employés was recognized as the proper function of mutual and other corporations more than forty years ago; but it was only in recent years—under the authority of a Treasury Minute of November 3, 1871—that the practice of bonding government officials in England could be said to have been definitely established.

These official and employé bonds, however, are but a small fraction out of the aggregate of bonds which men of property are requested to sign for their friends. Suretyship was once admirably and satirically defined by Judge Lumpkin in a Georgia case as "a lame substitute for a thorough knowledge of human nature." This is the essence of suretyship. If we could only be sure of the continued good conduct of those whom we intrust with our money, we could in most cases dispense with security from them. But we cannot be confident beyond a doubt. Hence security is required in almost every conceivable transaction involving the custody by one man of the valuables belonging to another. All administrators who manage the estates of the dead must furnish security in double the amount of the personal estate, sometimes to the extent of millions of dollars. In many States, though not in Pennsylvania, executors are required to give similar security. Every assignee of property assigned for the benefit of creditors by embarrassed firms or other commercial enterprises must give bond. Every receiver, or person appointed by the court to take control of partnership or other property over which there is litigation of a certain kind, must give bond. All guardians for minor children are required to enter security. Committees to take charge of the estates of persons declared insane must give bond. In many cases commissioners and masters for public sales of property must enter security.

Hence, and for reasons based upon the same principle, the method of obtaining the attendance of persons sued in the civil courts in actions of negligence, malicious prosecution, trespass, deceit, conspiracy, assault and battery, and all other causes of action that may be classed as wrongs tainted with fraud, has for centuries consisted of taking security in the nature of bail. So of course in all cases of criminal prosecution to prevent the escape of the defendant. So in all cases where the property of a non-resident is seized in the first instance and before judgment; and in cases where property is attached before judgment on account of fraud committed by the owner, who is defendant; and in cases where the plaintiff is a non-resident: in all these cases security must be entered by the plaintiff to compel him to carry on his suit faithfully, and, in the last instance, to pay the costs. So, in all appeals from one court to another, appeal bonds must be entered.

The domain of contracts offers an almost unlimited field for the entering of security, especially in the case of contracts with municipalities and States for furnishing supplies and for the erection of buildings, and in the case of building contracts with private individuals. In each of these cases a bond is required from the contractor. Often the contractor requires bonds from sub-contractors, or those who work for and under him. Over all these transactions a net-work of bonds is thrown, to secure the faithful and prompt completion of the work.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. Enough has been shown to make the most casual observer appreciate the number and magnitude of the risks that were imposed, under the old system, upon the shoulders of individual sureties,—burdens so heavy and perilous that we are not surprised to see how many financial wrecks have been caused by the short-sighted policy of signing a bond as a matter of form and to oblige a friend. It is no wonder that the literature of fiction and the stage abounds with these familiar disasters, picturing the honest bondsman sitting amid the ruins of his once prosperous home as he contemplates the fell work accomplished by one good-natured stroke of a pen. "He that is surety for a stranger," said King Solomon, "shall smart for it, and he that hateth suretyship is sure."

It is now possible for men of means to refuse these burdensome undertakings and to refer the applicant to some reliable surety company as a method of getting his security, precisely as he gets his fire and life insurance. This, however, is but a small part of the advantages gained by the existence of such companies. The business of corporate suretyship is so recent that there still exists considerable misapprehension and want of comprehension in regard to its breadth and scope and the direct influence it exerts upon the welfare and stability of the community. This is, of course, the history of every commercial and legal reform. The business of trusteeship, for instance, is a notable example. One hundred years ago the idea that any chartered aggregation should act as a trustee, guardian, executor, or administrator would have been considered preposterous. The office seemed essentially personal. In view of what our modern eyes behold, how deliciously absurd is the language of the revered Blackstone, when he says, "A corporation cannot be executor or administrator, or perform any personal duties; for it cannot take an oath for the due execution of the office."! In these days the bulk of all considerable estates is in the hands of wealthy and reliable corporations, as executors, administrators, and trustees that do not die or speculate with the funds, and whose admirable management has caused individual trusteeship to dwindle into comparative insignificance.

Now, there are more and better reasons for holding that the act of suretyship should never be personal or gratuitous. This is true, not only in justice to him who becomes surety for another, but also for the sake of him for whose benefit the security is given. If the individual bondsman dies, much trouble is generally incurred in order to realize from his estate: the corporate bondsman exists perpetually. An individual bondsman may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow: the corporation is under the supervision of law, has established assets, and a reserve fund to provide for losses. If a claim is made upon the bond of an individual, he inevitably tries to wriggle out of it by hook or by crook, and the public (including juries) naturally sympathizes with his efforts: a corporation that has signed the bond for a compensation and then should try to wriggle out of its liability would soon realize its want of wisdom in a loss of the confidence of the business world; on the contrary, the policy of such a corporation is to pay the loss generously and promptly, without murmur or quibble. *Two* individuals generally must sign the bond: *one* corporation is permitted to take

their place. Corporate suretyship is, moreover, considerably to the advantage of those who must give bond for the faithful performance of certain duties. The case of a trustee, assignee, or administrator is in point. It happens daily that some business-man, through the death of a friend or relative, or through the disability or insolvency of relatives or friends, is invested, in one of these offices, with the care of some large estate, involving time, trouble, expense, and much responsibility. If he gets his friend, in the old way, to sign the bond, he places himself under a load of obligation which to a conscientious man becomes a source of constant anxiety and embarrassing gratitude. The bondsman then departs, unable or unwilling to keep his eye upon the estate or to pry into the actions of him whose fidelity he has solemnly guaranteed, yet uneasy for many years, lest some mistake of his friend should cause a serious loss. The other, on his part, is cast upon his own resources; he must sink or swim in the vessel he has undertaken to navigate. But if security is given by a corporation, the whole affair at once becomes a matter of business. The assignee, guardian, executor, trustee, or administrator is required to place himself and the estate under the continuous supervision of the company. All cash must be deposited in the banking department of the company, and all checks drawn upon it must be countersigned by one of its officers. All securities must be placed for safe keeping in the company's safe and vaults: the key of the administrator turns the lock half-way open, and a key in the hands of the company's officer then turns the lock the rest of the way. These precautions are salutary, and the administrator realizes that in acting under the supervision and advice of the company he is guided by an experienced counsellor, and the best and wisest of friends because the one most interested in conserving the estate.

These are cases in which the law demands security. But there is another and far wider class of cases where responsible duties are daily performed by employés,—cases upon which the law places no such restraint, but in which it would seem that every consideration of prudence should imperatively demand some form of protection. This class is technically called Fidelity Insurance. It embraces all employments involving the collection or custody of cash or other property belonging to the employer, and employments in which responsible duties are performed, the wrongful doing of which might entail serious damage. The number of such employés is large and their duties various: cashiers, tellers, messengers, and other employés of banks and trust companies, treasurers of all kinds, collectors and agents, book-keepers and clerks, employés of railroad companies, such as station agents and fiduciary employés at the offices of such companies, operators of telegraph companies, officers of lodges, managers and superintendents, all are included in this class.

In such employments, and especially in the case of cashiers and book-keepers employed by merchants, there is as yet a looseness in insuring against loss by defalcation that can only be accounted for by the comparatively recent growth of fidelity insurance and the consequently imperfect knowledge concerning its advantages.

For example, it is the rule rather than the exception to see a man

who is in active business, and who is accounted prudent according to existing standards, with his property insured to the following extent and no further: he has insured his dwelling-house against fire, say, for $10,000; he has insured his life, say, for $25,000; he has insured the stock and fixtures at his store, say, for $50,000. Having done this, he feels satisfied that he has surrounded himself and his family with all the safeguards that caution can suggest. Yet how does he stand? The bulk of his fortune is uninsured. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars, represented by cash, bonds and mortgages, coupon bonds, stock, and other negotiable securities, are in the hands of a cashier or manager or confidential clerk, absolutely without insurance except the assurance the employer may feel in the honesty of the trusted employé. Why should he feel safe? For him to say that he believes implicitly that this particular employé will not steal is, of course, well enough, and highly creditable to his Christian feeling of confidence in the uprightness of human nature. But in a practical business sense it is no better than if he should say that he believes implicitly that his particular house will not burn down and that his particular life will have its normal duration. It is not only no better, but the fact is that the risk is greater in the case of his employé than in that of his house. This will appear at once by getting at the proportion, in value, of property burned to property insured, and by comparing this proportion with the proportion of money stolen to money insured. This, in either case, is the risk assumed by not insuring; and the comparison will show which is the greater risk of the two.

If we take up a little book called "The Philadelphia Insurance Chart," carefully compiled by the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, to whose secretary the writer is indebted for its use, we will find, under the funereal caption "How Philadelphia Burns," the following figures in regard to dwelling-houses:

Whole amount of dwellings insured for fourteen years, from 1874 to 1887 inclusive	$384,000,000
Total insurance loss on same	425,933

From which figures we find that of every thousand dollars insured $1.11 is burned. This seems a large risk, yet here is a larger:

If we turn to the official report of the business of a large and responsible surety company, incorporated in New York, we find the following figures:

Aggregate value of bonds of Fidelity Insurance for two years and ten months, to March 7, 1887	$16,486,218.00
Estimated total losses paid in that department during that time	29,260.18

Showing the astounding fact that out of every thousand dollars in the hands of bonded employés $1.77 is stolen, making this risk greater by at least one-half than the risk assumed in not insuring against fire.

For a trifling premium this risk can, and should be, avoided in every case of fiduciary employment. No prudent business-man can dare to disregard such an obvious and substantial danger. If figures are of any value, it would be far safer for him to lift his policies from

his house and furniture and put them on his employés, for, in fire-insurance parlance, the latter are more combustible than the former.

A fact still more striking presents itself in this connection. It is this: the general instinct is now to insure against fire, just as one washes to prevent disease. Therefore it is undoubted that most tangible property is insured against such a loss. But the cash and securities insured under the above figures and elsewhere are but a small part of the enormous masses of similar wealth in this country in the hands of fiduciaries and absolutely uninsured. The proof of the fact lies in the statistics carefully compiled by the *New York Herald* of July, 1888, showing the amount of money stolen by embezzlers for the past ten years. The result is startling. It shows that during that period at least fifty million dollars were stolen by defaulters, exclusive of all those numerous cases in which the amounts were less than two thousand dollars each. The largest defalcation was that of Ferdinand Ward, who wrecked the firm of Grant & Ward to the tune of $16,735,473.72; among other notable robberies, out of this long and terrible black list, may be mentioned the case of Oscar Baldwin, cashier of the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, New Jersey, who stole $2,500,000 on October 30, 1881; that of John C. Eno, who stole $3,000,000 from the Second National Bank of New York; that of Riddle and Reiber, officers of the Penn Bank of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who stole $1,500,000, and ruined the bank. These are the titanic robbers. The ghastly hosts of lesser thieves, the confidential clerks, trusted employés, highly-respected cashiers, and others of that ilk, follow this inglorious lead in such numbers as indeed to make the most careless business-man stop and ponder whether some form of protection might not keep him from being himself swallowed up some evil day by this frightful tide of daily defalcation.

No doubt much of this disregard shown by employers for their own best interests is due to the personal and confidential relations existing between themselves and their employés, creating a sympathy and respect which entail too often the blind confidence spoken of by the newspapers with almost every defalcation that comes to light. This feeling is, of course, not entertained towards inanimate objects, and the consequence is that we can deal more coldly and brutally with our house and furniture than with our trusted clerk. He seems so honest that he must be so. His habits are straight. It is impossible that he would steal. All this is true in the great majority of cases, and it is indeed well that so much can be said. But every day some new case, more surprising than its predecessor, crops up and makes us marvel at the childlike trust reposed, year after year, in cool, systematic scoundrels who steal millions with a *sang-froid* savoring of satanity. A highly-respectable book-keeper (to all appearances) stole thousands upon thousands of dollars from a prominent bank in Philadelphia for a period of many years, and was much admired for his inordinate modesty in refusing all offers of promotion to another set of duties! A mere accident brought the defalcation to light, which otherwise might have gone on apparently for another twenty years. By a simple enough method the cashier of the Philadelphia *Times* managed to do away with

about $30,000 in nine years, and was discovered more on account of his own folly in being so ostentatiously extravagant than for any other reason. In very many of these cases, however, the thief is neither a gambler nor a rake. He likes to live well, and he lives beyond his income. He does this from a remarkable, morbid desire to be respected or envied, and he risks his life, his family, his reputation, his happiness, to gratify this petty ambition, the fashionable spirit of a metallic age. The heaviest burden of such calamities is that which falls on innocent shoulders,—the poor, delicate shoulders of wives and children. What hopes are gone; what dependent lives are wrecked; what ambitions broken; what shame, what humiliation, what despair: no words can paint these things as they exist about us in the living presence every day. The sin of one weak man,—if it could be made to punish him alone! But the punishment goes on from generation to generation, and from kin to kin, spreading its rottenness and barrenness and living death among all those who bear the shunned and dishonored name. It is hard to believe that many such persons exist; it is impossible to deny that they do exist in quantities; it is impossible not to suspect that many of them are not discovered at all, that the employer goes on wondering at the smallness of his net profits, and that the uninsured and very particularly trusted employé is quite as likely as anybody else to be the person who keeps the profits down.

The growth of a new idea is always interesting. What was unknown and unnecessary yesterday seems familiar and indispensable to-day. This is true of life and fire insurance beyond a doubt. It is now becoming more and more so in the case of a much younger form of insurance,—that which is called Title Insurance. The public is becoming familiar with it, and begins to recognize its advantages. Twenty years ago the purchaser of a house paid anywhere from fifty to five hundred dollars for the work of a conveyancer, who gave him an opinion upon the soundness of his title and concerning the extent to which the property was charged with encumbrances. If some flaw in the title or some unknown encumbrance were afterwards discovered by which a serious loss should be incurred, the purchaser had no redress against his conveyancer unless the latter had been guilty of extraordinary negligence, in which event it would be far from certain whether the conveyancer could ever be made to pay the loss. It occurred to a few active minds that here was a risk that might well be guarded by some form of insurance. Hence the numerous and responsible title insurance companies, enterprises that are now considered indispensable. The possible loss is reduced to a minimum. For a nominal premium the purchaser of real estate obtains an insurance policy guaranteeing him against all loss by reason of a defective title or after-discovered encumbrances, such as mortgages, ground-rents, municipal claims, and any other charges for which as owner he would be legally responsible in addition to the purchase-money. The advantage would seem too obvious for discussion. Yet it is a fact that many purchasers of real estate still cling to the old-fashioned, uncouth, and dangerous system, which proves not that title insurance is wrong, but that the idea is too recent to have gained universal endorsement.

The adoption of this system, however, may now be said to be all but universal. Here again, what is the difference in risk between title insurance and fidelity insurance? The premium is $2.50 on every thousand dollars of title insurance; the risk is certainly not more than 30 cents on every thousand dollars as against $1.77 in the case of insurance against defalcation by employés. No one questions the advisability of insuring titles. But is it not strange that the public mind is at present so constituted that the same persons who would pass sleepless nights if the title to their real estate were without insurance lose not a breath of slumber at the thought that their cash and many other forms of property are at the mercy of one or more employés, the ratio of whose peculations amounts to at least five times the ratio of loss by reason of ownership of real estate?

Fidelity insurance, like all good things, grows on acquaintance. No corporation or individual ever relinquished it after once having adopted it. The large railroad companies take what are known as "blanket bonds," insuring all their employés, or all employés in one department or section. Among banks and trust companies the practice is almost universal. Even the Federal government is beginning to feel the need of such a system. It has been urged upon Congress by ex-Postmaster-General Howe and ex-Secretary Lincoln in strong and convincing language. John A. McCall, Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, said, "It is evident that the popularity of a corporation guarantee of faithfulness in public and private employments will command a large business. There are many more benefits in it compared with the old method of accepting the bonds of an individual. The business conservatively conducted must supplant personal responsibility."

The method by which an employé is bonded in a surety company is simple enough. The employé, having been requested by his employer to furnish a bond in some stated amount, goes to a reliable surety company and fills out and signs an application. The application contains a number of questions regarding the character and antecedents of the employé, which must be answered fully and specifically. All employments for ten years last past must be clearly stated, with the reason for leaving each. A complete description of the appearance of the applicant is noted on the back of the application. At least four responsible persons must be given as references. To each of them a special form of questions is then sent. Upon satisfactory answers to these questions, and upon a careful private investigation of the habits of life of the applicant, a bond is executed by the guarantee company and handed to the employer insuring him against loss arising from dishonesty on the part of the employé.

At the very threshold it is remarkable to observe how many employers dread to offend their employés by asking them for such a bond. This may be very well as a matter of delicate politeness, but surely, in the expressive language of trade, "it is not business." The question is not what is most courteous, but what is most right? What is most just not only to the employer but to the employé himself? Could a better test be devised than to ask an employé to give a bond? If he

is honest, he will do so cheerfully; if he "gets offended," it were as well to discharge him without much delay.

The bonding system proceeds upon the principle that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. The payment by a faithful guarantee company of a heavy defalcation loss is certainly a comfort to any employer, and ought not to be sneezed at on account of a small premium. Many a business-man has been saved from ruin by prompt reimbursement of this kind. Many another has been relieved from temporary insolvency. But the greatest advantage of the corporate bonding system is that the payment of a premium is generally the ounce of prevention. The bond of a friend will not act as a preventive. The relations between the bondsman and the employé are too familiar and personal. The attention of the writer was recently called to a startling instance of the viciousness of individual bonding. A certain cashier in a prominent bank not far from Philadelphia was bonded by his friend. The latter was a man in active business requiring a large line of note discounts. He dealt with his friend's bank. Naturally he made use of the obligation which he had imposed upon this cashier in going on his bond, and thereby obtained the cashier's influence with the board of directors to enable him to get the bank to discount his notes to an amount entirely unwarranted and unsafe. This thing is still going on. How long will it continue without loss to the bank that permits it?

On the other hand, the relations between the surety company and the bonded employé are purely business-like. In the editorial language of the Philadelphia *Times*, of February 10, 1888,—

"The corporation protects itself, as all other insurers do, by a systematic and ceaseless watchfulness against losses. It notes the habits of insured parties; it is not blinded by gifts to charities or ostentatious prayers in Sunday-schools and churches; it reduces everything to matter-of-fact business, and when it detects a guilty party his punishment is inevitable."

Employés are beginning to understand this, and it is a notable fact that to be bonded with a watchful surety company is the very best restraint upon any possible tendencies to wrong-doing. "Knowing and using the terrors of the law," said the apostle, "we persuade men."

Thus the bonding of the employé may not only insure the employer from loss but save the employé himself from crime. The following instance is in point. A surety company in Philadelphia had bonded a collector for a sewing-machine agency, who was to all first appearances scrupulously correct in his habits. The usual cold, careful, and quiet investigation was made from time to time, and it was learned that this man was leading a double life,—that he was intemperate and vicious and living beyond his means. The next step would in all probability have been a defalcation. But this was prevented. The surety company at once notified the employer that it would not be further responsible upon the bond, remitting, of course, a proportionate share of the premium already paid. The employer had an interview with the company, was told of his "trusted employé's" habits, thanked the company for this timely warning, and discharged his man.

The business of corporate suretyship is yet in its youth. Much of

it is tentative. Every year of additional experience reveals some error to be avoided or some improvement to be adopted. A few years hence the present methods may seem comparatively uncouth and unwieldy. But enough has been achieved to give fair promise of a system which is gradually becoming a marvellous science; encouraging the hope that at no distant time the terrible burden of responsibility weighing upon those who sign bonds to oblige their friends will be lifted off entirely, and that even that other more terrible burden of daily defalcation bearing down so heavily and unjustly upon the shoulders of the business world, if it cannot be taken away entirely, may at all events be reduced to its minimum weight.

Lincoln L. Eyre.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

26. *What is the origin of the phrase "Who breaks—pays"?*

In one form or another this saying is to be met with in the proverbial literature of most European countries, and it would be difficult to say positively when or where it originated. But it appears to have been most used in taverns. As drinking and carousing from the earliest days have always imperilled the surrounding furniture, the motto "Who breaks pays" would be a very appropriate one in bacchanalian resorts; and indeed it is to this day frequently posted up in Scotch taverns. In Italy the exact equivalent "Chi rompe—paga" is frequently quoted by housekeepers to their servants,—the destructive tendencies of the latter, especially where china and glass-ware are concerned, being similar all over the world. But, of course, stories have grown up to explain the proverb and account for its origin. Two have been sent in by competitors. Both have the air of being manufactured after the event, but, even if both were true, the origin of the proverb could not be explained in this way. Here, however, are the stories:

In 1476, Alfonso V., King of Portugal, came to Paris to solicit the aid of Louis XI. in recovering Castile, which Ferdinand, son of the King of Aragon, had wrested from him. Louis made arrangements to lodge the king in the mansion of Laurent Herbelot, a wealthy grocer, who had one of the most princely abodes in Paris. The mansion was put in thorough repair, and a glazier was summoned, who commenced to put in some panes of glass on the ground-floor. While he was at work, a passer-by knocked over the basket in which were the panes of glass, and broke several of them. Frightened, he ran away, but the glazier caught him, saying, "Halt, my beauty: don't run so fast. Settle your bill with me. Who breaks—pays."—"How much?"—"Fifteen cents a pane. You broke four." The breaker paid sixty cents, and went on his way. The saying became very popular. Landlords took a fancy to it (drunkards break many panes), and posted on their doors, "Who breaks—pays."—OLIVE OLD-SCHOOL.

Fleet Street, London, has long been celebrated for its taverns, which have been surrounded with a halo of associations derived from the wits and lawyers who frequented them in the early part of the last century. Not far from Temple Bar, and close by that famous resort known as "The Devil," was formerly a little two-story building inclining very much to one side, and presenting a dingy brown face to the public. This house was the meeting-place of a class of men rather

more boisterous than the lawyers and literary characters who went to "The Devil" for refreshment, and their wild orgies startling the echoes of Fleet Street were the source of many complaints.

The house was never known to have a sign until one morning, after a long and melancholy survey of his hopelessly dismembered furniture, its landlord, Levi Fleischman, appeared, and, with firm resolution expressed on his usually placid countenance, nailed up the sign which he had painfully manufactured during the small hours of the night. It was a rough imitation of the device of his neighbor, which represented St. Dunstan seizing the devil by the nose when he comes to tempt him during his work at the forge. Fleischman had elongated the tongue of Dunstan till it nearly resembled an ordinary spade, on which he had printed, in irregular characters, "Who breaks—pays." This sign attracted the attention of all Fleet Street, and was the occasion of many jokes at the expense of the little Jew. It gradually came to be a byword among the wits and lawyers of that age.—MARGERY DAW.

On the whole, as safe an answer as any is the following, by "Davus":

The original of this phrase is an old Italian proverb, "Chi rompe—paga," of which the English form is an exact and literal rendering. The abstract meaning of the expression is sufficiently obvious, denoting that he who offends must atone,—pay the penalty. It is an embodiment of the theory of retribution, and the inevitable triumph of Nemesis. In the French we have the parallel "Ils chantent—ils payeront" ("They sing—they will pay"),—the retort made by Cardinal Mazarin when his attention was directed to the "Mazarinades," or popular songs written against him in Paris during the Fronde. In 1645 the people of Paris protested against certain taxes, and had been repressed by Mazarin in their efforts to reform these measures. They retaliated by writing and distributing satirical poems called "Mazarinades," which were sung on the streets. But they failed in their intent, as Mazarin remained perfectly calm and unmoved by an opposition which could exhaust itself in song, merely saying, "S'ils chantent la canzonette, ils payeront,"—by which he meant, Let them sing their songs if they like; it does not hurt me, and they will have to pay their taxes all the same.

Another and hypothetical interpretation of the phrase "Who breaks—pays" is suggested by the word *pay*. Brewer, in defining the meaning of the expression "The devil to pay, and no pitch hot," derives *pay* from the French *payer*, *paix*, *poix*, "pitch," Latin *pix*,—hence the phrase to "pay" or pitch the seams of a ship. This sort of paying is a kind of *mending*,—a uniting of the two edges of a seam which have become separated by wear or accident. Therefore, by substituting *pitch*, or *mend*, for its equivalent *pay*, we have "Who breaks—mends,"—or, he who fractures anything must mend, or put it together again.

27. *What is a tinker's dam?*

A tinker's dam is a wall of dough raised around a place which a plumber desires to flood with solder. An electrophorus (an instrument for generating induction by electricity) is thus formed. A vial, previously heated, is upset upon a circular plate with a turned-over edge. A circular dam of dough is raised around the lip, forming a wall to hold the soft solder, which holds the insulator to the plate. The material of this dam can be used only once; and, being consequently thrown away as worthless after a very temporary period of usefulness, this device has passed into the proverb "Not worth a tinker's dam," which generally involves the addition of a profane *n* to the last word, and thus converts an otherwise innocent comparison into a phrase of quite another character.—DAVUS.

At the close of the Revolutionary War the government called in all the Continental money. Many counterfeits were discovered, on each of which as received was stamped the word Dam, a contraction of *damnatus*, "condemned." The expression "Not worth a Continental dam" passed into proverbial use; but

in order to heighten the force or make worthlessness exaggerative (or perhaps on account of the parts of speech attributed to tinkers and sailors) the tinker was substituted.—M. A.

28. *Whence the expression "Comparisons are odious"?*

This phrase has a peculiar place and history in English literature. It occurs—

1. In Dr. Donne (1573–1631), "She and comparisons are odious."
2. Robert Burton (1576–1639), "Anatomy of Melancholy," pt. iii. sec. iii. Mem. i., sub. 2: "Comparisons are odious."
3. George Herbert (1593–1633) has it in his "Jacula Prudentum:" "Comparisons are odious."
4. In the play "A Woman Killed with Kindness," Act I. Sc. I., certainly written before 1603.
5. In "Sir Giles Goosecappe," a comedy certainly written before 1606:

> "By heavens, a most edible capariso.
> Odious, thou wouldst say; for comparisos are odious."

6. "Much Ado about Nothing," Act III. Sc. V.: "Comparisons are *odorous*."

These references are all so nearly the same time that they suggest a previous origin that must have been well known and popular. That origin we find in Lyly's "Euphues," published in 1579, where, after comparing Livia and Lucilla, the author says, "But least comparisons should seeme odious," etc. Robert Greene, in "Manilia," first published in 1583, says, "I will not make comparisons, because they be odious." Greene was an imitator of Lyly, and probably copied the phrase from him. This is as far as the phrase seems traceable in the English language. The quotation from "Sir Giles Goosecappe" suggests a Spanish source; besides, Shakespeare's use of the word is connected with Spanish words: "Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbor Verges." So we go to the Spanish first of all, where we find it in Cervantes' "Don Quixote," Bk. VI. cap. xxiii.: "Ya sabe que toda comparacion es odiosa." As the second volume of "Don Quixote" was published about fifteen years later than "Much Ado about Nothing," this proves nothing but a probably proverbial source: so let us refer to the proverbs. In the Dictionary of Proverbs of the Spanish Academy we find it "Toda comparacion es odiosa." Referring to other languages, we find it in two languages,—the French, "Comparaisons sont odieuses," and the Italian, "I paragoni son tutti odiosi." We also find the phrase in Bojardo's "Orlando Innamorato" (Bojardo lived 1434–1494), in cap. vi. 4, as follows: "Ma le comparazion son tutte odiose." But some critics are very positive in saying that the first four stanzas of chapter vi. are of later origin. This, therefore, proves nothing. In the "Polyglot of Proverbs" we find another form, "Toute comparaison est odieuse." Finally, Leroux de Lincy, in "Le Livre des Proverbes francais," vol. i. p. 276, says that in a manuscript collection of proverbs of the thirteenth century he found these: "Comparaisons sont haineuses;" "Comparaison n'est pas raison." I am not able to find any earlier history of the phrase.—BIBOTA.

29. *Who was "Soapy Sam"?*

"Soapy Sam" was a *sobriquet* of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and afterwards of Winchester. The origin of the name is said to be this: The students of Cuddesden College, wishing to celebrate both the bishop and their Principal, Alfred Pott, on some festive occasion, placed on one pillar the initials S. O. (for Samuel of Oxford) and on another A. P. The combination was taken up in a satiric spirit, and the bishop himself said that it was owing to the alliteration with his unfortunate Christian name.

The slang meaning of "soapy," "flattering and wheedling," was supposed to give peculiar appropriateness to its application to the "Bishop of Society," as he was called. The *London Quarterly* calls him "too persuasive, too fascinating in manner, too fertile in expedients, thus furnishing some with pleas for suspecting him of insincerity; he was too facile, too fond of being all things to all men,

sometimes allowing practices that he afterwards saw he should at first have condemned, and committing himself through versatility and large-heartedness."

On the other hand, the *Fortnightly* says the *sobriquet* was not deserved by one in whose "natural, cheerful, persuasive charm" there was "no apparent insincerity," and quotes an explanation of the term given by a friend of the bishop: "The name was given to Wilberforce because he was always in hot water, and always came out with clean hands."

On one occasion Lord-Chancellor Westbury, speaking in the House of Lords of the judgment of Convocation, of which Wilberforce was chairman, on the essays by Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, said the judgment was "no judgment at all, and was conveyed in words so slippery, so oily, so saponaceous, that they could hold nothing and injure nobody." At this allusion to the bishop's well-known nickname, a thrill of indignation ran through the House, and the sympathy was evidently with Wilberforce, who replied to the charge in a dignified and becoming manner.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

30. *When and where did visiting-cards originate?*

As is the case in many other instances, we owe this invention to the Chinese. So long ago as the period of the Tong dynasty (618–907), visiting-cards were known to be in common use in China, and that is also the date of the introduction of the "red silken cords" which figure so conspicuously on the engagement-cards of that country. From very ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are very large, and usually of a bright red color. When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate that fact to the professional "match-maker," who thereupon runs through the list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man; and then she calls upon the young woman's parents, armed with the bridegroom's *card*, on which are inscribed his ancestral name and the eight symbols which denote the date of his birth. If the answer is an acceptance of his suit, the bride's card is sent in return; and should the oracles prophesy good concerning the union, the particulars of the engagement are written on two large cards, and these are tied together with the red cords.

In England, in the early part of last century, old playing-cards were often utilized for visiting purposes by writing the owner's name thereon, as may be seen in Plate IV. of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," where several of these cards are lying on the floor. On one of them the painter has satirized the ignorance of the upper classes of the time by inscribing on it, "Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander sleapt last nite." In the eighteenth century, on the Continent, visiting-cards were a matter of taste and art. The society of Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin piqued itself upon delicacy of taste, and instead of our insipid card, with the name and quality of the visitor inscribed upon it, it distributed real souvenirs, charming vignettes, some of which are models of composition and engraving. The greatest artists—Casanova, Fischer, and Baritsch—did not disdain to please fashionable people by designing the pretty things that Raphael Mengs engraved. About four or five hundred of these cards have been collected by M. Piogey, among which we meet with some of the greatest names of the age. The fancy for these elegancies was doubtless borrowed from Paris, as we find there a whole generation of designers and ornamenters who devoted their graving-tools entirely to visiting-cards and addresses for the fashionable world.—DAVUS.

J. Doran, in his "Habits and Men" (3d ed., p. 121), says, "It was in Paris about 1770 that was introduced the custom of visiting *en blanc*, as it was called,—*i.e.*, by leaving a card. The old ladies and gentlemen who loved to show their costumes called this fashion fantastic." His authority for this was the Baroness Oberkirch, who speaks of the subject in her memoirs, and he also refers to an allusion made to this custom by Mercier in his "Tableau de Paris."

Mrs. St. George writes in her journal (p. 8), under date November 16, 1799, Hanover, "At 6 Mad. de Busche called to take me to pay my visits. We only dropped tickets," etc. Under date March 28, 1800, Vienna, "The multiplicity of visits, not confined to leaving a card, as in London, but real substantial and

bodily visits and the impossibility, without overstepping all the bounds of custom, of associating with any but the *noblesse*, may be reckoned among the greatest obstacles.

"Ticket" was at the beginning of the century used for "visiting-card," as is seen in Miss Austen's "Northanger Abbey" and Miss Edgeworth's "Absentee." Indian servants always use the term to this day.

Some years ago a house in Dean Street, Soho, was repaired, and on removing a marble chimney-piece in the front drawing-room four or five playing-cards were found, on the back of which names were written, one being Sir Isaac Newton's. The house had been the residence of either Hogarth or his father-in-law. It has been conjectured that these playing-cards were used as visiting-cards; but it is rather doubtful whether the philosopher would have employed them. In Hogarth's (1698–1764) "Marriage à la Mode," Plate IV., we have an example of visiting-cards being used for this purpose during the middle of the last century. Several are lying on the floor in the right-hand corner of the picture. One is inscribed, "Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander sleapt last nite."

Pictorial visiting-cards were common in the last part of the eighteenth century. Canova's represented a block of marble rough-hewn from the quarry, drawn in perspective; "A. Canova" was inscribed upon this in large Roman capitals. (Canova b. 1757, d. 1822.) On the visiting-card of the Misses Berry were two nymphs in classic drapery, pointing to a weed-grown slab engraved "Miss Berry," like a tombstone. One nymph leads a lamb by a ribbon, to typify Agnes Berry. (Mary Berry b. 1762, d. 1852. Agnes Berry b. ——, d. 1851.)—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

31. *Whence the proverb "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"?*

In one form or other this proverb may be found in the folk-sayings of most European countries, and it was current among the Latins and the Greeks. Lycophron tells this story of its origin. Ancæus, son of Poseidon and Alta, was a king of the Leleges in Samos, who took especial pleasure in the cultivation of the grape and prided himself upon his numerous vineyards. In his eagerness he unmercifully overtaxed the slaves who worked there. A seer announced that for his cruelty he would not live to taste the wine from his grapes. The harvest passed safely, and then the wine-making, and Ancæus, holding in his hand a cup containing the first ruby drops, mocked at the seer's prophecy. But the prophet replied, "Many things happen between the cup and the lip." Just then a cry was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard, and the king, setting down his untasted cup, hurried off to direct the chase, but was himself slain by the boar.

The question was answered correctly by almost every one of our correspondents.

THE BLUE FLOWER.

THE blue flower haunted my dreams, and I longed with a passionate pain,
With a wild young heart and a bounding pulse, that mystic flower to gain;
But the years rolled by in a hopeless quest, till at length, grown wan and old,
In a palsied hand I clasped the flower to a heart that was still and cold.

Wilson K. Welsh.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

"I AM not," says Mr. Lowell, in his excellent essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners,"—"I am not, I think, specially thin-skinned as to other people's opinions of myself, having, as I conceive, later and fuller intelligence on that point than anybody else can give me. Life is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is, to the last grain of dust. Whoever at fifty does not rate himself quite as low as most of his acquaintances would be likely to put him, must be either a fool or a great man; and I humbly disclaim being either."

But it was long before he was fifty that Lowell wrote this skit upon himself in the "Fable for Critics:"

> There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
> With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme.
> He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
> But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
> The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.
> His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
> But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
> And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
> At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.

This is as neat a bit of criticism on Lowell as could be expected in a *brochure* whose aim was professedly humorous.

Another famous American author who has shown rare powers of self-criticism is Nathaniel Hawthorne. The preface to "Twice-Told Tales" is a wonderful production in this line, but is too well known to be quoted here. A sort of preface affixed to "Rappaccini's Daughter" when that weird story was originally published in the *Democratic Review* has been included in only a few editions of Hawthorne's works, and may therefore be new to many readers. "Rappaccini's Daughter," it was feigned, was a translation from a French writer named Aubépine (the French for "hawthorn"), and the pretended translator thus introduced his author to the American public:

"THE WRITINGS OF AUBÉPINE.

"We do not remember to have seen any translated specimens of the productions of M. de l'Aubépine,—a fact the less to be wondered at, as his very name is unknown to many of his own countrymen as well as to the student of foreign literature. As a writer he seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists (who, under one name or another, have their share in all the current literature of the world) and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial in his modes of development to suit the tastes of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy

the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience, except here and there an individual, or possibly an isolated clique. His writings, to do them justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality: they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His fictions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes, so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners,—the faintest possible counterfeit of real life,—and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally a breath of nature, a rain-drop of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of humor, will find its way into the midst of his fantastic imagery, and make us feel as if, after all, we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this very cursory notice that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense."

Many years afterwards, in a letter to Mr. Fields, dated from the Liverpool consulate, April 13, 1854, and concerning a new edition of the "Mosses from an Old Manse," Hawthorne says,—

"When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should ever preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consulate. Upon my honor, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning in some of these blasted allegories; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or at least thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times, and, to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste, as I see myself in this book. Yet certainly there is more in it than the public generally gave me credit for at the time it was written. But I don't think myself worthy of very much more credit than I got. It has been a very disagreeable task to read the book."

One curious misjudgment of Hawthorne's was in placing "The House of the Seven Gables" above "The Scarlet Letter." "Being better (which I insist it is) than 'The Scarlet Letter,' I have never expected it to be so popular." (Letter to Fields, May 23, 1851.) "The Marble Faun" he called "an audacious attempt to impose a tissue of absurdities upon the public by the mere art of style of narrative;" and in reference to the same book he says, "It is odd enough that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them."

There is a sturdy and splendid truthfulness in all Goethe's self-criticisms: the praise is as genuine and unembarrassed as if he were speaking of something entirely foreign. His "Conversations," as jotted down by Eckermann, are full of the most interesting and instructive criticisms on his own writings. Of "Götz von Berlichingen" he says, "I wrote it as a young man of two-and-twenty, and was astonished, ten years after, at the truth of my delineation. It is obvious that I had not experienced or seen anything of the kind, and therefore I must have acquired the knowledge of various human conditions by way of anticipation." "'Werther,'" he told Eckermann, "is a creation which I, like

the pelican, fed with the blood of my own heart. . . . I have only read the book once since its appearance, and have taken good care not to read it again. It is a mass of Congreve rockets. I am uncomfortable when I look at it; and I dread lest I should once more experience the peculiar mental state from which it was evolved." To a young Englishman who had read with great delight both "Tasso" and "Egmont," but found "Faust" somewhat difficult, Goethe laughingly said, "I would not have advised you to undertake 'Faust.' It is mad stuff, and goes quite beyond all ordinary feeling. But since you have done it of your own accord, without asking my advice, you will see how you will get through. Faust is so strange an individual that only few can sympathize with his internal condition. Then the character of Mephistopheles is, on account of his irony, and because he is a living result of an extensive acquaintance with the world, also very difficult. But you will see what lights open upon you. 'Tasso,' on the other hand, lies far nearer the common feelings of mankind, and the elaboration of its form is favorable to an easy comprehension of it."

"Wilhelm Meister" Goethe thought was "one of the most uncalculable productions. I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard, and not even right. I should think a rich, manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect. But if anything of the sort is insisted upon, it will be found perhaps in the words which Frederic, at the end, addresses to the hero, when he says, 'Thou seemest to me like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom.' Keep only to this, for in fact the whole work seems to say nothing more than that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last."

Many of the poet's contemporaries were wont to speak of Tieck as a rival in intellect. Here is the way in which Goethe disposes of this comparison: "Tieck is a talent of great importance, and no one can be more sensible than myself of his extraordinary merits; but when they raise him above himself and place him on a level with me they are in error. I can speak this out plainly: it matters nothing to me, for I did not make myself. I might just as well compare myself with Shakespeare, who likewise did not make himself, and who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I must look up with reverence."

Heine was another German who was gracious enough to acknowledge his inferiority to Shakespeare. "But with Byron," he insisted, "I feel like an equal." On the other hand, Wordsworth, it will be remembered, said that he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind to,—which brought out one of Lamb's most famous retorts: "So, you see, it's the mind that's wanting."

There was a stubborn self-reliance in Wordsworth's nature which led him to face detraction with a calm conviction of its injustice. Carlyle noticed this trait in his "Reminiscences."

In 1807 he wrote thus to Lady Beaumont: "Make yourself, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself with their present reception: of what moment is that, compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and seriously virtuous,—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after

we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves." Again he says, "Be assured that the decision of these persons [*i.e.*, "the London wits and witlings"] has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges. . . . My ears are stone-deaf to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings; and after what I have said I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

Southey, with far less reason than Wordsworth, had an equally exalted opinion of his own powers, an equally confident expectation that posterity would rank him among the great poets of the world. "I shall be read by posterity," he asserted, "if I am not read now; read with Milton and Virgil and Dante when poets whose works are now selling by thousands are only known through a biographical dictionary." And again, "Die when I may, my monument is made. Senhora, that I shall one day have a monument in St. Paul's is more certain than I should choose to say to every one; but it was a strange feeling which I had when I was last in St. Paul's and thought so. How think you I shall look in marble?" And still again, "One overwhelming principle has formed my destiny and marred all prospects of rank and wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal."

Poor Southey! The monument in St. Paul's he has indeed obtained, and he looks well in marble. But his books are fast fading out of the minds even of reading men.

Perhaps Porson was right. When Southey was once speaking of himself in this same strain of self-laudation, Porson said, "I will tell you, sir, what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakespeare's and Milton's are forgotten,"—adding, after a pause, "*but not till then.*"

Landor was content to leave his works to the judgment of posterity, and was sure that that judgment would be favorable. "I shall dine late," he says, "but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select."

Milton, from early youth, was confident that he could produce something which "the world would not willingly let die." In the touching sonnet on the loss of his eyes he rejoices that he

> Lost them overplied
> In liberty's defence, my noble task,
> Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

Shakespeare writes in one of his sonnets,—

> Not marble nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes shall outlive this lofty rhyme,—

which seems to be a reminiscence of Horace's splendid piece of braggadocio,—

> I have built a monument,
> A monument more lasting than bronze,
> Soaring more high than regal pyramids,
> Which neither the roaring rain-drops
> Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy.

Many of the classic authors, indeed, had an excellent opinion of themselves. Ovid says,—

> And when I am dead and gone,
> My corpse laid under a stone,
> My fame shall yet survive,
> And I shall be alive;
> In these my works, forever,
> My glory shall persever.

Cicero justified his own egregious vanity by saying "there was never yet a true poet or orator that thought any one better than himself." There is no more famous piece of egotism than his "O fortunatam natam me consule Romam." Xenophon, speaking of himself in the third person in his "Anabasis," says that he was "as eminent among the Greeks for eloquence as Alexander was for arms."

Classical scholars seem to have been infected with all the vanity of classical authors. Richard Bentley always wrote and acted as if he considered a great scholar the greatest of men. In his edition of Horace he describes the ideal critic, and evidently sits for the portrait himself. When some self-sufficient young person suggested to Richard Porson that they should write a book together, Porson replied, with magnificent scorn, "Put in it all I know and all you don't know, and it will be a great work." This recalls the anecdote of an earlier scholar, Salmasius, the great opponent of Milton. Conversing one day in the royal library with Gaulmin and Maussac, the latter said, "I think we three can match our heads against all there is learned in Europe." Salmasius quickly replied, "Add to all there is learned in Europe yourself and M. de Maussac, and I can match my single head against the whole of you." If in scholarship Samuel Parr was not the equal of the others, his vanity was quite as remarkable. "Shepherd," he once said to one of his friends, "the age of great scholars is past. I am the only one now remaining of that race of men."

And there is exquisite humor of the unconscious sort in Parr's reported saying, "The first Greek scholar is Porson; the third is Dr. Burney; modesty forbids me to mention who is the second."

Buffon did not allow modesty to forbid his mentioning that "of great geniuses of modern times there are but five,—Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and Buffon." Nor did William Cobbett let any false shame stand in the way of his telling the Bishop of Winchester, "I am your superior. I have ten times your talent, and a thousand times your industry and zeal."

What is the Tree of Guernica? A. B. G.

The Tree of Guernica [Basque, Guernicáco Arbola] is the tree of the Basque liberties, close to the town of Guernica, in Biscay. This symbolical tree dates back to the origin of Biscayan society.

The lords of Biscay took their oaths on a stone bench placed at its foot. The general juntas are inaugurated here, and are continued in the adjoining juridical church of Santa Maria la Antigua. It is perpetuated like the Euskarian family, and is succeeded by its scions. The present tree is nearly a century old, since it was thirty years old when its predecessor, in 1811, fell down under the weight of over three hundred years. The tree which is to substitute the present one was planted a few years ago. Several patriotic songs are dedicated to the tree. Rousseau sent it his blessing, and Tallien saluted it in the midst of the French Convention.

BOOK-TALK.

THERE are men of education, culture, and intelligence—men like Lessing, Johnson, Coleridge,—even the myriad-minded Goethe himself—to whom music makes no appeal. They might enter an opera- or a concert-house, and, while the waves of harmony fused an average audience into one vast unison of delight, they would remain unmoved, some of them even scornfully quiescent. "Music is the least unpleasant of noises," was Ursa Major's disdainful definition. Paintings and sculpture wearied Scott and Byron; Hawthorne and Howells have confessed their inability to appreciate the acknowledged masterpieces of Italian art. The world, in its present temper, would condemn their opinions as wrong and persist in the orthodox admirations. But when you sink below the level of the average audience, the critic who indiscriminately damns the things which appeal to the partially washed and the wholly uneducated is upheld by the cultivated world. A man of education who goes into a Bowery theatre and finds an audience moved to laughter or to tears over some cheap melodrama, or who reads the *New York Ledger* and similar sheets, is applauded for refusing to see anything in drama or novel, and for thinking contemptuously of the audience to whom they appeal. Yet no mere average intelligence or ordinary education could produce a work that goes straight to the hearts of a crowd or a mob. There must be some insight into human nature, some sympathetic magnetism, some real vitalizing power, in a man who can focus the emotions of a thousand souls. And if the cultivated by-stander fails to see where that power resides, there must be something wanting in his mental furnishment, as there was something wanting in the mental furnishment of the great men whom we have named

There has recently been a revival of interest in the works of two of the most popular of America's blood-and-thunder *feuilletonistes*,—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. The Reviewer has conscientiously read through two of their representative works,—"The Gun-Maker of Moscow," by the former, and "Tried for her Life," by the latter. In previous issues of this magazine he has humbly confessed to many deficiencies. He is only adding another to the list when he owns himself baffled by the overwhelming popularity of these authors, owns himself unable to differentiate between them and the ordinary dime novelists, to recognize the relative rank of captain and subaltern. Captain and subaltern alike seem to him to have the same faults, the same virtues. There are the same lapses in English, in knowledge, in good taste, the same fine language, the same glaringly vivid coloring, the same exaggeration, the same startling accidents and transitions, the same rush and dash of impossible incidents. Yet, no doubt, to their admirers Cobb and Southworth are as far superior to the ordinary dime novelist as Scott is to G. P. R. James,—as gold is to tinsel. Ah, well! everything is relative in this world. Perhaps to the angelic intellect Scott seems as absurd as Cobb.

As between "The Gun-Maker of Moscow" and "Tried for her Life" the Reviewer might give the preference to the former, because it is shorter; but

then that shows no critical acumen. Mrs. Southworth becomes somnolescent; Cobb is always sufficiently absurd to keep you wide awake. As the title indicates, the scene of Cobb's novel is laid in Moscow. Cobb knows that the Kremlin is in Moscow, he knows very little more. There is no local color. The very names sound strange to ears that have been familiarized with Tourgenief and Tolstoi. The Gun-maker starts in life as Ruric Nevel, he ends as Sir Ruric, Duke of Tula. Be these Russian names and Russian titles? one inquires. Peter the Great figures as the *Deus ex machina.* Cobb's Peter is not drawn after the historical Peter, but with a faint reminiscence of the Haroun Al Raschid of the "Arabian Nights." As to Mrs. Southworth, her plot is hackneyed, her style cannot be commended, and her characters are drawn with the fear of the second commandment before her eyes,—they resemble nothing in the earth below, in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth.

These books are unexceptionably moral. Is that the secret of their power? No: because every dime novel, every melodrama, is equally moral, or it would fail to reach the corporate conscience. The corporate conscience is a curious thing. Go to the lowest theatre in any of our large cities, or, if your sex or respectability forbids this, mark what is called the "Family Circle" by theatre-proprietors and to the general world is more felicitously known as the "Peanut Gallery." There may be excellent people here,—the heroic boot-black, the poor but proud news-boy,—there is also sure to be a fair allowance of thieves, knaves, adulterers, and other criminals, whose like it is well known are not to be found in the exalted circles where *Lippincott* numbers its subscribers. Well, the thieves, the knaves, the adulterers, have no sympathy for thievery, knavery, adultery, when unfolded before them on the stage. They are madly delighted when crime is punished, when virtue is rewarded, when the thief is arrested, the knave exposed, the seducer foiled,—when the noble and suffering hero is at last joined to the noble and suffering heroine. The great heart of humanity is sound and true, though there may be skin-diseases on the surface. Men are better than they seem.

The following books have been received from their respective publishers:

Cassell & Co.: "The Brownstone Boy, and other Queer People," by William Henry Bishop, a collection of clever stories by one of the cleverest of American short-story-tellers: "A Little Dinner" is an especially amusing trifle. "Odds against Her," by Margaret Russell McFarlane, which reads like one of Mrs. Wister's translations from the German, and is none the worse for that. "Bewitched," by Louis Pendleton, a novel with a romantic and startling plot. "My Aunt's Matchmaking, and other Stories by Popular Authors," apparently made up from the pages of *Cassell's Magazine.*

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: "Summer Legends," by Rudolph Baumbach, translated by Helen B. Dole, a volume of charming little fairy-tales. "At Home and in War, 1853–1881," a series of reminiscences and anecdotes, by Alexander Verestchagin, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. A new translation of Hugo's "Notre Dame," in two handsome volumes, profusely illustrated, and, in uniform style, a new translation of "The Toilers of the Sea," from the same hand. "Taxation in American States and Cities," by Richard T. Ely, assisted by John H. Finley, a thick octavo volume showing great industry and research and a habit

of close reasoning. "Problems of To-Day, a Discussion of Protective Tariffs, Taxation, and Monopolies," by Richard T. Ely, an excellent summary of free-trade doctrines.

J. B. Lippincott Co.: "Animal Life of our Sea-Shore, with Special Reference to the New Jersey Coast and the Southern Shore of Long Island," by Angelo T. Heilprin, an excellent little treatise, written in an easy and popular style, yet at the same time giving the latest results of science and observation. The book is illustrated with a large number of cuts, which lend interest and understanding to the text. "The Hon. Mrs. Vereker," by the "Duchess," "A Devout Lover," by Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron, and "Benedicta," by Mrs. Alfred Phillips, three new novels in "Lippincott's Series of Select Novels,"—all good of their kind, and the kind one that would commend them to that large and excellent class of people who read for amusement and not necessarily for instruction. "Laconisms, The Wisdom of Many in the Words of One," by J. M. P. Otts, D.D., LL.D., which the author describes as "the result of the study of men and books for many years." We open the book at random and come upon such sayings as "The prayer-meeting is more than a meeting-house of people to pray; it is the meeting of their prayers," and "Thought issues from the mind as a stream from its fountain. Water cannot rise higher than the level of its source. It seems to me that the thought of immortality could not spring up in a mind not immortal." We read these sentences with a certain amusement, wondering whether they are a fair sample of the whole book, and we go on reading and find nothing either brighter or more novel.

D. C. Heath & Co.: "Nature Readers. Seaside and Wayside. Nos. 1 and 2." By Julia McNair Wright. A series adapted to the use of beginners in reading, with the idea "that facts of real and permanent value may be made known, a noble taste may be cultivated, thought may be developed, and the initiatory steps in an increasingly popular study may be taken, while a child is learning to read a certain number of English words." The idea is not a bad one, and is not badly carried out. "Composition and Rhetoric by Practice, with Exercises adapted for Use in High Schools and Colleges," by William Williams, B.A., a book of great pretensions but lesser performance. "Selected Poems from Lamartine's *Méditations*," edited with a biographical sketch and notes that are helpful and instructive, but a little too noisy in their enthusiasm. "Practical Lessons in the Use of English for Grammar-Schools," by Mary F. Hyde, safe and harmless. "Exercises in English, Accidence, Syntax, and Style, carefully selected and classified for Criticism or Correction," by H. I. Strang; a useful companion to the teacher.

William S. Gottsberger: "Poems," by Rose Terry Cook, a collection in book-form of the excellent poems which this writer has contributed to periodicals. "From Lands of Exile," by Pierre Loti, translated from the French by Clara Bell, a series of sketches of travel along the coast of Asia, full of a dreamy and poetic beauty. "Pictures of Hellas: Five Tales of Ancient Greece," by Peder Mariagor, translated from the Danish by Mary J. Safford, which are not only interesting in themselves, but very successfully reproduce the spirit and thought of ancient times without any trace of pedantry.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER had thirty days in the original Roman calendar, but was subsequently given thirty-one by Julius Cæsar, and reduced again to thirty by Augustus. Its name signifies the ninth month, which position it occupied in the ten-month year of Romulus, the name being retained when two additional months were added. Tiberius, the Roman emperor, was born in November, and the senate wished to give the month his name, in imitation of those named after Julius and Augustus; but he declined the honor, saying, "What will you do, conscript fathers, if you have *thirteen* Cæsars?"

November was one of the most important of the months in connection with the religious ritual of the Romans, as it has been since with the Roman Catholic ritual. The Saxons knew it as *Wint-monat*, or the wind-month, and also as *Blot-monat*, the bloody month, in consequence either of the sacrifices then performed or of the custom of slaughtering then the cattle for their winter supply of meat. This food-store was long known as Martinmas beef.

November brings us to the threshold of the winter. Summer has vanished with its flowery train, and with much of the multitudinous life that gave such variety to its verdant landscapes. Of the living creatures that remain, the burrowing multitude are yet busily at work laying in their winter stores of nuts and other food, while the tardy representatives of the winged creation are flying in all haste southward, leaving behind only those hardy birds that find no terrors in the falling snow. The trees have shed their last leaves, with the exception of the dense-foliaged evergreens, which keep for us throughout the winter some faint semblance of the summer's leafy charm. Nature seems to have stripped herself for her annual battle with the armies of the frost-king.

Yet a delightful calm precedes the coming storm. November comes to us clad in the charming cloak of the Indian Summer, which rests upon the earth like a flowerless shadow of the flown summer. Its clear skies and dry and bracing air make the blood bound through the veins and the heart beat high with the pure delight of living. On the far horizon rests a dimming haze, which has long served as the characteristic feature of this season, though it has in great measure vanished with the annual burning by the Indians of the prairie-grass, to which it seems to have been due. A similar season exists in Europe, where it has received the name of St. Martin's Summer.

In late November winter sometimes comes upon us with a shivering swoop, descending in chilling winds and blinding showers of snow. But oftener the autumnal mildness lasts through the month, and makes its end a fitting time for that grateful Thanksgiving festival which, instituted by the Pilgrims on their first landing in this country, and long confined to New England, has now become a festival of the entire country. No time could have been more aptly chosen for giving thanks to the Giver of all good gifts. The anxious labor of the harvest is at an end, and the largess of the land is safely stored in barn and granary, yet the shadow of the vanished summer still trails across the resting fields, while of the harvesters there are few that have not received some of nature's bountiful gifts. Thanksgiving Day was long the especial feast-day of New England, as Christmas was of the States farther south, and this festive feature has accompanied it in its progress through the land, making it everywhere a fitting prelude to the merry Christmas season. Nor is this in any sense amiss, since only by enjoyment of the good cheer of the earth can we properly return thanks for the bounty of the fields to the beneficent "Lord of the Harvest."

EVENTS.

November 1.

607. All Saints' Day. The church festival under this name originated about the year 607, on the occasion of the conversion of the ancient Roman temple known as the Pantheon into a Christian church. This noble edifice, which had been originally the temple of all the gods, was dedicated by Pope Boniface I. to the Virgin and all the martyrs. The anniversary of this event was at first celebrated on May 1, but was afterwards changed to November 1, when it became known as the Feast of All Saints, and was set apart as a day of general commemoration in their honor. The festival has been adopted by the Anglican Church.

1290. The Jews were expelled from England by a decree of Edward I. This monarch had vowed, during a severe illness, that if he should recover he would lead a crusade against the infidels. But on his recovery the idea of a journey to Palestine proved so distasteful that he salved his conscience by driving the Jews out of his French province of Guienne. This gave such satisfaction to his English subjects, many of whom were deeply in debt to the Jews, that, for their greater pleasure, he issued a decree ordering all Jews out of England by November 1. They were permitted to take but a small portion of their wealth, Edward reserving the bulk of it for himself and his nobles. About fifteen thousand in all were banished, the deportation being conducted with great barbarity. This decree was not set aside till 1656, when Cromwell gave the Jews permission to return. There had been a few in England during the interval.

1755. The great earthquake at Lisbon, one of the most notable of modern disasters, occurred on this day. The city had suffered from many earthquakes previously, but had experienced none to compare with this, which in a very brief interval reduced it to a heap of ruins. In about eight minutes most of the houses and more than thirty thousand of the inhabitants were destroyed and whole streets swallowed up. The sea overflowed the lower portion of the city in a wave fifty feet high, and part of the city was permanently engulfed to a depth of six hundred feet. A fire broke out to complete the work of ruin. The earthquake was wide-spread, destroying several other Portuguese cities and great part of the city of Malaga in Spain. Half of the city of Fez in Morocco perished, and twelve thousand Arabs lost their lives. Great part of the island of Madeira was laid waste, and two thousand houses were destroyed in the island of Mitylene. The earthquake was felt throughout Europe.

1765. The Stamp Act, against which the American colonists showed such bitter opposition, was intended to go into effect on this day. Tumults occurred in Boston, and everywhere great excitement prevailed, while such measures of opposition were taken that it was impossible to enforce the act. It was repealed in the following March.

1793. Lord George Gordon, the instigator of the "Gordon Riots," died in prison. He opposed the Act of Toleration of the Catholics, and presented a petition to Parliament in 1780 at the head of a mob of one hundred thousand men. Parliament refused to consider his petition, and the mob spread over the city, burning many buildings and committing other outrages, until finally dispersed by the military. This riot is vividly described in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge."

1883. General Sherman retired from the command-in-chief of the army of the United States, and General Sheridan was appointed to the vacant post. Since the death of Sheridan, General Schofield has been made commander-in-chief.

1883. The army of Hicks Pasha, eleven thousand strong, sent by the Khedive of Egypt to disperse the insurgent forces of the Mahdi and subdue the Soudan, was utterly destroyed near El Obeid. It had been led by a treacherous guide into a narrow defile where it was impossible to use the guns, and after three days' resistance the army, worn out by thirst and fatigue, surrendered, and were massacred so completely that but a single man escaped. There were twelve hundred Europeans in the force.

November 2.

1000. All Souls' Day. This festival of the Roman Catholic Church, said to have been instituted by Odilon, Abbot of Cluny, about 993 or 1000, was founded on behalf of the release of souls from purgatory by masses and the prayers of the faithful. It became generally ob-

served about the end of the tenth century. It was looked upon as of such importance that when it fell on Sunday it was not postponed till Monday, as with other festivals, but was celebrated on the preceding Saturday.

1830. The first division of the South Carolina Railroad was opened to travel. This road, when completed, ran from Charleston to Hamburg, opposite Savannah.

1852. The city of Sacramento, California, was in great part destroyed by fire, about forty blocks being burned over and twenty-five hundred buildings destroyed. Nearly half the inhabitants were left homeless, and several lives were lost. The value of the property burned was over five millions of dollars.

1856. The French steamer Le Lyonnais, which left New York four days before, was run into at night by a sailing-vessel, and quickly sank. The passengers and crew, one hundred and thirty-two in all, took to the boats and a hastily-constructed raft. One of the boats, with eighteen persons, was picked up four days afterwards, but nothing was ever heard of the remainder.

November 3.

1679. A comet made its appearance which created much terror from its near approach to the earth. From the observation of its movements by astronomers Newton was enabled to demonstrate that comets are subject to the law of gravitation, and that they probably move in elliptical orbits.

1706. An earthquake caused great ruin in the Abruzzi. Fifteen thousand persons perished.

1857. The launching of the Great Eastern, the largest vessel ever built, began. The difficulty of moving the enormous weight proved so great that she was not finally afloat till January 31, 1858. This vessel was six hundred and ninety-two feet long, eighty-three feet wide, and fifty-eight feet deep. Her engines were of twenty-six hundred horse-power, and her tonnage twenty-seven thousand. (The largest steamer since built, the City of New York, has a tonnage of ten thousand five hundred, or considerably less than half that of the Great Eastern.) This huge steamer, for some time called the Leviathan, was of little service, her principal duty having been the laying of several Atlantic telegraph-cables. Having proved a white elephant to her owners, she has been recently sold for the trifling sum of twenty thousand dollars, and is to be broken up and sold piecemeal. She reached the end of her last voyage, and was beached at Tranmere, near Liverpool, August 25, 1888.

1885. The statue of Major André, erected by Cyrus Field at the locality of his capture, was destroyed by dynamite, exploded by clock-work machinery. The perpetrator of the act was not discovered.

1886. At a meeting of the French Academy of Science M. Pasteur announced that up to October 31 he had inoculated twenty-four hundred and ninety persons for hydrophobia. Sixteen hundred and twenty-six of these were French, of whom ten had died, six being children.

1887. A railroad collision took place in St. Louis, causing the wreckage of a circus-train. A number of wild animals escaped, which were only recovered with difficulty, after causing considerable terror to the inhabitants.

November 4.

1605. The celebrated Gunpowder Plot was discovered on this date. Its purpose was to spring a mine under the Houses of Parliament, and destroy king, lords, and commons in one grand explosion. Guy Fawkes was detected in the vault under the House of Lords, preparing the train to be fired the next day. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the vault. Several prominent Catholics, who were accused of being in the plot, were arrested and executed, and others were pursued and killed. The 5th of November has long been celebrated in London under the title of Guy Fawkes' day, effigies of Guy Fawkes and others being carried about the streets.

1850. Teresa Parodi, the favorite Italian opera-singer, made her first appearance in New York, at the Astor Place Opera-House. Madame Ponisi made her first appearance on November 11, at the Broadway Theatre.

1867. Garibaldi, the celebrated Italian partisan, was arrested for an invasion of the Papal States, which he wished to annex to the kingdom of Italy. He afterwards entered the French service, and in 1875 was received with great honor at Rome by Victor Emmanuel.

November 5.

1688. William, Prince of Orange, landed at Torbay, England, on the invitation of the opponents of James II. James fled from the kingdom, and William was crowned King of Great Britain and Ireland, under the title of William III. James, aided by the French, afterwards crossed to Ireland, where he was decisively defeated at the battle of the Boyne.

1733. The *New York Weekly Journal*, the second New York newspaper, was started as a rival of Bradford's *Gazette* (1725). It was a free-spoken sheet, and made open war on the administration and in favor of popular rights, in consequence of which the editor was imprisoned. His trial, the first in America for newspaper libel, created much excitement, but ended in his acquittal, which was looked upon as a great victory for the people. The paper continued its free tone of political criticism.

1757. An important battle took place at Rossbach, Prussia, between the army of Frederick the Great and that of the French and Austrians. Frederick was victorious, his opponents being defeated with severe loss. Frederick had twenty thousand men, the opposing army twice as many.

1886. In a billiard-match between two noted champions, Peall and Collins, Peall made the extraordinary run of 2413 points, a feat without precedent in the history of the game.

November 6.

1459. Sir John Falstaf, a famous English captain, who distinguished himself in the battle of Agincourt, died. His name, for some reason, was taken by Shakespeare as the title of his fat, pot-valorous champion, perhaps the most generally admired of all his amusing characters.

1885. A severe cyclone passed over a portion of Alabama. The wind-track was but eight hundred yards in width, yet thirteen persons were killed and fifty seriously injured, while nearly everything in its track was destroyed.

1886. The two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University was celebrated with great rejoicings. Representatives from Oxford, Cambridge, and other universities were present. Harvard was founded in 1636, on October 28 (O. S.), at Newtown, which name was changed to Cambridge. It derived its name from John Harvard, who bequeathed it his library and a sum of money in 1638.

November 7.

1811. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought by General Harrison against the insurgent Indians. They attacked his camp about four in the morning, and a fierce contest ensued, which finally ended in a severe repulse of the Indians. From this battle came the rallying-cry of Harrison's partisans in the Presidential campaign of 1840.

1837. The printing of an abolition newspaper in Alton, Illinois, by the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, gave rise to an outbreak of mob violence, in which the building was attacked and set on fire, the press broken and thrown into the river, and the editor murdered.

1868. The great bridge across the Mississippi at Quincy, Illinois, was thrown open for travel on this day. This is a draw-bridge, with a draw-span one hundred and ninety feet in length. The total length of the bridge is three thousand seven hundred and forty-one feet.

1879. The steamer Champion came into collision with the ship Lady Octavia off the Delaware capes, and sank, with the loss of thirty lives.

1885. A terrific cyclone occurred on the Philippine Islands, causing enormous destruction. More than ten thousand houses, besides churches and public buildings, were ruined.

1885. The last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railroad was driven at Farwell, British Columbia. This completed a continuous line of rail, three thousand and twenty-five miles long, from Quebec to Port Moody on the Pacific. The first contract for this great work was made in 1874. It has a government subsidy of twenty-five million dollars and twenty-five million acres of land. It was built with great rapidity, considering the poverty of the country. The total cost was over $140,000,000.

1885. The steamer Algoma was wrecked on Lake Superior, with a loss of forty-five lives.

1886. L. M. Donovan leaped from Niagara Suspension Bridge into the river below. He ruptured the pleura and broke a rib, a mild penalty for so mad an act. He had previously leaped from the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge into the East River.

November 8.

1674. John Milton, the great English poet, died in London. He had been blind for about twenty years, and in that period had written his "Paradise Lost," one of the noblest of epic poems. He wrote much other poetry, of an unsurpassed grade of excellence, and was the author of some of the finest prose essays in the English language.

1793. Madame Roland, one of the noblest and most gifted women that France has produced, was guillotined at Paris. She was an ardent revolutionist, and a leader in the councils of the Girondist party. Her house was the centre of the intellect of Paris at that period.

1861. Mason and Slidell, commission-

ers from the Confederate States to England, were taken from the British steamer Trent, on its way from Havana to England, by Captain Wilkes, of the Federal war-steamer San Jacinto. This action created great enthusiasm in the North, but was bitterly resented by England, and a declaration of war seemed imminent. Secretary Seward, however, perceiving that the act was unwarranted, released the prisoners, who sailed for England January 1, 1862.

1880. Sarah Bernhardt, the favorite French actress, made her first appearance in this country at Booth's Theatre, New York, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The house was filled to overflowing, and she was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

1885. Fred Archer, the celebrated English jockey, died from the effect of pistol-shots fired by himself while in the delirium of typhoid fever. It is estimated that his income from riding was one hundred thousand dollars a year. He was thirty years of age.

November 9.

1453. The Lord-Mayor's procession of London was instituted in this year by Sir John Norman. It was celebrated with costly pageants till 1685, since which time it has degenerated into a ludicrous imitation of the mediæval exhibition, the efforts that have been made to revive the ancient pageantry proving failures. In the Middle Ages the mayor of London was the virtual king of the city, being the head of the powerful guilds of artisans, who did their utmost to honor their chief. Giants were then the most popular adjuncts of the celebration, and they are still represented by the wooden giants of Guildhall. The great feature of Lord-Mayor's Day at present is the banquet at Guildhall.

1793. The first newspaper published in the Western country north of the Ohio was issued at Cincinnati. It was called *The Centinel of the Northwestern Territory.*

1872. The great fire at Boston, the most destructive conflagration known in America after that of Chicago, broke out on the evening of this day, and raged for twenty-four hours. It destroyed the richest section of the wholesale trade of the city, reducing to ashes hundreds of granite and iron structures filled with costly merchandise. The fire spread from Summer Street north nearly to State Street, and from Washington Street to the water's edge, covering in all an area of sixty acres. The estimated loss was $75,000,000. Most of the public buildings escaped, but the homes of Webster and Everett were burned.

1875. The steamer City of Waco was burned off Galveston Bar. About seventy lives were lost.

November 10.

1793. The worship of the Goddess of Reason began at Paris. This was one of the mad vagaries of the revolutionists, who had decided to do away with all established religions and found a new code of their own, with Reason as its deity.

1876. The Centennial Exhibition of Arts and Industries at Philadelphia closed on this day. The preceding day had been "Philadelphia Day," the paying admissions being 176,924. In the evening there had been a grand display of English and American fireworks. The total admissions to the exhibition were 9,789,392, and the receipts $3,813,749, this being considerably less than the cost.

1884. Adelaide Ristori, the most celebrated of Italian actresses, made a farewell visit to America, beginning her tour of performances at Philadelphia, her répertoire of plays being "Mary Stuart," "Marie Antoinette," "Elizabeth," and "Macbeth." Her first visit to the United States was made in September, 1866. Her dramatic genius was of the highest order. To quote the eulogistic words of the *Atlantic Monthly*, "What Shakespeare is among dramatists, Ristori is among actors."

1885. The greatest gift ever made by an individual in the interests of education was given by Senator Stamford, of California, for the purpose of founding a university in honor of his deceased son. He had already given eighty-three thousand acres of land (valued at $5,000,000) for this purpose, and now added a further gift of $15,000,000 as an endowment fund.

1886. The invasion of Burmah was ordered by the Viceroy of India. King Theebaw had declared war and ordered the extermination of all Englishmen in Burmah, and this action was in reprisal. The invasion brought him to his senses, and he surrendered Mandalay, his capital, on the 28th. Since then the British have held Burmah, though not without much difficulty.

November 11.

316. Martinmas, or St. Martin's Day. St. Martin was the son of a Roman military tribune, and was born in Hungary about 316. His mildness and spirituality of character unfitted him for the army, and he left it and joined the church, becoming Bishop of Tours. In this office

he converted the inhabitants of his diocese to Christianity and overturned many heathen temples. Of the traditions relating to him the favorite is that of his dividing his cloak with a naked beggar. This cloak, miraculously preserved, long formed one of the holiest and most valued relics of France. St. Martin was a popular saint in England.

1035. Canute, the ablest of the Danish kings of England, died. Denmark and Norway were also under the sway of this ruler, who was the most powerful monarch of his time. He was a wise and politic king, his good sense being shown in his celebrated answer to his courtiers, who had declared that the sea would retire at his command. To expose their folly he seated himself on the sea-shore and ordered the waters of the rising tide to retire. As they did not do so, he turned to his discomfited courtiers and remarked that that power belonged to one Being only, who alone could say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

1857. A most remarkable struggle against peril by sea and fire took place on the Sarah Sands, an English government transport bound for Calcutta. When four hundred miles from Mauritius, the cargo, consisting of army stores, took fire. There were three hundred soldiers on board, who were at once set to empty the magazines. The powder was all thrown overboard but two barrels, one of which exploded and did great damage to the ship. After an incessant fight for twenty-four hours the fire was subdued, but the ship in its after part was a mere burned-out shell, with fifteen feet of water in the hold and a heavy gale blowing. Yet through disciplined labor and unflagging energy the leak was stopped, the water pumped out, the boats which had been lying off with the women and children picked up, and sail made for Mauritius. The gale fortunately subsided, and this island was reached in ten days, without the loss of a single life. No more wonderful victory over adverse circumstances is known in history.

1880. Mr. Boycott, of Lough Mask farm, Ireland, was besieged by the people, his laborers threatened, and supplies refused him by tradesmen. This latter fact has given a new word to the English language, that of "boycotting."

November 12.

1833. An extraordinary meteoric display took place in the United States, in which it seemed as if all the stars were falling from the skies. Wide-spread terror prevailed among the more ignorant classes of the population. The scene is described as an "almost infinite number of meteors; they fell like flakes of snow." "Scarcely a space in the firmament that was not filled at every instant." These meteors are believed to have come from a ring of "star-dust" which revolves round the sun in about thirty-three years, and whose path is crossed by the earth at this date in November. Some meteors are seen every year at this date, and fine displays, at intervals of thirty-three years or some multiple of this number, have been observed on several occasions in the past.

1854. Charles Kemble, a brother of Mrs. Siddons and of the eminent tragedian John Philip Kemble, died. He began playing in 1792, and continued on the stage as a successful actor till 1840.

1862. Shells from the Whitworth guns were sent through a solid iron plate of five and a half inches' thickness and the backing of wood-work behind it. These are breech-loading, rifled, wrought-iron guns of great lightness. The range of a thirty-two-pound Whitworth gun charged with five pounds of powder is a little over five miles.

1874. Extremely rapid travelling was made on the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroads. The time made between Jersey City and West Philadelphia was one hour and forty-seven minutes, and from the latter place to Baltimore two hours and fifteen minutes.

1883. The town of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, was almost entirely destroyed by fire, thirteen hundred persons being left homeless.

November 13.

1851. The laying of the first successful submarine cable was completed. It extended from Dover to Calais, across the English Channel. An attempt had been made some time before, but the wire had snapped on a rocky ridge, after messages had passed. Now telegrams passed between Paris and London, and guns were fired at Dover by electric communication from Calais.

1866. A great meteoric shower was seen in England on the night of November 13–14. For a short time the sky seemed alive with falling stars. It was estimated that two thousand meteors visible at one point fell in an hour, and a very great number in all. In the centre of the fall some observers estimated the number at one hundred per minute. On November 13, 1868, a fine display occurred in the United States, indicating that the centre of the November mete-

oric ring is of great extent, since it took two years to cross the earth's orbit.

1868. Gioacchimo Rossini, the most celebrated of recent musical composers, died. He was a native of Italy, born in 1792, and was the composer of some of the most admired of modern operas. The most popular of these is "The Barber of Seville." His finest work, in the opinion of musicians, is "William Tell."

1832. A magnificent auroral display, visible in the Middle and Eastern States, occurred, and is described as the most brilliant seen for years. Streamers and auroral waves flashed from the horizon to the zenith, yielding a light equal to that of the moon in her first quarter.

1885. A destructive fire broke out at Galveston, which completely ruined sixty blocks of buildings, comprising the best residences of the city. The loss was estimated at $4,000,000.

November 14.

1716. Leibnitz, the eminent German philosopher, died. He was a mathematician of high ability, advanced new theories of motion and of geological phenomena, and is esteemed as one of the few men of universal genius. He wrote on a great variety of subjects, though he is best known for his striking metaphysical theories.

1770. James Bruce, a traveller of Scottish birth, and one of the earliest of modern African explorers, discovered the source of the Blue Nile. He believed that he had reached the main source of the river; but recent research has proved this a mistake. In his return he encountered great perils and hardships, which only his unusual energy and courage enabled him to overcome.

1831. Hegel, one of the most renowned German philosophers of the present century, died of cholera. His works are extensive, and form the most complete modern exposition of the pantheistic system of philosophy.

1854. A great disaster occurred to the English transports in the Black Sea, during the Crimean War. A violent storm arose, and drove many of these vessels, which were anchored outside the harbors, on the rocks. The principal loss was of the Prince, a twenty-seven-hundred-ton transport loaded with army stores. She was dashed to pieces, and her crew of one hundred and forty-four men were lost. Thirty-two transports were wrecked, with a total loss of about five hundred lives and ten million dollars' worth of stores. The French fleet suffered less, but the Henry IV., a line-of-battle ship, was stranded, and another frigate wrecked. The loss of these stores caused great suffering to the army during the succeeding winter.

1860. Russia, by treaty with China, added an extensive tract to her possessions in eastern Asia. An immense district north of the Amoor, claimed by China, had been forcibly seized several years before, together with a considerable district south of that river, bordering on the Pacific. The treaty was one of necessity. What the robber refused to restore the victim gave away.

1864. Sherman's famous "march to the sea" began. Having torn up the railroads and cut the telegraphs leading from Atlanta, he started on his long march across Georgia, all communication with the North being broken. On December 10 he reached the vicinity of Savannah, and shortly afterwards took possession of that city, thus completing his daring enterprise.

1886. A destructive explosion took place on a Chinese steamer off Niigata, causing a loss of ninety-six lives.

November 15.

1315. One of the most remarkable of the Swiss victories took place at Morgarten, thirteen hundred Swiss completely defeating twenty thousand Austrians under Duke Leopold. The Austrians were attacked from the heights of Morgarten while passing through a defile.

1635. The funeral of "Old Parr" was solemnized with much ceremony. This person was celebrated for his longevity. He is said to have been born in 1483, which would make him one hundred and fifty-two years of age at his death. He married at the age of one hundred and twenty, and was still able to work at one hundred and thirty. If his date of birth is correctly given, which is somewhat questionable, his length of life is without authentic parallel in historical times.

1777. The confederation of the thirteen colonies into the "United States of America" was concluded. This was a league for common defence, rather than a firm governmental combination, and was replaced in 1788 by the constitutional union of the States. The flag proposed for the confederacy, consisting of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, and thirteen white stars in a blue field to represent the Union, was adopted by Congress.

1832. Philadelphia and Harrisburg were connected by a continuous line of railroad. Beyond Harrisburg the line of travel to Pittsburg was mainly by canal, with a short line over the mountains of thirty-six miles of railroad, worked by stationary engines.

1835. Halley's comet made its appearance, as predicted. Halley, the astronomer, from whom it was named, was the first to prove that many of the comets seen are periodical returns of the same body. This comet has a period of about seventy-five years. It appeared, as he had predicted, in 1759, and again in 1835. Its next return will be about 1910.

1879. A new ocean telegraph-cable, the seventh laid across the Atlantic, had its shore end landed at North Eastham, on Cape Cod. Its European terminus is at Brest, France.

November 16.

1632. The battle of Lutzen, the most important engagement of the Thirty Years' War, was fought between the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus and the Imperialists under Wallenstein. The battle was hotly contested, and Gustavus, the heroic champion of Protestantism, was killed, yet the well-disciplined Swedes kept up the fight and gained the victory after the death of their leader.

1776. Fort Washington, near New York, was attacked and captured with all its garrison by the British under General Howe. This, and the subsequent capture of Fort Lee, were very serious disasters to the American cause, and were followed by a hasty retreat of Washington's army across New Jersey.

1886. The execution of Riel, the Canadian rebel, took place at Regina. This person, a half-breed French-Indian, had organized and led a rebellious opposition to the government, in what seemed an unjust dispossession of the settlers on the Red River. Much sympathy was felt for him, and the French Canadians were greatly excited at his execution. They went into mourning, and burned the members of the ministry in effigy in the streets of Montreal.

November 17.

1609. The Moors were banished from Spain by an edict of Philip III. Nine hundred thousand of the most industrious inhabitants were driven from the kingdom, under circumstances of the greatest barbarity, by this decree. Spain felt the effect as severely as the Moors. Her trade and industry fell off greatly, and she gradually lost her position as a first-class power and sank to a much lower level in European politics.

1747. Le Sage, a celebrated French romance-writer, died. The work by which he is best known is his "Gil Blas," which has been one of the most universal of favorites among novels. He also wrote "The Devil on Two Sticks," and other novels, and a number of popular plays.

1848. The first satisfactory record of time by telegraph was made by the Coast Survey, between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. A delicate clock was constructed and wires put up for the purpose. The clock registered its beats at all the offices along the line on a Morse paper slip.

1869. The Suez Canal was opened for traffic, the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of France, the Viceroy of Egypt, and numerous other dignitaries, being present. The work on the canal began in 1860. The canal, constructed by M. De Lesseps, is eighty-eight miles long, one-fourth of its length running through the beds of old lakes. It is twenty-six feet deep, and cost about one hundred million dollars.

1877. The city of Kars was taken by the Russians, in the Russo-Turkish war. The Russian troops climbed steep rocks, and took the place by assault, after a severe nocturnal conflict which lasted twelve hours. Three hundred guns and ten thousand prisoners were taken, and the Turks lost about five thousand killed and wounded. The Russian loss was about half this number.

1882. A remarkable auroral display was observed in the northwestern States and Territories, which is described as of extraordinary brilliancy. In several localities the brightness was greater than that of the full moon, and people rose thinking that the day had dawned. It was preceded and attended by a violent magnetic storm. Large sun-spots, one of them visible to the naked eye, had been observed just previously.

1886. Terrific gales occurred on the great lakes, continuing till the 23d, and causing great destruction. Thirty vessels were wrecked, with a loss of fifty lives.

1887. John Most, the anarchist, was arrested in New York for using incendiary language. He was tried in December and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. This personage had been prominent among the European socialists, and, finding it desirable to emigrate to "free" America, used his freedom here in the interests of the worst of tyrannies, that of anarchy.

November 18.

1626. The church of St. Peter's, at Rome, was consecrated. This immense building, the largest in existence, was begun in 1506. It is six hundred and sixty-nine feet long and four hundred and forty-two in its greatest breadth. The magnificent dome, devised by Michael Angelo, is three hundred and twenty-four feet high, and contains thirty thousand pounds of iron. The front of the

church is four hundred feet broad and one hundred and eighty high, the extreme height of the edifice being four hundred and thirty-two feet.

1755. The most violent earthquake ever experienced in New England began at 11m. 35s. after 4 A.M. on this day. The time was fixed exactly by a curious circumstance. Prof. Winthrop, of Cambridge, had placed a long glass tube in the case of his tall clock for security, the clock having been set just before at the correct time. The first movement of the earth threw the tube against the pendulum and stopped the clock, thus registering the exact moment. The earthquake lasted four and a half minutes, and was attended by "a rumbling noise and violent concussions, jerks, and wrenches." The principal damage was in the fall of chimneys and cracking of walls. The earth opened in many places.

1833. There was opened this day in New York, at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, the first theatre built in the United States expressly for operatic performances. It proved a failure as an opera-house, and was used as a theatre till destroyed by fire in 1841.

1883. Standard time, which had been adopted on most of the New England railroads on October 17, was on this day adopted on the other railroads east of the Mississippi River. This system establishes four standard meridians for the United States, the 75th, the 90th, the 105th, and the 120th, each being the centre of a region fifteen degrees wide within which the time conforms to one standard, while it differs one hour in each successive region. This is of great convenience to travellers. Formerly in travelling from Boston to Washington travellers needed to change their watches five times to conform to railroad time. Now the time is the same throughout that distance. The current time came nearer to the standard time in Philadelphia than in any other of the great cities, the clocks there needing to be set but thirty-six seconds faster. This was in consequence of the 75th meridian passing very close to Philadelphia.

1885. John McCullough, one of the most admired of recent American tragedians, died at Philadelphia. He was of Irish birth, the son of a poor farmer, and worked for some time in this country at chair-making. While thus engaged, he joined an amateur dramatic company, and in 1857 began his theatrical career at a salary of four dollars a week. Edwin Forrest took a fancy to him and brought him forward, and he became a general favorite, of the Forrest school of acting. He broke down September 30, 1884, while playing "Virginius," and gradually lost his reason.

1886. Mr. Thomas Stevens completed the most remarkable bicycle-ride on record, a "wheel" tour of the world. He reached Shanghai, China, on this date, having travelled nearly twelve thousand miles. He left San Francisco in April, 1884, rode thirty-seven hundred miles in America, and twenty-five hundred in Europe, the remainder of his journey being across Asia. In China he rode three hundred miles only, being forced to abandon his bicycle after a few days on account of the hostility of the natives, to whom the strange device probably seemed something uncanny.

1886. Ex-President Chester A. Arthur died. He was a native of Vermont, born in 1830, and became a lawyer in New York in 1851. He was inspector and afterwards quartermaster-general of the State troops during the war, collector of the port of New York from 1871 to 1878, and in 1880 was elected Vice-President of the United States. On the death of President Garfield he became President.

November 19.

1703. The "Man with the Iron Mask" died. This personage was a mysterious French prisoner who was closely confined in various prisons from 1679 till his death in the Bastile in 1703. He was treated with as much respect as if of noble blood, but his mask was never removed, and his keepers had orders to despatch him if he took it off. Many conjectures have been made as to his identity, but it remains unknown. The mask was not really of iron, but of black velvet, strengthened with whalebone, and was fastened behind his head with a padlock.

1822. An earthquake which took place in Chili on this date permanently raised the coast to a height of from two to seven feet. A region of one hundred thousand square miles between the Andes and the coast was thus elevated.

1873. Tweed (William Marcy), the famous head of the New York "Boss" faction, was sentenced to imprisonment and a heavy fine for barefaced appropriation of the public funds of that city. He had been made commissioner of public works in 1870, and in this position helped himself with daring openness to public moneys, and answered remonstrance by the famous challenge of "Bossism," "What are you going to do about it?" In response he was arrested, fined, and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, but escaped from prison in December, 1875, and fled from the country. He was rearrested at Vigo, Spain, in September,

1876, brought back, and died in prison April 12, 1878.

1883. The piercing of the Arlberg tunnel through the Alps was completed. This made the third great tunnel through the Alps. It is six miles long, the Mount Cenis tunnel being seven and a half and the St. Gothard nine and a half miles long.

1887. The German steamer Scholten was sunk in the English Channel, off Dover, by collision with another vessel. One hundred and twelve lives were lost.

November 20.

1497. The celebrated Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, on his journey to India. The cape had been seen by Diaz in 1486, and named by him Cape Tormentoso, from the stormy weather he experienced there. John II. of Portugal gave it its present name, from the hopeful prospects its discovery held out to his kingdom. Ancient voyagers had sailed round this cape, but this was the first of modern voyages around Africa, and the opening of that Asiatic trade and exploration of the Pacific which have proved of such vital importance in modern history.

1887. The winter quarters of Barnum's menagerie and circus were burned, with a very heavy loss in equipments, while many rare and valuable animals perished in the flames. Yet, with his accustomed energy, the veteran showman was ready for the field at the opening of the following season, having repaired his losses and restocked his menagerie.

November 21.

1789. North Carolina ratified the Constitution of the United States, by a vote in convention of one hundred and ninety-three to seventy-five. It had been previously ratified by all the other States except Rhode Island.

1852. The question of the restoration of the empire in France was voted upon, 7,824,189 votes being for, and 253,145 against. In consequence, Napoleon, who had been styled Prince President since the *coup d'état*, was declared emperor, under the title of Napoleon III.

1884. Severely cold weather and heavy snow-storms drove herds of wolves from the Carpathian Mountains into the cultivated districts of Austria, causing great terror and much injury. A pack of one hundred and twenty wolves invaded one village while the people were at church, and held the ground so firmly that they were only driven out by the charge of a squadron of Uhlans, armed with swords and carbines.

1885. The steamer Iberian, from Boston to Liverpool, ran ashore on the rocks of Duncannon Bay. There was no storm, but through foggy weather the captain had lost his reckoning, and the vessel was steered blindly upon the rocks. The crew escaped, but the steamer broke up and sank.

1887. A powder-magazine exploded at Amoy, China. Fifty soldiers and several hundred citizens were killed, and a large part of the city was destroyed.

November 22.

St. Cecilia's Day. This saint is the patroness of music, and is the subject of celebrated paintings by Raphael and Domenichino, and of Dryden's famous "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day," by many critics esteemed the finest ode in the English language. Cecilia is supposed to have been a Roman lady who suffered martyrdom in the second or third century.

1774. Lord Clive committed suicide. This celebrated character, the founder of the British Empire in India, began his career as a clerk in the service of the East India Company, in which position, discouraged by poor pay and ill health, he attempted to kill himself. Failing in this, he entered the military service as an ensign, gained several victories over the French and natives, and rose rapidly in command, till at the battle of Plassey he defeated with three thousand men sixty thousand of the enemy and decided the fate of India. He was greatly honored in England, and raised to the peerage, but, resorting to opium as a relief from ill health, he brought himself into a condition of physical and mental disorder from which he found escape in suicide.

1873. The French steamer Ville du Hâvre, from New York for Havre, collided, in a calm, clear night, with the ship Lochearn of Glasgow, and sank in fifteen minutes. The collision brought down the main- and mizzen-masts, killing many of the persons on deck. Of one hundred and seventy-two persons on board eighty-five escaped. The Lochearn was so injured that she was abandoned at sea, her crew and those rescued from the Ville du Hâvre being taken off by other vessels.

November 23.

1878. The fishery award in favor of Great Britain was paid in London by the American minister. The fisheries of Canada and the United States had been made free to the citizens of both countries by the treaty of 1871, but a commission of arbitration that met at Halifax to decide the difference in value awarded to Great Britain the sum of five and a half million dollars. The justice of this award was strongly questioned in the United

States, but Congress promptly voted an appropriation for its payment.

1878. The Marquis of Lorne, the newly-appointed Governor-General of Canada, arrived in that country with his wife, the Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria. They were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and everything done to honor their arrival. They remained in Canada till 1883, the severity of the climate by that time proving too much for the endurance of the princess.

November 24.

1572. John Knox, the father of Protestantism in Scotland, died. He was ordained a priest about 1530, but renounced the Roman Catholic religion in 1532 and became a zealous advocate of Protestant doctrines. He was perhaps the most extraordinary man of his age, and by his ardent labors did much to give a new character to the Scottish people and mould the modern history of his country.

1716. The river Thames was frozen so deeply that a fair was held on the ice and oxen roasted. The severe weather continued till February 9.

1793. The French Revolutionary Calendar was decreed, the first year of the new era to begin at midnight of September 21, 1792. It professed to be based on philosophical principles, and named the months in accordance with the varying conditions of nature. It continued in use till December 31, 1805.

1859. Adelina Patti, the renowned prima donna, made her first appearance in opera at the Academy of Music, New York. She was then less than seventeen years old. She appeared in London in 1861, and at once became a general favorite. From that time forward she has been the most universally esteemed of operatic singers.

1863. The battle of Lookout Mountain was fought. In this celebrated engagement General Hooker led the Union army up the slope of a steep, broken, and difficult hill in the face of a well-posted enemy, until the summit was reached and victory gained. This action has been called "The Battle above the Clouds."

1865. James Stephens, "head centre" of the Fenians of Ireland, who was captured and imprisoned on the 11th, escaped from prison. He was not recaptured, and reached New York in the following May. The Fenian brotherhood had been organized by Stephens in 1858.

1877. The United States sloop-of-war Huron went ashore on the rocks near Oregon Inlet, North Carolina, and was totally wrecked. Nearly one hundred persons lost their lives. On the same day of November, 1880, the Oncle Joseph, a French steamer, was sunk off Spezia by collision with an Italian steamer, the Ortigia. Of three hundred persons on board only fifty were rescued.

1885. The Prohibition party gained a victory in Atlanta, Georgia, in consequence of which all the liquor-saloons in that thriving city were closed, with, as is reported, great improvement in the health, peace, and prosperity of the place. At an election held in 1888 this action was rescinded, and the saloons once more hold the field.

November 25.

1783. The British evacuated the city of New York, the last ground which they held in America. The American army took possession of it on the same day. "Evacuation Day" has ever since been celebrated in that city. The centennial anniversary of this event in 1883 was an occasion of great public display. A statue of Washington was unveiled.

1816. A theatre in Philadelphia was lighted with gas, being the first place of amusement in America thus illuminated. Baltimore was the first American city in which gas-lights were used in the streets. The earliest use of gas in street-lighting was in London, in 1807.

1843. Ole Bull, the renowned violinist, made his first appearance in America, at the Park Theatre, New York. From that time forward he made frequent visits to America, where his popularity was great.

1863. The battle of Missionary Ridge took place. In this severe conflict the Union troops fought their way up a mountain-side in the face of the Confederate batteries, and drove Bragg's army from the summit. It was a fitting climax to the victory at Lookout Mountain, and went far towards ending the contest in that region.

1864. Several attempts were made to set on fire the city of New York, by kindling fires in the hotels. It was believed that this was done by Confederates, and it was ordered that all persons residing in the city should register themselves, under penalty of being treated as spies. One of the hotel-incendiaries was caught, confessed his crimes, and was executed.

1885. Alfonso XII., King of Spain, died. He was the son of Queen Isabella, who was driven from the throne in 1868. In 1874, after the downfall of the republic, he was proclaimed king. His daughter Mercedes, five years old, became heir to the throne upon his death, but was dethroned by the birth of a posthumous son in 1886, who now, as Alphonso XIII., is recognized as King of Spain. His

mother is acting as regent for this very youthful monarch, who can scarcely appreciate as yet his royal dignity.

November 26.

1783. The session of the United States Congress which began this day was held in Annapolis, Maryland.

1818. Encke's comet was discovered on this day. The discovery was made by M. Pons, but the comet was named after Professor Encke, who traced its orbit and movements and predicted its return. It is one of three comets that have appeared according to prediction, its revolutions being made in three years and fifteen weeks.

1833. The *Democrat*, the first paper published in Chicago, appeared this day. The city at that time had less than six hundred inhabitants.

November 27.

8 B.C. Horace, the most admired lyric poet of Rome, died this day. Few of the world's poets have been so much esteemed for the beauty, insight, good sense, and quiet philosophy of their poems; and the admiration for the works of Horace grows, rather than decreases, as time rolls on.

511. Clovis, the founder of the kingdom of France, died. He was born a pagan, but married a Christian princess, and in 496 adopted her religion, which from that time forward became the national religion of France.

1703. One of the most terrific storms known in English history reached its height on this day. It continued a week in all and did enormous damage in England, Holland, and France. There were great losses on the Thames, and the English fleet, which was just then off the coast, suffered unprecedented disasters. Five seventy- and three sixty-gun ships, with several smaller vessels, went ashore and were totally wrecked, the loss in officers and men aggregating about fifteen hundred. The number of persons drowned by floods in the Severn and Thames, and in wrecked merchant-ships, is estimated at eight thousand. Trees are said to have been torn up by the roots to the number of seventeen thousand in Kent alone. Multitudes of cattle were lost, fifteen thousand sheep being drowned on one level. During the night of the 27th the first Eddystone light-house, which had been built four years before, went down before the storm, with its builder, Winstanley, in it. This celebrated light-house has been replaced several times since. Of the present one the foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, August 19, 1879, and the corner-stone placed by the same dignitary, June 1, 1881.

1851. A serious accident occurred in a New York public school, occasioned by a peculiar cause. One of the teachers was seized by paralysis, and the whole school was thrown into a panic by the screams of her alarmed pupils. A wild rush of the frightened children for the stairs followed, and, the balusters giving way under the pressure, many of the children were precipitated to the stone floor below. Forty-three were killed, as a consequence of this needless panic.

1882. Great floods took place on the Rhine, which continued into December, occasioning severe loss and destruction of property.

1885. A brilliant meteoric display was visible generally throughout Europe. Between six and eight o'clock in the evening more than six hundred meteors were observed, some of them of considerable size.

November 28.

1859. Washington Irving, the most distinguished early American author, and the first to enforce British recognition of American literary genius, died at Sunnyside, his home on the Hudson. As a humorist, historian, and essay-writer he is unsurpassed among American authors for grace of style and purity and elegance of diction, and his works seem destined to become American classics.

1884. Fanny Elssler, for many years the most admired *danseuse* of America and Europe, died in Vienna, in which city she was born in 1811. She performed with great applause in the principal European cities, and in 1840 visited the United States, where she was received with enthusiasm. Her first appearance here was at the Park Theatre, New York.

November 29.

1530. The celebrated Cardinal Wolsey died. This eminent prelate was of obscure birth, but by force of genius brought himself to high station and became the chief minister and favorite of Henry VIII. After many years of power, he lost the royal favor, and was arrested on a charge of treason, but died before the time fixed for his trial. His present fame is largely due to Shakespeare's celebrated lines, in which Wolsey is made to plaintively describe the instability of greatness.

1652. Van Tromp, the most celebrated of Dutch naval commanders, having defeated the English fleet, sailed through the Channel with a broom at his mast-head. In August of the next year the English repaid him for this insulting

triumph, Van Tromp being mortally wounded in an engagement.

1814. The London *Times* was printed by steam, this being the earliest employment of steam-power in printing. The pressmen, who expected to be thrown out of employment by this innovation, threatened violence, but the edition was printed during the night without their knowledge. The next day Mr. Walter, the proprietor, told them that he was ready for violence, but that he would pay their wages till they could get similar employment. This checked the threatened riot, and steam-power continued to be used.

1825. The first performance of Italian opera in the United States took place at the Park Theatre, New York.

1847. A party of Indians attacked the fort at Walla Walla, in Oregon. Fifteen persons were murdered and sixty-one carried away as prisoners. In reprisal an expedition was sent against the Indians, which defeated them in three battles, destroyed their crops, and burned their villages.

1853. John Mitchel, the celebrated Irish exile, reached New York, having made his escape from Van Diemen's Land. He was received with a public banquet in Brooklyn, and other marks of honor. He had been banished for fourteen years for his utterances in The *United Irishman*. In 1874 he returned to Ireland and was elected to Parliament, but died before taking his seat.

1863. General Longstreet attacked Knoxville, which was defended by General Burnside. Failing in this, and in another attack on December 1, he gave up the siege and retreated into Virginia.

1872. Horace Greeley, the eminent American journalist, died. He was the founder, in 1841, of the New York *Daily Tribune*, after having conducted several other papers, among them *The Log Cabin*, which in the 1840 Presidential campaign attained a circulation of eighty thousand. He was recognized throughout his life as an editor of remarkable ability and as a man of lofty character and the highest human sympathies. In 1872 he was the Liberal candidate for President, but failed of an election. He died immediately afterwards.

1884. A great billiard-match took place at London between Cook and Peall, champion players. It lasted six days, and Peall won by 2926 points, ending the game with an unfinished run of 614 points.

November 30.

1700. The battle of Narva, between Peter the Great of Russia and Charles XII. of Sweden, was fought. Charles, then but nineteen years of age, had an army of twenty thousand men, while the Russians were intrenched with an army of sixty thousand, or one hundred thousand, according to different authorities. Charles stormed the intrenchments, slew eighteen thousand of the Russians, took thirty thousand prisoners, and completely dispersed the remainder. He said, "These people seem disposed to give me exercise."

1731. A severe earthquake took place in China. The city of Pekin suffered great damage, and one hundred thousand of its inhabitants were swallowed up.

1784. The session of the United States Congress which began on this day was held at Trenton, New Jersey.

1861. Jefferson Davis was elected President of the Confederate States, with Alexander H. Stephens for Vice-President. They had been elected in the previous February to the same offices by the provisional government formed by the first seceding States. They were both men of marked political ability, and it is doubtful if any better selection could have been made by the seceding States.

1885. Germany took possession of the Marshall Islands. These islands, discovered in 1529, form a group of that division of the Pacific islands known as Melanesia. They are low coral islands, or atolls, there being two chains of these, from one hundred to three hundred miles apart. Each chain has fifteen or sixteen atolls, varying from two to fifty miles in circumference. The Marshall Islanders are the boldest and most skilful navigators in the Pacific.

CURRENT NOTES.

MISS Frances E. Willard, of Evanston, Illinois, President, and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, Indiana, Corresponding Secretary of the National Council, that was organized in Washington, D.C., as the outcome of the great council of women held there last spring, are laying the foundations of a new and mighty work. Its purpose is to secure in every leading city and town of the United States a "Woman's Council" made up of the presidents of all societies of women, having a head-quarters of its own, with an office secretary, and entering unitedly upon such lines of work as all the women can agree upon. It is believed that such a plan of interaction, combined with the organic independence of each society, will do away with the overlapping of plans that now leads to much waste of time and energy; also that it will broaden the horizon of every woman who belongs to an organized society of women, and to larger mutual toleration between guilds heretofore separate and to a great degree non-sympathetic. As an illustration of the practical working of the plan it may be stated that such a council of women could readily arrange for petitions from all societies of women in any given town or city asking that women should be placed upon the school board, upon the different boards intrusted with the care of public institutions for the defective, delinquent, and dependent classes; asking for the admission of women to local, county, state, and national organizations, such as press associations, medical associations, ecclesiastical associations, etc.; asking that the doors of such schools and colleges as are not yet open to women might be thrown wide open for their admission; asking for better protection for the home and heavier penalties for all crimes against women and girls. Women could use their influence to secure for girls in the public schools better opportunities for physical culture, and the enforcement of the new laws for instruction in hygiene. They could also help to engraft the kindergarten system on the public schools. They could do much for the protection of shop-girls, in furnishing them better conditions of living by securing local ordinances requiring the best sanitary conditions, limiting the number in one room, and in every way ameliorating the present situation, while using their utmost influence to increase the wages of this class of workers.

THE *American Notes and Queries* (William S. Walsh, Publisher, 619 Walnut St., Philadelphia, weekly, $3.00 per year, 10 cents per number) offers One Thousand Dollars for answers to Prize Questions. "This valuable weekly publication," says the Boston *Evening Transcript*, "has now reached its twelfth number, and we are glad to know is far past the experimental stage. Its establishment was a happy thought, and we see no reason why it should not, under its present judicious management, attain the permanence and popularity of its famous London namesake. Its scope is comprehensive, and covers every conceivable field in which the human mind may feel an interest, the purpose being to gather information of a curious character upon all sorts of subjects, to discuss and settle

disputed points in literature, art, science, and history, to investigate the origin of popular customs, traditions, and sayings, to collect and examine the stories of remarkable occurrences, and to offer an opportunity for discussion upon these subjects."

THE question as to the origin of the term "bock beer" is answered in Schmellers's Bavarian Dictionary. It was originally termed "Eimbecker" beer. In the imperial archives we can yet read a permit issued to a citizen of Erfurt and allowing him to transport "two wagon-loads of Aimpeckhisch beer." This beer, the original home of which was the little town of Eimbeck, Hanover, was so famous all through the Middle Ages that no other beer, nor even the costliest wine, could compare with it in popularity. In order to tickle the German sense of fondness for good "barley bree," attempts were soon made to produce it in other localities. Thus the remembrance of the original name was gradually lost. "Eimbeck" became successively "Eimbock," "ein bock," and finally plain "bock." This popular word-transformation is already several hundred years old, for in the Land- und Polizeiordnung of 1616 a "bock meet" is referred to, which "should only be brewed to meet the necessities of the sick."

THE study of the growth of Western cities and comparative values of real estate has fascinations for the investing community. An exceedingly interesting circular on this subject has been issued by H. B. Chamberlin & Bro., Denver, Colorado, discussing facts relating to a number of cities, and may be had by addressing them.

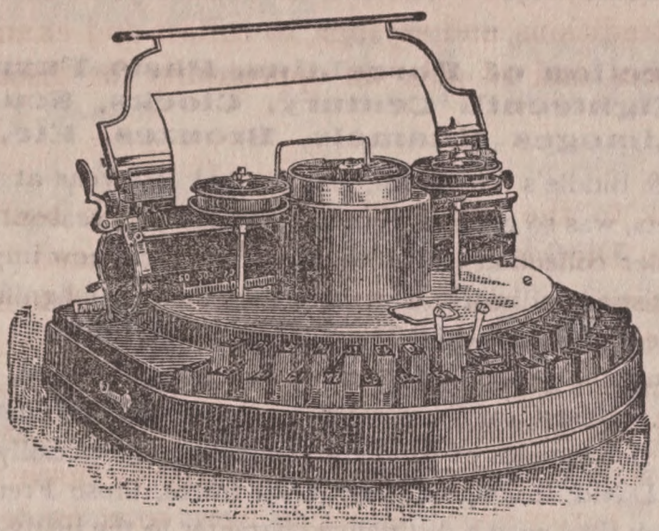
THE J. B. Lippincott Company will have ready on November 1 a book by William S. Walsh entitled "Paradoxes of a Philistine." The contents are as follows: "Paradox and Philistine," "Philosophers and Fools," "The Mistakes of the Judicious," "The Mistakes of the Critics," "The Mistakes we all Make," "A Plea for Plagiarism," "Telling the Truth," "The Modern Novel," "Realism and Idealism," "The Sense of Pre-existence," etc.

SPECIAL attention is called to the very interesting article on "Corporate Suretyship," by Mr. Lincoln L. Eyre, as being particularly opportune at this moment, when the recent developments in New York, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars in defalcations by trusted individuals, have opened the eyes of business firms and the public in general to the importance of insuring against the losses that are constantly occurring in this manner. The whole subject is fully canvassed in the article in question in a manner that is at once instructive and entertaining.

THE word porcelain is derived from *pour cent années*, "for one hundred years," it being formerly believed that the materials of porcelain were matured under ground one hundred years. It is not known who first discovered the art of making it, but the manufacture has been carried on in China, at King-te-Ching, ever since the year 442. We first hear of it in Europe in 1581, and soon after this time it was known in England. The finest porcelain-ware, known as Dresden china, was discovered by an apothecary's boy, named Boeticher, in 1700. Services of this ware have often cost tens of thousands of dollars.

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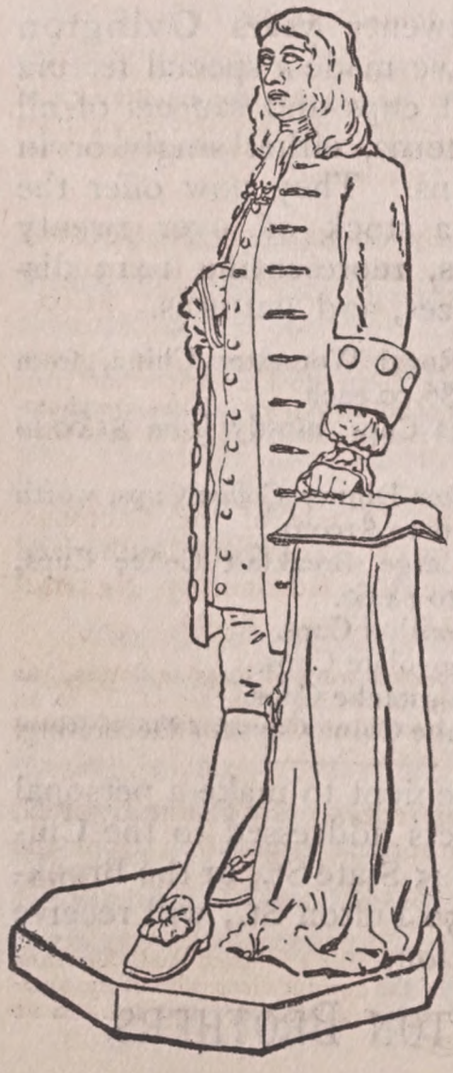
Messrs. Bailey, Banks & Biddle's Art-Room, inaugurated last year at their great establishment, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets, was so great a success that, for this season, they have opened it with an entirely new and even finer collection of choice bits from their new importations, the most beautiful specimens of recent artistic handiwork, with here and there a magnificent achievement in pure art, such as Cambi's great sculpture entitled "The Springtime of Life."

Upon entering, the admirable general effect instantly arrests attention, made up as it is of all the elements of form and color. Near Cambi's masterpiece are several cabinets in the Marie Antoinette styles known as à la Reine, in examples of which the collection is especially rich. The works of such ébénistes as Riesener and David Roentgen, the Martin frères, those Frenchmen endowed with an Oriental art-touch with which they gave a distinctive character to the justly-celebrated Vernis Martin, and that unequalled gilder Gouthière appear in fac-simile on every side, not only in cabinets, escritoires, consoles, étagères, etc., but in the graceful bracket and mantel clocks, with their attendant girandoles and flambeaux. One of the mantel clocks is a reproduction of the noted cartel in the collection of M. Barbet de Jouy, which is of the Regency period and one of the most admired of all that have survived the French Revolution. The cabinets and console tables are decorated with elegant vases and with China groups representing the pastoral and childish sports in vogue in court circles of the period from Louis XIV. to Louis XVI.

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Splendid as this display is, the same taste that gives it such impressive style is also manifest in the new goods throughout the establishment, including many small, comparatively inexpensive pieces, as well as the costly masterpieces of art and decoration.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE PERSONALITY OF PENN.



When William Penn landed in America he was a comparatively young man, about thirty-seven years of age. There is but one authentic portrait of him, and that one painted when he was scarcely more than twenty, after his return from a successful military expedition into Ireland. It represents him in armor. The painting of Penn's Treaty, by Benjamin West, depicting the Founder of Pennsylvania as a man of sixty years, portly and Quakerish in garb, after the manner of the Friends of the artist's time, is altogether erroneous, and yet this figure of Penn is the popularly accepted ideal of the man.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA commissioned a Philadelphia sculptor, G. Frank Stephens, to model a statue of William Penn from authentic data as to his age, presence, and costume. It has been completed, and will shortly be on exhibition.

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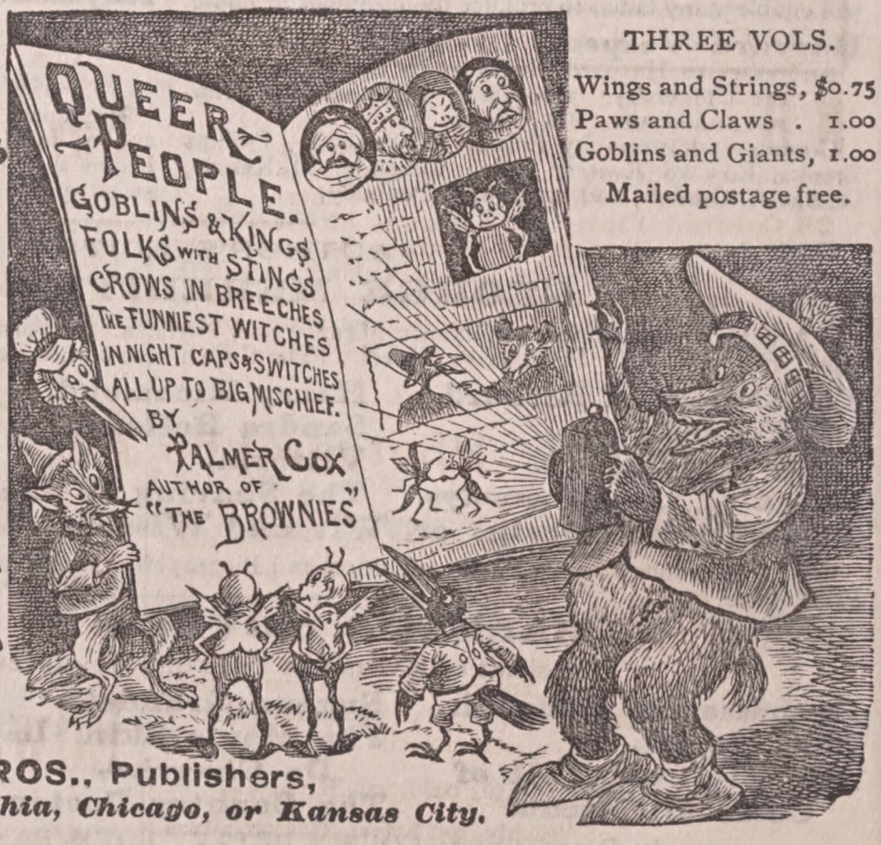
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Annual Statement.—October 1, 1888.

LIABILITIES.

Capital (paid in	$250,000.00
Surplus	20,000.00
Profits	2,321.51
Mortgage on Building	75,000.00
Deposits	372,970.78
	$720,292.29

ASSETS.

Building (Vaults and Furniture)	$164,862.03
Plant	10,282.89
Bonds	35,600.00
Mortgage Loans	286,998 c8
Other Secured Loans	140,548.80
Premiums and Fees Due	3,586.61
Cash on hand	78,413.88
	$720.292,29

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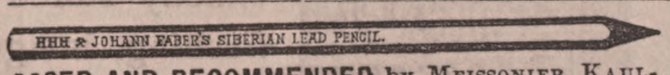
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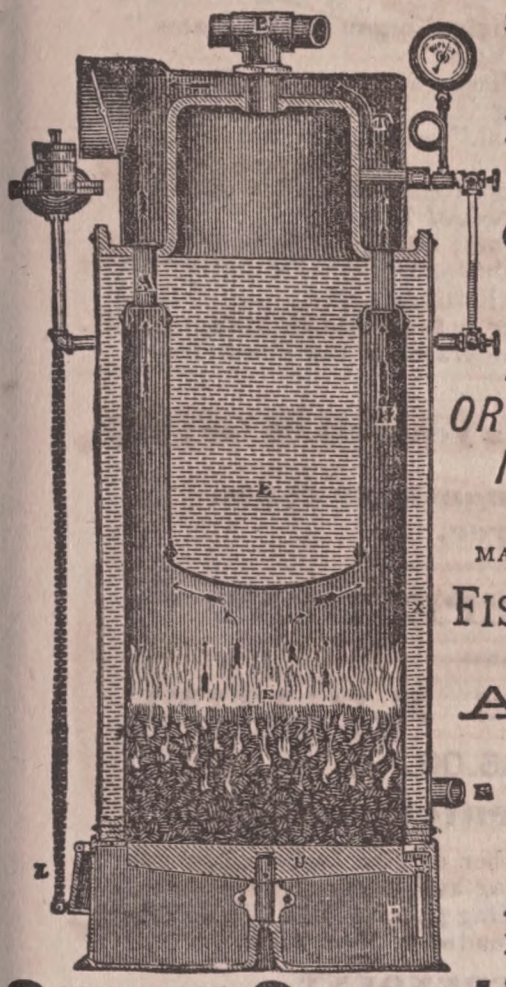
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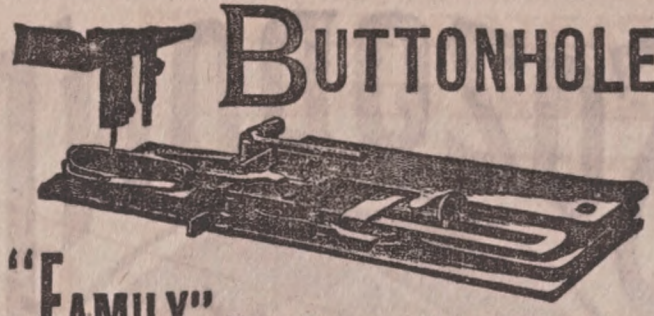
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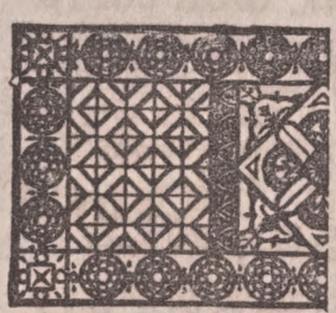
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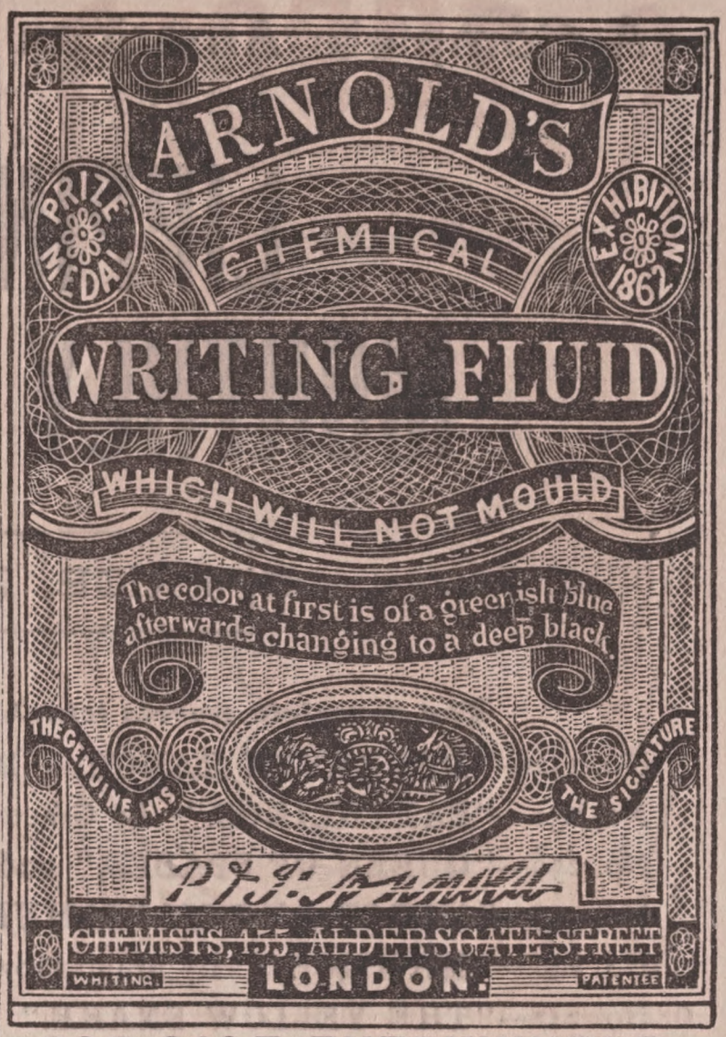
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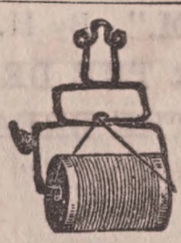
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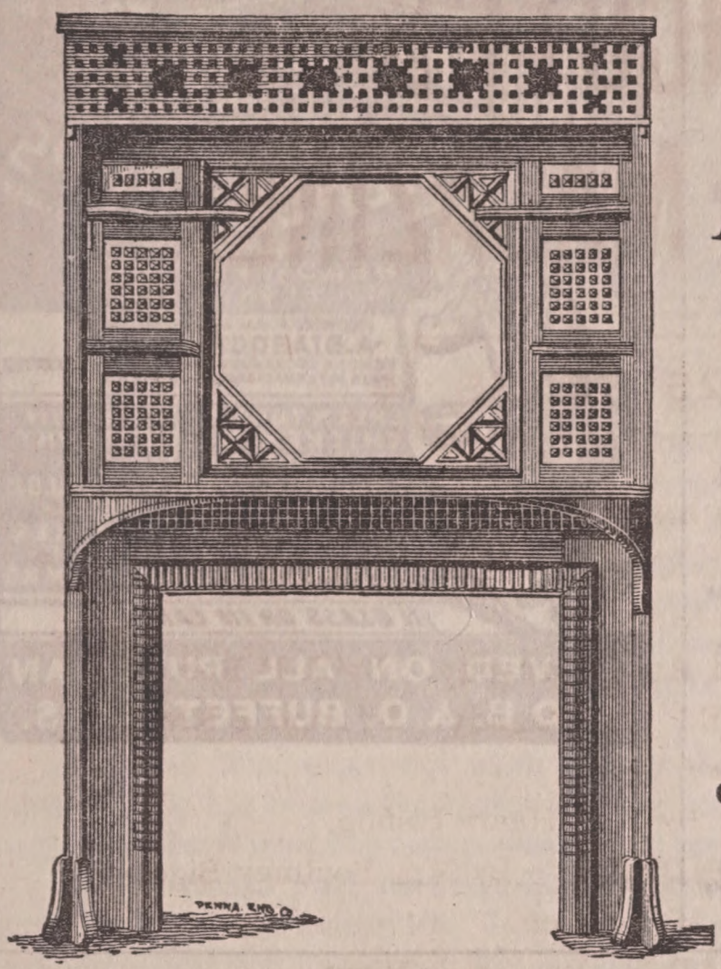
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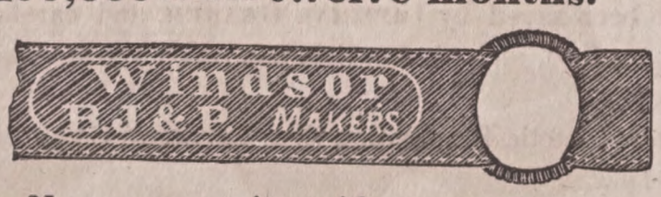
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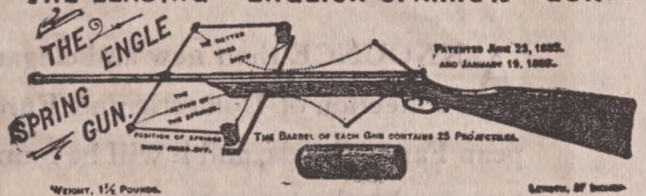
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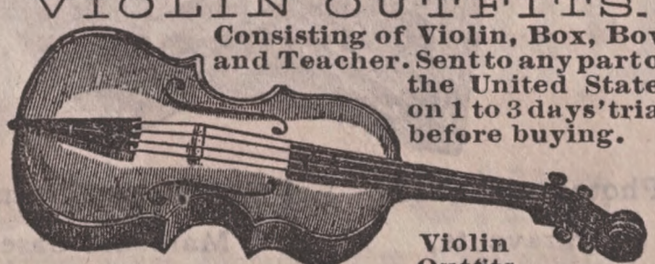


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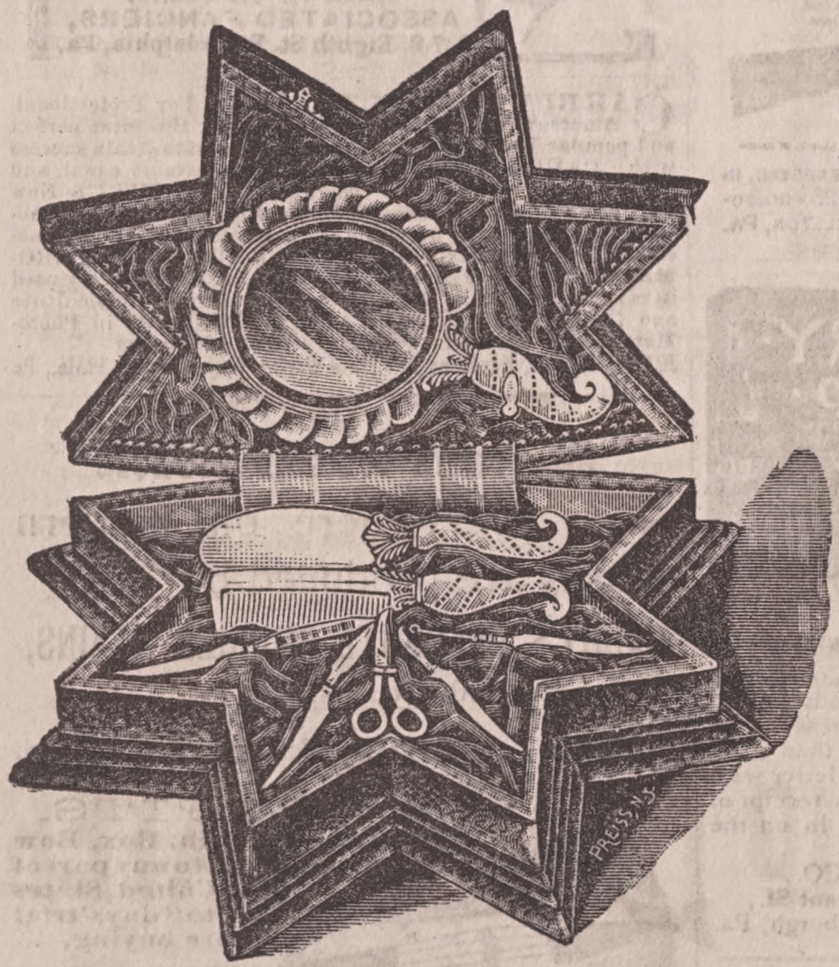
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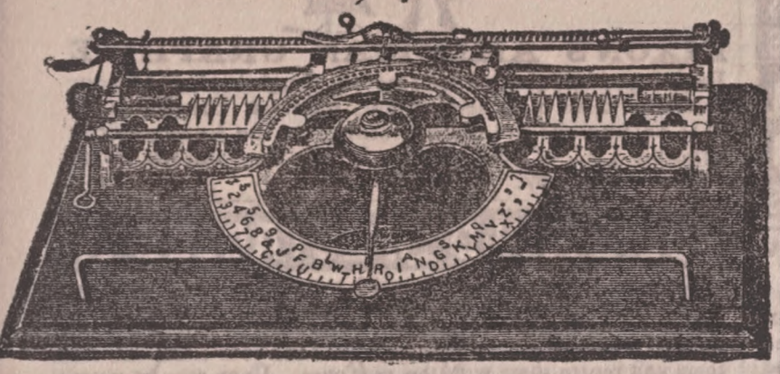
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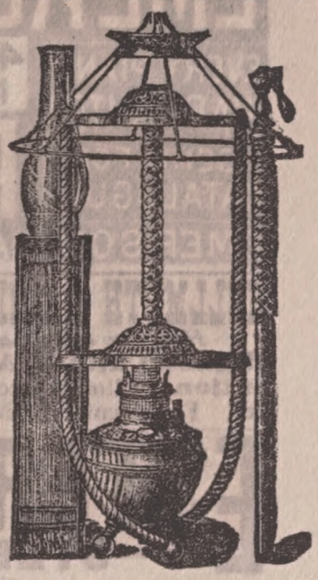
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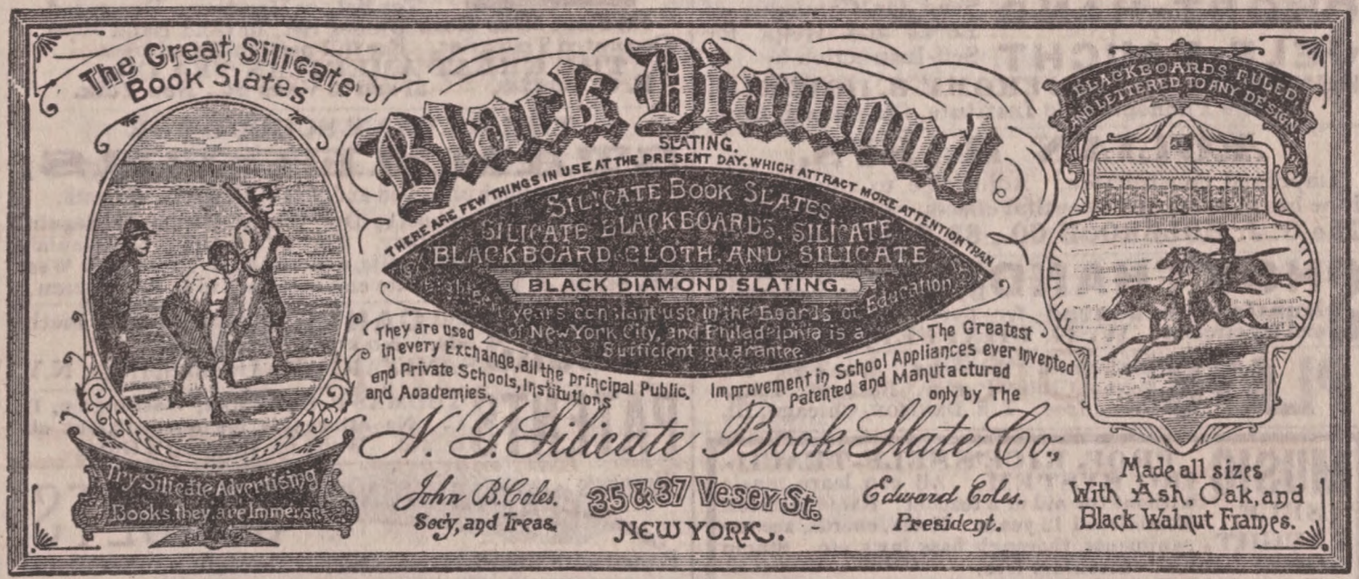
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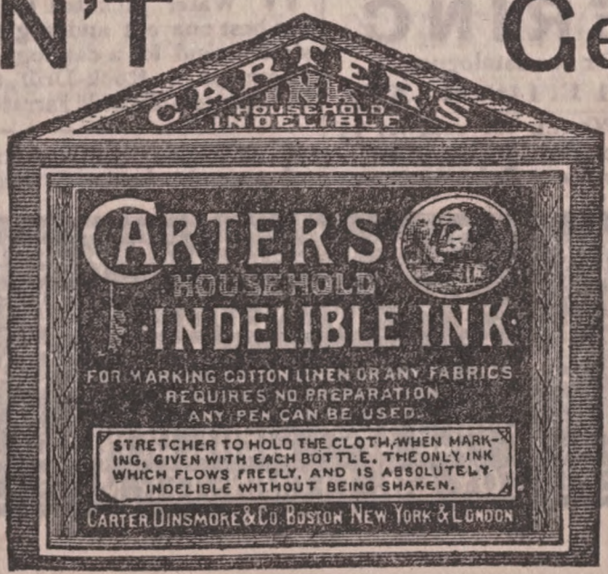
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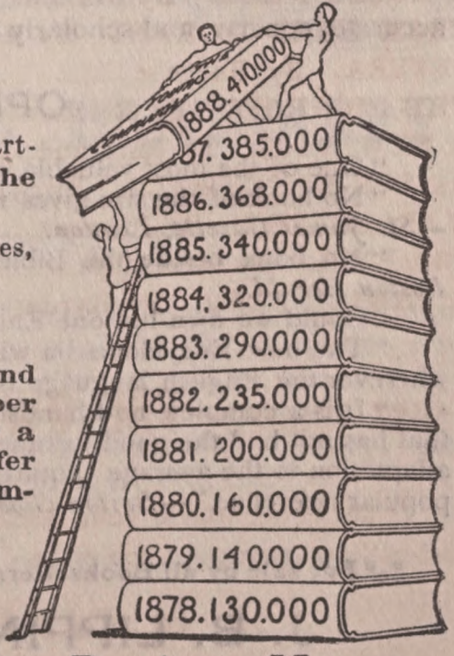
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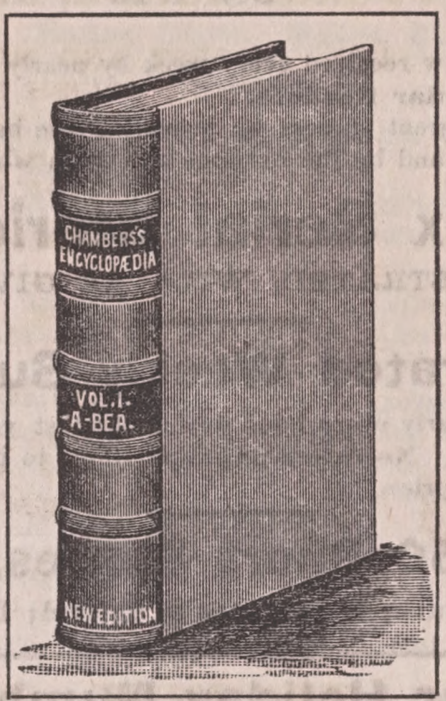
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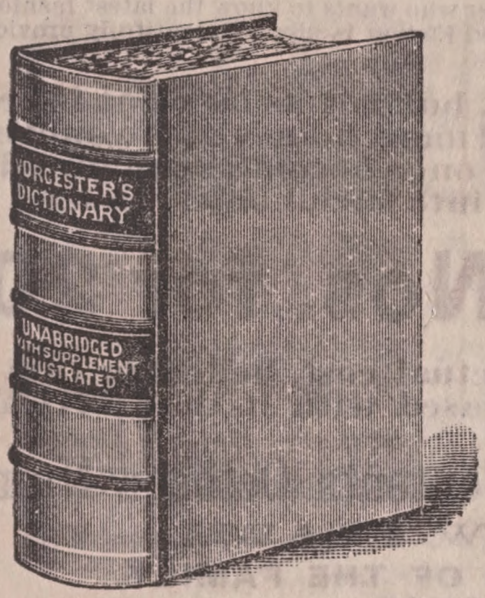
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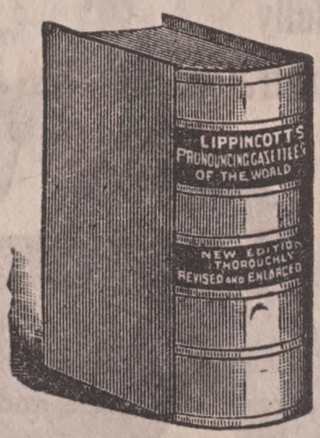
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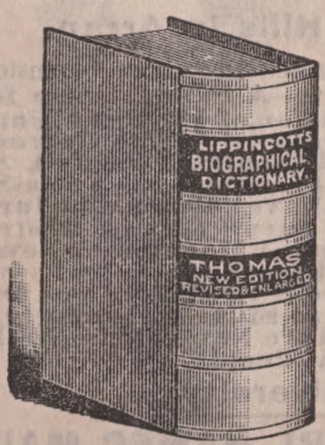
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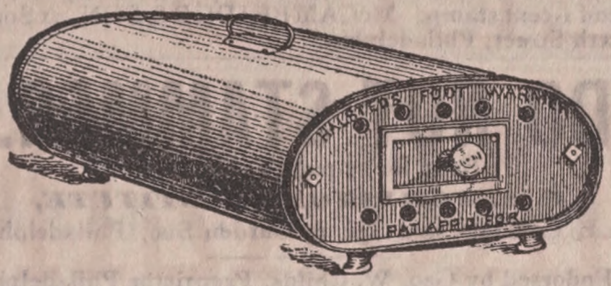
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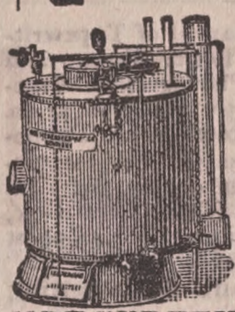
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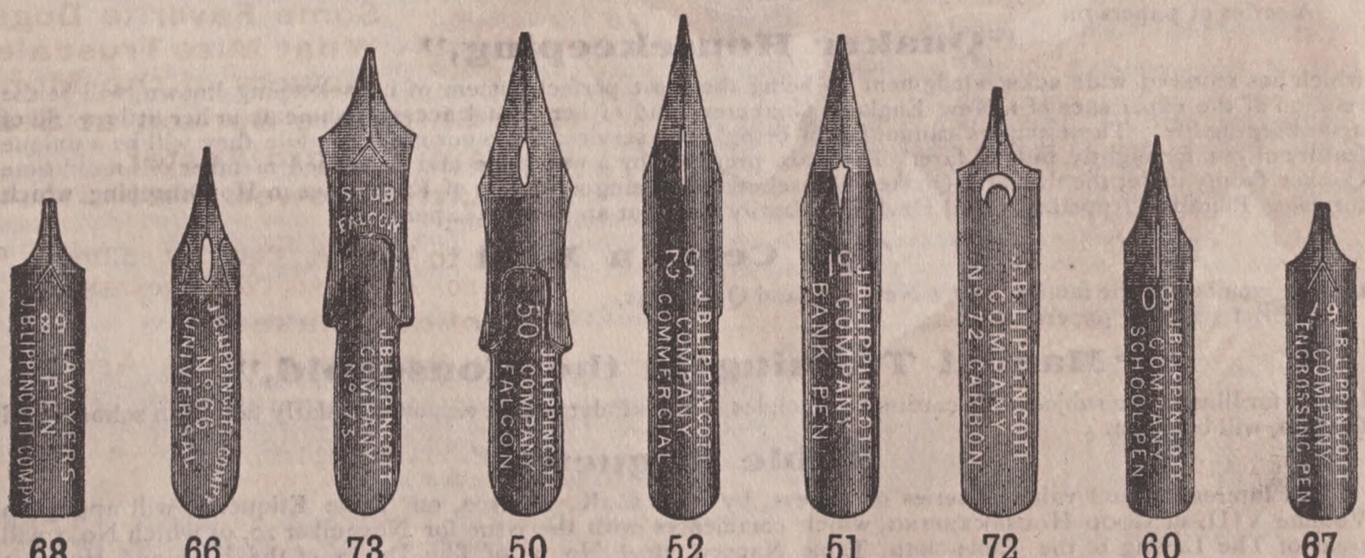
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An interesting and valuable series of papers, by Mrs. C. K. Munroe, on Table Etiquette, will appear in Volume VIII. of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, which commences with the issue for November 10, of which No. 1 will treat of The Laying of the Table-cloth, Table Napery, etc.; No. 2, of The Duties of the Host and Hostess; No. 3, of The Etiquette of Small Things, and No. 4, of What to do with the Children at Table. These papers have been prepared, at the request of the management of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, in response to applications from many of its readers for reliable information on the points which the subjects cover. They will add much to the appetizing features of the Bill of Fare now in preparation for our forthcoming volume.

Other features of practical value will be introduced as opportunity may offer and occasion require. Briefly stated, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING will continue to keep the place it has so successfully held from the start, at the head of the procession of serial publications devoted to home-life elevation and advancement.

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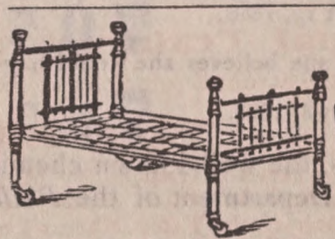
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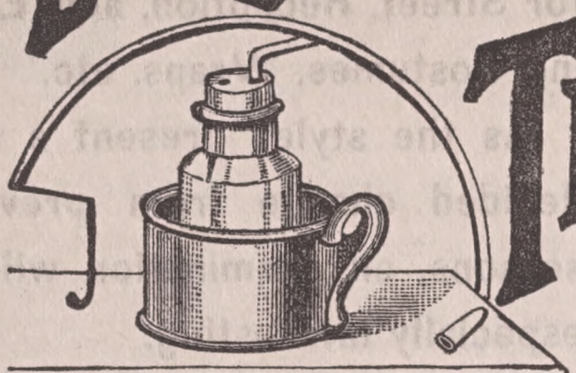
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